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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

January 20, 1940

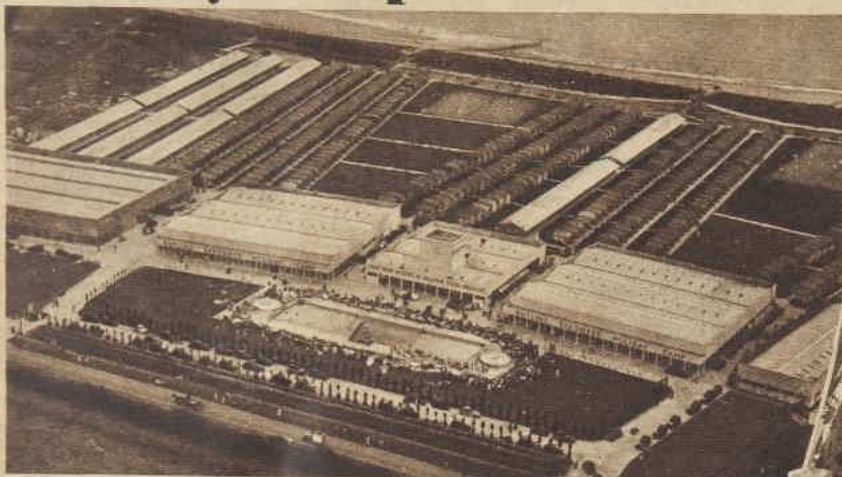
Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE 3^d



Holiday camps DO THEIR BIT



AERIAL view of Butlin's luxury holiday camp at Skegness, designed to hold 5000—swimming pool in foreground, then communal blocks, then rows of bedrooms bungalow-fashion almost to the sea.

Havens for war evacuees

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Representative in England

A wholesale extension of camp life and camping facilities throughout England is likely to result from evacuation measures.

A Canadian, W. E. Butlin, who has made a fortune with his luxury holiday camps all along seaside England, proposes a modified version of those camps for evacuated Civil servants.

THE plan conjures up a vision of an England of transitory, trekking communities, gathered for a fresco existence wherever there is work to be done in safety.

Some industrial workers might find themselves so refreshed by the healthy life that they will be inclined to seek community camps as permanent homes in preference to crowded terraces.

Should the scheme be adopted one result is certain, the camps would become holiday centres after the war, and would put pleasant outdoor vacations within the reach of many more English families.

Just now thousands of staff-workers, uprooted by war, are scattered throughout England in every sort of discomfort.

The Government's alternative to billeting them is "hutments," monotonous, uninviting barracks.

This mass accommodation "for the duration" presents such a bleak prospect that even the usually compliant Civil servant is becoming restive.

Butlin's gigantic social-cum-recreation centres are a way out.

Camps are this Canadian's career, and since 1925 he has successfully entertained hundreds of thousands of summer holiday-makers.

The camps have social and domestic amenities much in advance of military huts or canteens.

What is more, they can be quickly adapted to peacetime conditions, unlike monotonous barracks, which for years after the last war were an eyesore on the countryside.

BUTLIN'S super-camp at Skegness holds 5000. Double and single bedrooms, built, bungalow-fashion, open separately on to well-kept gardens, while large central blocks provide communal life with maximum efficiency.

A streamlined dining "saloon," a ballroom reminiscent of Vienna, a Californian sun-lounge and a chromioplated American bar are the highlights of creature comfort.

Activities extend from billiard-room and gymnasium to tennis courts, golf course and commodious swimming pool.

West End artists are contracted to entertain packed audiences in the camp, theatre, and from London, too, comes advice for the cuisine

from famous French chef, Eugene.

Comfortable bedrooms, adequate baths and spacious, centrally heated social rooms are the basis of the scheme.

Out-of-doors Butlin's estimates include tennis, golf, squash and gardening.

The sociable and yet homely existence would cost Civil servants a modest 25/- a week.

For evacuated Government servants, Mr. Butlin envisages a modified version of this wonder camp—something more permanent, geared to everyday rather than holiday life.

His plans are for camps of about 500, built outside country towns to which Government departments and war-work firms have been evacuated.

Extra accommodation is allowed for wives and special suites for heads of departments.

The authorities can erect their "hutments" for £150 a head, but the Butlin scheme costs only a third of this.

At the moment thousands of Civil servants are living the lonely life of lodgers in dreary bed-sitting rooms.

Others are unwelcome hillees in country hotels and boarding houses.

Small country towns have few social attractions, and when official darkness falls there is no life at all.

Coldly housed, with nothing to do, and nowhere to go, the plight of the adult evacuee has become acute.

But social and domestic relations cannot be suspended for the duration of war.

Community camps may not only be the solution of the immediate problem—they also point the way for genuine communal life in post-war England.



SWIMMING POOL at the Skegness camp (circle). Above is a super swimsuit designed for luxury camp holidays.



Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MISS D. PETO

Policewoman No. 1

AS Scotland Yard's Policewoman No. 1, Miss D. Peto, O.B.E., has 120 women police on her staff.

Hers is a busy life. She keeps in close touch with her staff, examines new recruits, makes personal investigation into every case that comes before her. Women and children are her special care.

On call constantly, she always works with her helmet on.



LORD STONEHAVEN

Tracing missing soldiers

SUPERVISING arrangements for tracing missing wounded soldiers in base hospitals in France is the wartime task undertaken by Lord Stonehaven, former Governor-General of Australia.

Lord Stonehaven has had a distinguished and varied career in the administrative, diplomatic and political life of Great Britain.



DR. AGNES WILLIAMSON

"A heavenly job"

"A heavenly job," Dr. Agnes Williamson, of West Australia, says of her recent appointment as tutor to Princess Paiza of Egypt, sister of King Farouk.

Writing to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. King, of Perth, Dr. Williamson, who took her degree in London, describes her royal charge as extremely attractive, petite, and 18 years old.

She speaks English perfectly.

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57, 47, 27

THE CASEYS go to WASHINGTON



THE FLYING CASEYS. Modern America will like our new Ambassador and his wife. They like flying and both are pilots.

United States Capitol will like this 100 per cent. Australian couple

By Our Special Melbourne Representative

Australia's first Minister to the U.S.A. will be the Hon. Richard Gardiner Casey.

With him will go his wife—poised, charming, capable Maie Casey—who is sure to be popular in Washington.

"We are just a couple of typical Australians going to Washington to represent other typical Australians," said Mrs. Casey, when interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly.

"AUSTRALIANS seem to think that people who have lived abroad for years cease to be Australian, but they don't.

"I get so annoyed when one of our friends says my husband doesn't look like an Australian, and then adds he's so tidy, as though all the natives of the country went round in bow-yangs.

"Australian men are not like that at all.

"We both belong to the third generation of Australians and are proud to think we share certain national characteristics, including the large quantities of energy that Australians are noted for.

"Our children, Jane, who is eleven, and Donn, aged eight, are typical Australian children, too.

"I think Donn is a little bit tough, but I like him like that.

"Unfortunately he has mumps at present, so I may not be able to accompany my husband when he leaves, and may have to follow later.

"I am looking forward to the time when Australia will have her own legation at Washington.

"As I am privileged to be the one who first helps to furnish it, I should like to make it a home that truly belongs to Australia, and have it furnished with our lovely Australian woods.

"I am taking many pieces of hand-printed linen and other Australian furnishing fabrics and the best of my collection of Australian pictures.

"Mrs. Casey should be in her element furnishing the proposed legation. She has always been interested in furnishing houses, and although she belongs to a wealthy family and could spend large sums on her hobby she often finds the suitable thing is something worth next to nothing in actual money.

When I called on Mrs. Casey, I found her in a house in East Melbourne that was empty but for two chairs, some window curtains, and

some pictures leaning against the wall.

We shared two green kitchen chairs in the hall and talked.

Mrs. Casey, who is small, blue eyed, grey haired, and vital, was in the midst of moving.

The home she is leaving is a quaint little two-story house of hand-made red brick and was one of the first two banks in Melbourne.

It still has the funny square tower where a man used to stand with a gun to see nobody got away with the gold.

The windows are barred.

Mrs. Casey has replaced the old bars with lovely wrought-iron ones in front, but at the back of the house has just painted them cream.

Charming home

THE hall we sat in had a paper that was just right—white with funny little satin circles on it.

"That's ceiling paper at eightpence a roll," smiled this charming woman, proud to think she had found the perfect paper for the setting.

She acquired this house six months ago and will have to leave it soon, but is completing the furnishing job first.

Her brother, Colonel Rupert Ryan, will live there later.

Mrs. Casey is a good cook and an expert needlewoman.

The daughter of Sir Charles, better known as Plevna, Ryan, well-known surgeon, she was born in Collins Street, but has spent much of her life abroad.

Her mother was a Sumner, a name well known in Victoria for the charitable trusts left to hospitals and other charities by Mrs. Casey's grandfather.

"I knew all about my husband long before I met him!" said Mrs. Casey. "Strangely enough, his father was my brother's godfather, and he was on Gallipoli with my father, but we did not actually meet till long after the war in London, when he was liaison officer between the Commonwealth and the British Foreign Office.

"We were to be quietly married at



PIONEER FAMILIES were united when Richard Casey married Maie Ryan in 1926.

St. James' Piccadilly, in 1926. We told nobody about it, but my husband's mother and my father are both big-hearted people. They invited everybody they knew, and when I got to the church the man at the door said, 'You can't go in there, it's full!'

Mrs. Casey speaks French and German, and lived in a cosmopolitan community when she acted as hostess and housekeeper for her brother, Colonel Rupert Ryan, who was Commissioner of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine after the last war.

Mrs. Casey was asked to define the qualifications of a diplomat's wife.

"A diplomat's perfect wife would, I think, be a woman who would take an intelligent interest in her husband's career, but would not display overmuch curiosity.

"One prepared to sacrifice much of his companionship to the demands his career made on him, and who would be a good hostess and provide a tranquil background for her husband."

The Caseys were a popular pair among the Dominion visitors who attended the Coronation in 1937, Mrs. Casey's last trip abroad.

Among thousands of distinguished people, they were always noticeable—Australia's handsome, faultlessly-dressed "Mr. Eden," and his pretty wife, nearly always in blue to match her blue eyes.

Though they lived among exalted personages and attended all the glittering functions of the Coronation season, it is characteristic of



AIR-MINDED: Donn Casey and his cousin inspect father's plane. Pioneer great-grandfather travelled in land waggon.

the Caseys that they enjoyed themselves as much as any pair of tourists on a world trip and never lost their naturalness and Australian simplicity.

she enjoyed a Court ball she said, "It was magnificent, but I would have enjoyed myself much more if I hadn't been wearing a borrowed tiara."

When Mrs. Casey was asked how

Continued on Page 4



Women who fail..

Are you one of them? Have you achieved success in your home life—your social life—your business career? Happiness is every woman's birthright, yet thousands never achieve it. Why? They lack CHARM! Have YOU failed? Are you popular? Have you that CHARM which draws both men and women to you? and holds them? Or are you just one of the crowd? If so, you have failed in your duty to yourself and those nearest you. I can show you beauty in yourself which you didn't realize was there. Soon you will be a different person. Is your hair styled to suit YOU? Do you choose colour in your make-up and apply it to bring out your natural beauty? Have you defects in posture that are not only a barrier to graceful deportment, but damage your health? Do you understand Diet sufficiently to keep your figure slim and youthful? Have you Dress Sense which enables you economically to look smart at all times? Have you poise? Are you at ease in any company? Have you the knowledge of Social Etiquette which is the hallmark of every well-bred woman? I can help you on these and many more points so vital in your everyday life. My CHARM course, which has helped hundreds of women of all ages in my school, is now available to you in YOUTH OWNS HOME! Fill in the coupon below and post it to me. My booklet, "Making the Most of Yourself," will be forwarded to you post free in a plain, sealed envelope by return mail.

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ANNABELLA
77 KING STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

England's squadron of "blue bloods"

Gay young blades who used to fly for fun now rival lads of R.A.A.F. in London

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Britain's Auxiliary Air Force has a "blue bloods" squadron composed of some of the best-known members of young English society.

The unmarried lads among these gay young blades, who in peacetime spent their week-ends flying for fun, are the most dangerous rivals in romance to the "glamor boys" of the Royal Australian Air Force now in England.

AUSTRALIA and South Africa are represented in the personnel of this squadron which was started by Lord Edward Grosvenor and has for its commanding officer Brian Thynne, a cousin of the Marquess of Bath.

The squadron badge, a sword with wings, was worn — in rubies — on the bridal dress of a London society girl who recently married a member of the squadron.

Australia is represented by Charles E. Lee Steere, member of a leading pastoral family in West Australia, and the holder of a Cambridge blue for athletics.

This young man inherited the original estates of the Lee Steere family at Jayes, England, and he now lives there.

Before he joined up, he held an aero club pilot's licence.

He was married this year to Patience Hargraves Piggott Brown, daughter of Lady Piggott Brown, of Broome Hall, Dorking, Surrey.

Old Etonian

MR. AND MRS. ERNEST LEE STEERE, his parents, are well known throughout West Australia. Mr. Lee Steere has been chairman of the West Australian Turf Club for many years, and was the owner of Eurythmick. Mrs. Lee Steere is State Commissioner of Girl Guides.

Old Etonian Michael Richard Rowley is one of the younger fliers. He is 24, and last February married Lady Sibell Lygon, daughter of the late Lord Beauchamp, one-time Governor of New South Wales.

To be near her husband, Lady Sibell lives in a caravan parked in a field near the aerodrome.

Lord Beaverbrook's son and heir, the Hon. Max Aitken, is one of the officers. He recently married one of London's most beautiful girls, who distinguished herself at her debut by wearing electric lights in her hair, and was afterwards described by a newspaper as having an "electric personality."

Sir Archibald Philip Hope is another of the "blue bloods." Seventeenth Baronet of Craighall, he owns a title dating back to the days of James I.



HON. MAX AITKEN, son and heir of Lord Beaverbrook, who is a member of the "blue blood" squadron, with his wife.

His wife was Miss Ruth Davis, of Sussex.

He is twenty-seven years of age, and his mother was a daughter of Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

Millionaire racing motorist Whitney Straight finds the squadron to his liking.

He is a naturalised Englishman of American birth, and in 1935 married Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, elder daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea. They have an adorable daughter, Camilla, two and a half years old.

Another sportsman with the squadron is Paddy Green, noted winter sports champion, who has skied and bob-sleighed for England.

R. S. Demetriadi, also an officer, is the son of Sir Stephen Demetriadi, a bigwig in Government circles in Britain. Sir Stephen was with the Ministry of Pensions following the last war.

D. H. Rhodes Moorehouse represents a second generation of war fliers. His father won the V.C. flying in the last war, and was afterwards killed in action.

Three members of the squadron are from South Africa.

Caseys go to Washington

Continued from Page 3

IN their luxury suite in a London hotel they were surrounded by flowers sent by many important people, and in this bower of flowers was a life-sized cardboard model of a kangaroo.

"We borrowed him from Australia House," Mrs. Casey explained, "so that we'd feel more at home."

"We have not met the President and Mrs. Roosevelt yet. When we were last in Washington they were tied up in family matters, as one of their sons was being married."

"We have been in Washington twice. It is a beautiful city, and I am looking forward to exploring it."

"I hope to be able to do some horseback riding there. I believe Washington has its equivalent of London's Rotten Row."

Mr. Casey's career has been meteoric.

Belonging to a well-known wealthy pioneer family he was educated at

Melbourne Grammar, and did engineering at Trinity College, Melbourne University, and continued at Cambridge.

He returned home just before the war and was a lieutenant at Gallipoli.

Entered politics

HE was liaison officer between the Commonwealth and the British Foreign Office for some years. He then returned to Australia and entered Federal politics in 1931.

He became Assistant Treasurer in 1933, then Treasurer, and later Minister for Supply.

He has attracted much attention on two official visits to London for his excellent dressing and charming manners. English newspapers called him the "bronzed Mr. Eden," because of his resemblance to Mr. Anthony Eden.



LADY SIBELL ROWLEY, whose husband is a member of the squadron.



SIR ARCHIBALD PHILIP HOPE and Lady Hope. Sir Archibald's title dates back nearly four centuries.



MRS. ERNEST LEE STEERE, of West Australia, mother of the Australian member of the squadron, Mr. Charles E. Lee Steere, whose home is in England.

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SUCH A LUXURIOUS
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★ The above are actual statements by *Barbara Stanwyck*

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A Columbia Picture

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Two MEN and HELEN



Illustrated by
FISCHER

Complete
Short
Story

Andrew held Helen closely as
Maine came striding along
the beach towards them.

Her cottage on the hillside was a rendezvous for the lonely fisherfolk of the little village ... but one man failed to visit it ...

IT was not so strange that Andrew Borden should have loved Helen Ramsley. She was a romantic figure, living with her slender eight-year-old son in the little cottage up on the hillside overlooking the sea.

Andrew Borden was not impressionable, not over-susceptible, for he had a taste that was fastidious. But he had an eye for the unusual. And Helen Ramsley, as well as being unusual, would have satisfied the most fastidious of men.

Everything she did appealed to Andrew; the way she quietly and gently befriended the young fishermen and hard-working mill-hands who lived on the same hillside; mothered them; the way she moved among them and made them all at ease on the two evenings a week she gave up to their entertainment.

Andrew liked the way the door stood open in welcome on those evenings; the bowl of old-fashioned cottage flowers that always stood on the piano; the way she made two lads in turn on each evening go into the kitchen with her, and help her with the light supper she provided.

Andrew Borden, younger son of a long-dead Naval officer, lived with an elder brother in a rambling Old World farmhouse about half a mile from Helen Ramsley. And he loved her almost from the first, with a sudden and devastating love.

Andrew went among the men like one of themselves, but to the veriest stranger and the least observant there was a vast difference between his dark laughing well-bred air and his friends, the workers and rough sons of the sea. Andrew's elder brother, Maine, was different.

Maine hadn't Andrew's looks, nor Andrew's manner. Maine was scarred by life, and showed it. Maine had left home years before

his father and mother died, when he was just a lad. He had gone adventuring on the sea, the love of which coursed so madly through his and Andrew's veins. And then, suddenly, lately, after years of silence, he had come home to live with Andrew in the old home. He went his own way, and Andrew his. They did what was necessary, but left the main responsibilities of their small holding to paid hands. Sometimes they fished together, out in their own boat, cruising round the endless beautiful bays of the coast. But Maine spoke but little, and smiled less. He was no companion for the laughter-loving, reckless Andrew.

There were few women in this rather isolated little settlement, and those there were were homely wives of older men.

Then, into this practically womanless existence Helen Ramsley had come, heaven knew why, and taken the little cottage up on the hill across the slope from the Borden's.

By PHYLLIS WRIGHT

home. She had already been there a year, and it was inevitable that Andrew should come to love Helen Ramsley.

Andrew, leaving some fish one evening, asked:

"What made you come and live here, Helen?"

"I love the sea, Andrew ... That alone was reason enough for Andrew. ... and Sonny had to be in the open air ..."

Another time he said:

"It's strange you have never married again, Helen ..."

"Not so strange, Andrew," she had replied quietly. "You see, I am not a widow ..."

"Not—a widow, Helen?" he repeated slowly. Turning away then,

he walked the length of the little verandah, adding after a long silence, his eyes on the summer day dying over the sea, on the anchored boats in the bay below.

"I—have never thought of you any way but as a widow, Helen. Where—is he ... Ramsley?"

"Ramsley is not my married name, Andrew. It was my maiden name. He ... my husband ... left me. Sonny was only two. He ..."

Andrew turned and stood over her, his dark head bent.

"Don't tell me, dear, if you'd rather not. I didn't mean to ask questions. I—you see—I was only ... surprised to find you were not ... free."

"I don't mind your asking, Andrew. He—oh it was stupid—one of those misunderstandings that grow ... into insurmountable differences so quickly. I ... She paused, as if searching for the right words.

"I had four brothers, Andrew. They are all dead. Every one. Two were drowned in a storm—wrecked in their boat off the coast ... Strange how I can still love the sea," she added wonderingly. "The other two—were a good deal older than I was—they were killed at the War when they were just boys. I ... he, my husband did not—would not ... understand—how somehow I love all boys, growing men. How I feel I must do something for them when I can—like I

do here, with these boys. I ..."

She threw her arms out in her effort to make him understand. "I feel like a mother to them all. I want to help them—to do things for them ... for the sake of my dead brothers. I loved them all so. Andrew, I was the only girl ..."

Her low voice shook a little. "He ... thought I was just foolish, young, and ... frivolous. He couldn't see it my way. He was jealous. And I—I suppose I was stubborn, and hurt at being suspected ... I wouldn't give in.

"Where we lived there were a lot of mill-hands, lonely boys, and men who had no comforts, no little pleasures. They couldn't afford to go to the city ... or have holidays. I

liked to help them—do little things for them. They got to look to me for it. And he ... he was suspicious ... He left me enough to live on ..."

"But," Andrew exploded, "the man must have been a rotter—a fool, not to have understood ..."

"Helen," he went on softly, turning her to look at him, "is that why you will never let me say I love you ... because you are not free? Listen, Helen ..."

"No, Andrew, don't. Please don't—tell me anything—like that. I—I don't want you to. I don't want to spoil it all. Don't spoil it, Andrew. Don't love me—that way. It's so—so splendid as it is. It has been so wonderful—having you ... as you are. I need you—just as you've been. It has meant so much to me ... just being—understood, Andrew ..."

ALL right, I won't say any more—just now ... They left it at that.

Maine Borden was the only man in the settlement, except one or two old fishermen, who up to this time had not been to Helen Ramsley's cottage on the hill. He was never there on cold, wet nights in the winter to hear the men say "Jimmy, that looks good," as they wiped their heavy boots on the mat, eyeing the fire and the warm, comfortable room indoors. He was never there to laugh as young Bill Dent played his rumbling sea-chanteys, and applaud when Sam Tilden recited. Maine had always been that way. He had never mixed easily, or given anything of himself away.

All the boys stood in awe of Maine Borden. They saw, too, his standoffishness and his avoidance of Helen Ramsley. Some were indignant, others scathing about it. But Helen, without making definite advances, let him know through Andrew that he would be just as welcome as the other men. She never mentioned Maine Borden's unfriendliness to anyone.

Spring this year was cold and windy. But no weather kept Maine Borden at home. He dumped his kit and stores in the dinghy and rowed out to his boat one wild day. He secured the dinghy to the stern, cast off from the moorings and started the motor without looking back. Helen, from her verandah, watched the boat grow smaller and

smaller, and then disappear round a headland, as Borden made down the coast. Andrew, he had left in bed, with the first symptoms of a severe chill.

Helen went daily to attend to Andrew, not liking to leave him entirely to the woman who cooked and cleaned for the brothers.

Andrew, feeling better, was a cheerful patient, and Helen enjoyed her sick-visiting more than she liked to admit to herself. She called to him from the kitchen one day when the daily woman was out.

"Andrew, where's your corkscrew? I can't get this cork out ... No, idiot, it's only the soup I brought down. Don't get excited ..."

"Dunno—but there's one in Maine's workshop ..."

Andrew called back. Helen went to the shed at the back that was Maine Borden's workshop. Inside, the floor was ankle deep in curly wood shavings. Benches were covered with bits of wood in various stages of construction. The walls were hung with old fishing nets, cray-pots, flounder-spears, jigsticks, and all the salt-smelling paraphernalia of the sea.

She stood a moment picturing the grim and silent Maine Borden at work here.

Against the far wall on a bench she idly moved a piece of sack. Underneath was a wooden box. Curiously she lifted the lid. Inside was a jumble of small wooden things. Peering in she saw that little wooden legs stuck up out of the jumble, intertangled with shapely heads. She stood still a minute. Then very slowly she put in a hand and took out several of the little things. Carved miniature horses there were. A cow or two. Tiny pigs. Several ridiculous elephants.

She put them back gently, shutting the little carved animals into their dark hiding place. Then went out and closed the door quietly, as if she had been looking upon something secret. Back again in the kitchen she prepared Andrew's meal silently.

It was Andrew himself who brought about the first real meeting between his brother and Helen Ramsley. And he it was who first noticed that Helen was aware of the grim dynamic force of Maine's temperament. She was not herself that evening.

Please turn to Page 36

Royal Escape

By...
GEORGETTE HEYER

Final instalment of this absorbing historical story of a fugitive monarch

LORD WILMOT was already unnerved by his faithful attendance on the King during his whole perilous journey to the coast. And so, when Colonel Gounter announced abruptly that he had been unable to find any ship to transport his Majesty to France, my lord well-nigh collapsed beneath the blow.

The Colonel rallied him, however, saying: "Good luck comes by cuffing; we must about, and try again. But I would suggest that your lordship should return now to Hinton Daubnay, where I promise I will bring you news presently. Leave this business to me!"

"You will never succeed in it," Wilmot said wretchedly. "I think I ought not to leave you with all at odds like this."

"My lord, upon my honor you can do no good by remaining," said the Colonel, who was anxious to be rid of a companion very imperfectly disguised, and too nervous to be helpful. "I will do nothing without advising you, but if you go not back to Lawrence Hyde's house I know not how you may contrive to keep his Majesty informed of our plans."

This argument at once prevailed upon my lord to go. He instructed the Colonel to send Swan after him from Racton, and, after conjuring him most solemnly to send him word that very evening how he had fared, he mounted his horse and rode away.

The Colonel then went home to Racton, and having sent Swan off to join his master, sought out his kinsman, whom he found walking in the orchard. Captain Gounter greeted him placidly, inquiring, but without much interest, what he had done with Mr. Barlow.

"He has gone back to Lawrence Hyde's,"

"Good!" said Tom Gounter simply. "He frets for all the world like gummed taffety."

The Colonel took him by the arm and began to walk beside him under the laden trees. "Where have your wits gone begging?" he said. "That was my Lord Wilmot!"

"Lord Wilmot?" repeated Tom. "Well, I did think I knew his face. But what ails him that he must needs cut so many cross-capers?"

"This much ails him: that he has the King hidden at Amphilis Hyde's house, and must find a ship to carry him to France, or go hang himself!"

This disclosure had the effect of startling Tom out of his imperturbability. He appeared much shocked, and no sooner learned that his cousin was engaged upon the task of hiring a vessel for the King than he offered at once to lend all the help of which he was capable.

The Colonel said with decision: "I must seek out some French merchant."

"Do you know any?" asked Tom. "I am woefully sure I do not."

"I don't, but it's in my mind I have met one Francis Mansel, in company, and that it was told me that he was a merchant that had considerable traffic with France. I believe him to be honest: it was in a loyal house that I met him."

"I have heard of him," said Tom. "He may be honest, for aught I know, but you'll scarcely break such a matter to one who is no better than a stranger!"

"Nay, no need to speak of the King. I'll hatch some tale that shall satisfy him."

Visiting the merchant, he did, in effect, succeed in striking a bargain that Mansel would next day conduct him to Brighthelmstone and put him in the way of arranging a contract with an honest mariner there.

Accordingly, they reached Brighthelmstone by two o'clock the next afternoon, but it was not until the following day, which was Saturday, 11th October, that a bargain was finally struck.

Finally, after much haggling, Tattamal, the mariner, pledged himself to carry the unknown passengers to France for the sum of sixty pounds, to be paid to him in hand before he took them aboard his vessel. He agreed to hold himself in readiness to set sail upon an hour's warning, and to bring his boat to the little hamlet of Southwick, which lay between Shoreham and Brighthelmstone.

Mansel, upon being privately assured by the Colonel that, besides receiving his fee of fifty pounds, all his charges should be defrayed, consented to remain at Brighthelmstone, under pretence of freighting the barque, so that he could keep a watch over Tattamal, and be certain that all was in readiness for whenever the Colonel should bring his friends to Brighthelmstone.

The Colonel took leave of him at about three o'clock, and pushed on as speedily as he could to Mr. Hyde's house, arriving there shortly before nine o'clock in the evening.

LAURENCE HYDE himself came out to greet him, exclaiming: "Well, George! If you are not dead of fatigue, you should be! Come you in, man! How have you fared?"

"Well, as I hope," the Colonel answered, easing his aching limbs. "How is my lord?"

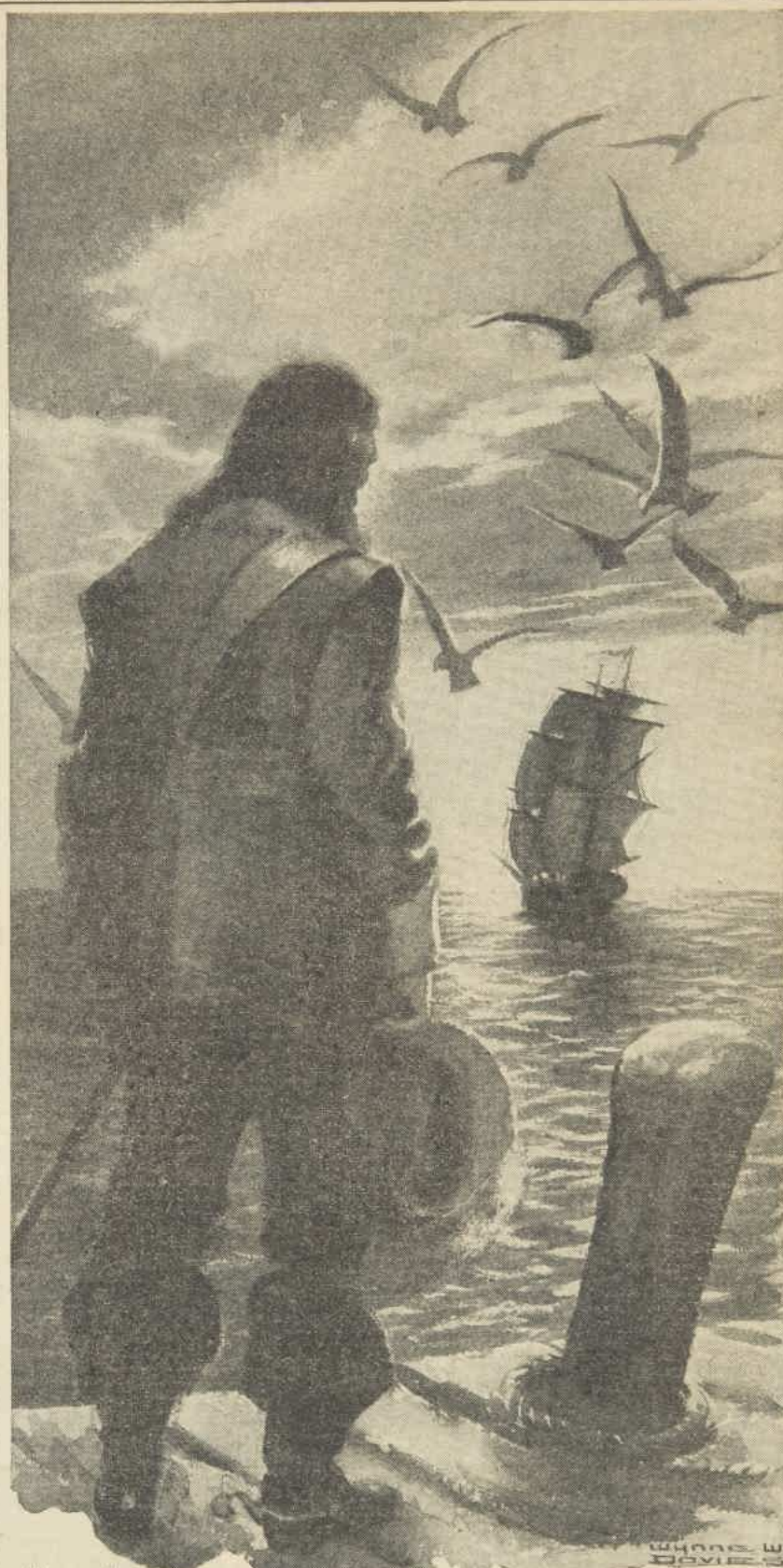
Hyde took him into the house, with a hand thrust in his arm. "My lord is—very much like himself," he said. "He is not here at this present."

The Colonel turned his tired face towards Hyde. "Not here?" he said sharply. "Do you mean that something has gone amiss?"

"Nothing in the world that I know of," replied Hyde. "But, some friends chancing to visit me yesterday, my lord took fright, believing he might be recognised, and that my house was, besides, too public for safety. He could not be at ease, so your cousin Gounter removed him to his sister's house, where he awaits you."

"To Anthony Brown's?" said the Colonel, in rather a blank voice. "Well, I suppose he is secure there, but—" He broke off, and, happening to catch Hyde's eye, could not help laughing. "Nay, poor man, it's no wonder that he goes like a cat upon a hot bake-stone! But I must not stay here, if he is gone."

Hyde opened the door into one of the parlors, and thrust him in. "My dear George, not one of us looked to see you back this night, so you may be easy! Go you in; I swear you shall not leave my house until you have at least drunk some sack and eaten a biscuit. I have Robin Phelps with me, who will be glad to hear how you have fared."



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

The Colonel stood watching the ship move slowly away, carrying a precious burden to safety.

in my almanac for ever! I had not thought it possible you could have concluded the business in so short a time!"

After consultation with Wilmot, it was decided that Phelps, and not Gounter, should go to Salisbury upon the following day, which was Sunday, to inform Dr. Henchman that all was in order to the King's escape; and, through him, to provide for Charles' leaving Heale very early upon Monday morning. Although Gounter was responsible for the arrangements, and was con-

sidered by Wilmot the better man to send upon such an errand, he was plainly so tired-out that if he was to be of any further use to Charles he must be allowed to rest for a day.

"And where is his Majesty to be housed on Monday night?" demanded Wilmot.

"Why, at Lawrence Hyde's, surely?" said Phelps, raising his head.

"No, no, I like it not at all!" Wilmot said, with a quick frown.

Please turn to Page 38

Illustrated
by
WEP



Dove acted like a man possessed, passing quickly from one machine-gun to another.

HIS name was William Montgomery Dove and his voice was a bellowing, bull-like roar which not only startled his hearers, but he must also have surprised himself, for he was that rarity among London taxi-drivers—a man of few words.

In fact, he was a man of two words which he used with admirable effect no matter what situation confronted him.

His "Op it!" accompanied by the correct gesture and facial expression could mean anything from an invitation to "ave a drink" to a challenge to a fight; from an expression of credulity to one of side-splitting amusement. By the same words he expressed his gratitude at an outsize in tips and the contempt he felt towards a non-tipping fare.

He had a thick, sandy-colored, walrus moustache and the color of his bulbous nose was not entirely explained by over-exposure to the vagaries of the English climate; his beady black eyes were small, but the expression of good humor which lighted them saved his features from being purely porcine.

In due course, following events far beyond his sphere of interest, his country's Government laid claim to the services of William Montgomery Dove—London ought to lose him, but thought he hated to go—and passed him through the mills of a military training camp which, though they grind exceedingly small, failed to make a soldier of him. That was not their fault or his; both tried hard enough.

Somewhat belatedly, however, and in a manner quite typical of the period, it was discovered that Dove could drive and was able to make running repairs; indeed, his treatment of internal combustion engines which seemed doomed for the scrap-heap bordered on the miraculous. Consequently, Dove was transferred to the transport department, and given a lorry to drive.

From that moment the Powers that Be—or Were—ceased to be interested in Dove as an individual and were only concerned with the manner in which he drove and "vetted" the lorry entrusted to his care. In this he gave no cause for anxiety.

Once again in due course, James Montgomery Dove—Driver, First Class—was sent out to Africa with a number of other men whose duty it was to drive the lorries which carried supplies to the columns a famous General was leading to mop up the enemy forces in the Tanga region.

Almost overnight, Dove's environment was changed from the orderly, sign-posted, hedge-lined roads of England to the vast wilderness of Africa's veldt land. Not that he was consciously aware of this—or of anything save the excessive heat which soon began to melt his fatness from him.

During the day he saw little but the tail-board of the lorry he followed—and more often than not that was hidden by clouds of red dust churned up by the swiftly revolving wheels. And when he was not busy driving, he slept, solidly and noisily.

He seldom joined his mates at the frequent halts, and spurned their invitations to join them in games of "nap" or "solo" with a contemptuous "Op it!" Nor could they induce him to risk his pay on the "good old 'mudhook'." It was not that he was anti-social, but all his spare time was devoted to his charge, and the manner in which he burnished up the polishable parts would have brought tears of appreciation to the eyes of a martinet of the antique "spit and polish" school of soldiering.

But when other drivers came to him—as they frequently did—with stories of the strange things they had seen during the day's trek, his "Op it!" was a mingling of dubious disbelief and wonder. Yes. And of relief, too, to know that the wonders he had seen out of the tail of his eye, as it were, were real, and not the hallucinations of a sun and thirst-induced fever. And what wonders they were! Lions—"scores of 'em!"—glaring resentfully at the intrusion of man, the master killer; giraffe and zebra galloping beside the lorries; plains black with thousands of stampeding buck.

As to the progress of the "mopping-up" campaign, Dove knew little and, frankly, cared less. When there was no escape for him, he listened with undisguised and contemptuous boredom to the master minds among his mates who seemed to be in the General's confidence, or, if not that, then they had a plan of campaign which would speedily bring the affair to a victorious conclusion. Generally, however, when one of these amateur strategists approached Dove with some new scheme, he would spit contemptuously, turn back to an inspection of his engine and grunt, "Op it!"

SOMETIMES the enthusiast would be undismayed by this reception, and launch into a lengthy exposition of his scheme.

But in a very little while the voice would falter and the lecture on tactics be brought to an abrupt conclusion. The flour-sack-patched seat of Dove's voluminous trousers, which was all that was visible of him as he explored his engine's innards, had a singularly dampening effect on the lecturer's enthusiasm, and he would move off in search of a more receptive audience, grumbling that "Old 'Op It Dove hadn't a soul above his engine."

Which, though somewhat crude, was a statement of the truth.

But even if Dove was not overly interested in the War's progress he was a part of it and, as such, was subject to its alarms and excursions, and to its fortunes—good and ill. He took it all in his stride, or his changing of gear, and when the order came through for a little more speed, necessitating an all-night trek along a road which only existed in the mind of G.H.Q.—at least, it was the shortest distance between two points—Dove's "Op it!" silenced the grumblers, and the convoy got under way.

It was about midnight, a particularly dark midnight, when the driver of the lorry immediately following Dove's was suddenly conscious that Dove's lorry had disappeared. As a matter of fact, the bank of the unseen "donga" along which they had

been travelling had given way, precipitating Dove and his lorry into its muddy bed.

"That's old 'Op It's last 'op!' he muttered as a farewell requiem, and swinging his steering-wheel hard over to avoid a similar fate, he accelerated until he had closed up the gap created by Dove's unauthorised departure.

And as he did—so did all the drivers following him.

Sunrise and full consciousness came to James Montgomery Dove at the same moment, but he was unable to appreciate the magical spectacle of the sun's rising by reason of the fact that he was half-blinded and suffocated by the mud of the "donga" in which he was partially buried; and, too, the bulk of the capsized lorry loomed ponderously above his head, cutting off any view of the sky which might otherwise have arrested his attention. Furthermore, he felt as if he were supporting on his broad back the whole of the lorry's considerable weight.

"Lummie!" he muttered, with sundry profane and sanguinary expletives. "This is a go!"

He pawed some mud away from his face and wriggled cautiously forward; then he ceased all movement, scarcely daring to breathe, as the lorry seemed to shudder above him. But the pressure on his back did not increase, and presently he wriggled a few more cautious inches, paused, grunted with relief that nothing had happened, and then—his panic defeating caution—he snaked his way forward at a swift rate.

At last he reached a point where, his panic proving weaker than his strength, he was forced to rest, and he did so sprawled prone along the bed of the "donga," his head pillowed on his arms. From this state of semi-coma he was literally fired into one of activity by the heat of the sun's rays on the nape of his fleshy neck. He raised his head, turtle-like, and discovered to his rather shame-faced relief that he had crawled twenty or thirty feet beyond the lorry.

He rose stiffly to his feet and satisfied himself by clumsily executed "setting up" exercises that he was sound in wind and limb—excepting, of course, for the tremendous bump on the back of his head, sundry minor cuts and abrasions, and a general feeling of bruised stiffness. A growling stomach painfully informed him that twelve hours had elapsed since he had last eaten.

Grunting, he made his way back to the lorry and ruefully surveyed the wreck, and not until a careful scrutiny had convinced him that it was utterly beyond his power to repair, did he consider his own lucky survival of what must have been a tremendous crash. The cause of that crash, the crumbling of the bank above, was immediately obvious; the wonder was that other lorries had not followed his forty-foot plunge to the bottom of "this 'ere bally ditch!"

Dove never could see the sense of applying queer foreign names to things. Besides, he thought, as he combed the mud from his moustache with mud and oil-stained fingers, calling a ditch a "donga" did not make it taste any better!

He tested the stinkiness of the lorry, crawled under it and retrieved his helmet, water-bottle, and a package of food. With these he retired a

'OP IT!

Humorous story of a little affair on the African Veldt

By

L. PATRICK GREENE

little way, and, sitting down on a boulder, broke his fast. Then he filled his foul-smelling pipe and smoked in blissful contentment. Finally, he must have slept, for the next time he glanced bleary-eyed at the sky, the sun was almost directly overhead. This discovery came to him with a shock, for he had confidently expected to have been long since rescued by a relief party.

"LAZY lot o' blighters," he muttered disdainfully as he pocketed his pipe and scrambled laboriously up the bank of the "donga," believing that he would find the lorry convoy encamped not far away. He reached the top just as a lion, its curiosity undoubtedly aroused by the noise of his ascent, approached the brink. Fortunately the lion was as alarmed by the appearance of Dove's heavily-moustached face above the bank as was Dove at his proximity to a beast which, hitherto, he had only seen in cages at the zoo.

"Ere you!" he gasped, his labored breathing fluttering out the ends of his ragged moustache. "Op it!"

But the lion had already turned tail, and was scuttling for the cover of the bush.

Dove scratched his head. He was badly puzzled.

"That was a rum go, if you like," he muttered. Then he looked round sheepishly, half expecting to hear the mocking laughter of his mates, and most certainly expecting to see them and their lorries at some not too great distance.

But he heard nothing save his own hurried breathing and the steady thumping of his heart. And as he pivoted slowly he saw nothing; nothing that moved, only the seemingly barren veldt stretching to the limitless horizon.

"Blimey!" he ejaculated. "They've fair 'opped it, they ave!"

For a moment or two he felt very forlorn and strangely thin—as if there was nothing between his belt-buckle and his spine. But that feeling of helpless loneliness soon vanished and, refilling his pipe, he philosophically reviewed his position and considered what course he had better follow.

Please turn to Page 14



The blast of a whistle was followed by a guttural voice shouting "Hold your fire! I surrender."

SLOW COACH

Complete short story

by

ELLEN FARLEY

FROM the corner draped with wine velvet, Patti surveyed her "Boudoir For a Glamorous Lady" and smiled. People would say: "Wine with green and coral? It ought to look odd."

But it didn't.

Patti knew that it looked simply amazing, like all of Patti's rooms. Wasn't it being advertised by Maddison's?

Boudoir by Patti Chapman. Amusing, whimsical. A room for your loveliest gown, your witliest repartee. A typical creation by today's most audacious decorator.

The odd thing was that she didn't look audacious, at all! She was beautiful and wistful and amazingly alive.

But she didn't look as you'd imagine Patti Chapman the interior decorator would look. As Tom said:

"You fool people, don't you? You look little and uncertain, and you're not. You're terribly sure of where you're going."

But wait! Patti hadn't even met Tom, then.

As she walked across the coral rug, she didn't even know Tom Bannerman existed. She was thinking about how lucky she was to have stumbled upon the perfect desk. She hadn't been sure what she wanted along that wall, until she had gone into that little furniture shop off Tottenham Court Road. And there had been the desk!

It was a beautiful desk. Patti admired it anew as she walked towards it. Graceful for all its angular modernity. Delicate for all its bold angles. Perfect. And then Patti exclaimed, "O-oh!"

An inch-long brown stain, burned deep into the wood, stared up at her from the top of the desk like a wound. Some fool—some utter fool—had been in and put his cigarette down there and left it to burn itself out.

"It's ruined everything!" she cried over the telephone, a second later. "How could you have allowed anyone in this room! The veneer on that desk is ruined. It cannot be duplicated. The entire room is impossible without it. Put me in touch with Mr. Maddison."

"Oh, Miss Chapman—the office sounded scared."

Patti's dark eyes were not wistful, now. They blazed with fury and her voice was clipped and authoritative. "Don't argue!" Patti had got where she was by never accepting second-best, by never being "soft" about mistakes. "To-day's Saturday. The room is to be shown on Monday. There's no one who can repair that exquisite veneer in that time. I must report this. Connect me with—"

"But Miss Chapman, won't you allow our repair man to look at it?"

"Repair man! Do you think a workman—"

"He is very good. Please try him. If Mr. Maddison knew about our allowing anyone in your room

"Very well. Send him up. But I know he can't help."

So that's how it happened that Patti Chapman, London's most talked-of decorator, whose salary was higher than that of most men because she knew the value of pushing her talent, met Tom Bannerman, whose salary doesn't bear mentioning, and who didn't know such a word as "push" in the English language, except when it meant "to press, as opposed to draw."

Patti was pacing furiously back and forth on the coral rug, when the door opened and closed.

She swung round and, without looking at the figure outlined against the pale green door, asked brusquely, "The repair man?"

"Yes, miss."

"You're expert?"

"Yes, miss."

"How expert?"

"Yes, miss."

"Yes, miss?" Patti mimicked

crossly, frowning at the figure still standing just in front of the door, "is that all you can—?" And then she stopped. For the repair man was quite the most incredible repair man you could imagine.

He was tall, so tall that the brown mop of hair came almost to the top of the door. He was slim and wiry and healthy-looking. His hands were stained, his clothes wrinkled, and he had a small piece of shaving caught in his hair. But he didn't look like a repair man. His eyes were too bright and critical and

his face was too lean and artistic for a repair man.

"Are you the repair man?" Patti insisted.

"Yes, miss." So far, he hadn't even looked her way. He was surveying Patti Chapman's audacious, witty, and whimsical boudoir. Patti watched his bright blue eyes skim over the wine counterpane, the bottle-green flounce of the dressing-table.

But if he had an opinion, he didn't voice it. As soon as he had inspected the last chair, he shifted his kit from his left hand to his right, and strode towards the ruined desk.

"This the job, miss?" he asked with an odd grin.

And then he looked at her.

From his superior height, he looked down into her triangular, scrubbed-looking face. "Why," he said, looking around quickly, "you aren't the one?"

"I'm Miss Chapman," said Patti, feeling queer.

"Oh," said the repair man, and smiled. It was an intriguing performance. It started with a twinkle in the sky-blue eyes and ended with a slow widening of his big, serious mouth. "You work here at Maddison's, too?"

Patti flushed. "I'm Patti Chapman, the—the decorator."

"Oh," he said and took his time about inspecting her eyebrows, nose, and lips. Patti was embarrassed, but he was apparently, perfectly at ease. He just stood there, taking his time about his scrutiny. Not stupid, exactly. But odd.

Suddenly, he said: "You don't look like a decorator experienced enough to do this room. This is your room?"

"Why, yes," Patti managed. Such a funny man! She pulled her eyes away from the level sapphire gaze and dropped them to his hands.

They were slim, those hands, but—stained. They shocked Patti into her senses.

"Now this is the desk they phoned you about," she said, crisply. "This room is to be shown Monday. That leaves just to-night and to-morrow for you to repair this veneer. Can you, and if you can will you, do it? It means losing your Sunday leisure. But I'll see that you're paid extra—"

He wasn't listening! The repair man had put his kit on the floor. Now he was running his long, slim fingers gently over the stained veneer. Patti, breaking off, watched those fingers, fascinated.

"You must think this is a very special desk to want it repaired for Monday. Why don't you get another out of stock?" The blue eyes were very bright.

"Because no other would suit me. This is a lovely piece of furniture. It's absolutely perfect for that wall."

The repair man smiled and then shook his head. "No."

Patti jerked up her chin. "No what?"

"It's not perfect for that wall. It's too light to balance the mantelpiece. It should be higher, heavier—"

Please turn to Page 16

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES



"You ought to let big stores sell your stuff," Patti said. "You're clever."

FASHION PORTFOLIO

January 20, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



Chanel's Mid-season Suit

● PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATURAL COLOR is this classic Chanel suit of navy jersey. The swing skirt and chunky bolero achieve a summery air with a finely tucked organdie

blouse and ruffles peeping below the sleeves. The pancake beret is topped by red poppies to match gloves and bag. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

LAST STRAWS . . .



● **FINEST BLACK STRAW** follows the capricious pillbox trend. A huge double bow in stiffened corded ribbon and a fly-away whiff of veiling counteracts the stark simplicity of the silhouette.



● **YOUTHFUL** white panama sky-rocketing high in the front and edged with black grosgrain ribbon.



● **GLITTERING** black straw Oriental fez, with a choux of black satin atop the crown.



● **ERIK'S** crisp white Mexican panama with a lacquered feather like a palm frond.



● **CRAZILY** tilting pink straw held on with a black bow, garnished with cherries. By Schiaparelli.



● **A COQUETTISH** toque of pink and red roses and a trail of green veiling lying under the chin.



● **THE PERENNIAL** breton in white panama with green ribbon threaded through brim and crown.



● **FLATTERING** baku straw in softest velvet blue topped with a matching velvet ribbon bow.



● **AGNES** makes a tiny brim in purple straw with a half-crown of pink and mauve lilac.

FOR HOT NIGHTS

... These filmy wraps
are ideal



• MAKE an infant type of lace head veil held on top with red roses—for the theatre.



• TRY a very large red chiffon kerchief pinned like an Arab burnous. It's a great tonic to a tired evening dress.

• A TINY velvet jacket with hood—the back of which is matching fishnet—the bell-shaped sleeves to the elbow have attached wide cuffs through which one can slip the hands to appear like a muff.



• GET A yard and a half of fine black lace and run a ruching of black valenciennes all round the edge. It makes a most effective "fascinator" to throw over the head and is all the wrap you need for these warm evenings.



• MAKE a large three-cornered shawl—ruffled on two sides—wear it round your shoulders or over your head.

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LAST MINUTE FASHIONS

Air Mailed from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE



1. EMINENTLY wearable is the group of slim black afternoon frocks from Schiaparelli with little apron drapes on the front of the skirt. The fabric is black crepe facoonne relieved by a pattern of tiny comets also in black. Doll gingham ribbon makes a bow at front of the shirred corsage, matched by shirring around waistline and wrists.

2. TIERED skirts, each tier-edge finished with fringe, are coming back into favor.

One particularly smart five-tiered skirt had bobs of chenille for edging—like the mantelpiece trimming of Victorian days.

This particular model was further glorified with epanlets of chenille from which tiny bobs dangled.



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3. THE importance of belts in this season's clothes depends more on their trimming than size.

One jersey frock had a leather girdle, fastened with an outside padlock in gilt. A key hung down from the lock on a gift chain and was matched with buttons in the shape of smaller keys.

4. THE pillbox, one of the most popular shapes of the season, is of draped wine-red velvet, with the face veil revived, in a light shade of rust.

5. UNDOUBTEDLY inspired by the visored caps of the officers in Molyneux's capricious new felt hat, in airforce-blue trimmed with grosgrain ribbon in a tailored band and fluttering ends.

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STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 20/1/40



PLEASE NOTE !

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F1673.—Simple spotted frock with flared skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4 yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1674.—Youthful hooded blouse, with contrasting dirndl skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3 yds. for skirt, 2½ yds. for blouse, and ½ yd. for sash, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1675.—Tailored style with front pleats. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1676.—Full-skirted frock with peg-top pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide, and ½ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

F1677.—Trim blouse and shorts, cleverly stitched. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1678.—Gathered top and full skirt disciplined with a broad cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1679.—Slack suit with eye-catching contrast effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4 yds., 36 ins. wide, and ½ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.



Stops perspiration instantly.
Dries quickly—vanishes completely.
Use before or after shaving.
Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.
Ends perspiration odour.
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.
Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.
GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY
 from all good Chemists and Stores.
 1/- and 2/-

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BAD HEADACHES AND BACKACHES

"I was continually nervous and depressed," stated Mrs. A.R.T. of Manly, N.S.W. "I suffered from headaches, backaches, and pains in my legs. I was anxious. After taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was amazed at the changes in my health. All the aches and pains have gone and I feel greatly improved."

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VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!



A LEVER PRODUCT

'Op It!

Continued from Page 7

HE was not long in reaching a decision. For all he knew to the contrary, the convey of lorries might be nearly two hundred miles away. That immediately disposed of any thought of following them on foot. Equally futile would be an attempt to foot-slog it back to the base camp. He knew his limitations as a walker and a tracker.

Only one thing remained, and that was to stay with the lorry which, with its contents, was his responsibility. Having come to that decision, he clambered down to the bed of the donga again and made a thorough survey of the lorry's contents. There were several machine-guns, and ammunition for same; cases of rifle troops—tins of bully-beef and jams; medical comforts—chiefly castor-oil—and a few dozen bottles of light South African wine. This latter discovery brought a gleam of happy anticipation to Dove's eyes.

He knocked off the top of one of the bottles. Dove slept very soundly that night. Undoubtedly, the quantity of wine he had drunk and the food he had eaten were partly responsible for his stentorian snoring. But even if his sleep had not been weighted by an over-indulgence in food and wine it would still have been too deep for him to have awakened to a consciousness of the events of the night.

A more wakeful man would have heard things which might have alarmed him; the hoo-hooing of a pack of wild dogs; the roar of lions; the imbecile, chattering laugh of hyenas and—this was in the grey, ghostly half-light just before the dawn—the sound of a bare-footed man carefully picking his way over the donga's muddy bed.

That man was dressed in a ragged, travel-stained uniform. And the uniform was that of a German askari. His belt was drawn tightly about his middle, his face was gaunt, and there was a hungry, wolfish expression in his tired eyes. The belief that other white men were in the lorry—he could not believe that one man would be so foolish as to sleep in the open, unprotected—alone stayed him from creeping up on Dove and plunging his knife into him. The iron discipline which had made a trained soldier of a raw native then functioned and he prepared to return to his officer with news of his discovery.

As he had trekked all night in search of food and stores, the askari's preparations consisted of finding a convenient place where

he could snatch a few hours or so of much-needed sleep before commencing the return trek. He found a shelter in the bush a good mile back from the donga, and fell asleep. He awoke, pulled his hunger-belt a hole tighter and resumed his trek about the same time that Dove awoke and blinked up bleakly at the electric blue of the sky.

"Gor!" Dove exclaimed, licking his lips and passing his hand in a rough, rubbing gesture across his mouth. "I ain't arf dry. An' my 'ead! Ow!"

He made no attempt to rise, but remained where he was, sluggishly somnolent until the sun was directly overhead and the donga was shadowless. He ate then, sparingly, and drank—but with no real enjoyment—a little wine.

"An' I'd sooner 'ave beer—or water, for the matter o' that," he admitted ruefully.

But his water-bottle was empty and he could not bring himself to

face one with the bull-like voice, the natives jumped to their feet and raced down the donga, littering it with their loot. He gave chase to them for a little distance, then, panting from his exertions, he returned to the lorry and loudly bewailed the havoc the Shenzies had caused—especially in regard to his wine supply.

"The blighters," he grumbled. "I'll give 'em wot for—not 'arf I won't—if they show their ugly mugs round 'ere again. Yes. But 'ow abart it!" He scratched his head thoughtfully. It was more than likely that the Shenzies would return, and if they caught him napping...

The immediate result of his thinking was a bustle of activity, and in a very short time—proving that his experiences at the training camp had not been entirely wasted—he had set up two machine-guns ready for action, and about them he had built a miniature fort of crates of food.

"Now I'm ready for the blighters," he said and sat down between the machine-guns, determined to fight off the sleep which threatened to engulf him—and which did engulf him, for when he opened his eyes again the sun was dropping to its setting and the donga was a place of shadows; purple shadows and black. And the black shadows moved as no self-respecting shadows had a right to do. He regarded them more carefully.

"'Op it!" he shouted. The shadows sat up and became Shenzies. They halted their advance; they even retreated a few paces, calling excitedly to one another.

"If you don't 'op it quick," Dove shouted, "I'll blow you to bits. Selp me, I will." And crouching behind the machine-gun, he swung it slowly back and forth and made a chattering noise with his mouth which he fondly imagined was a creditable imitation of a machine-gun in action.

The natives regarded him curiously, but made no show of further retreat; indeed, a few of them crept a few cautious paces forward.

"This is a rum go!" Dove told himself.

He looked fixedly at the natives nearest to him and then chuckled at a sudden discovery. He had had very little dealing with natives during his brief sojourn in Africa, and hitherto—save perhaps for difference of dress or in the degree of fatness and height—had been totally incapable of distinguishing one from another. But now he saw that they were as markedly different, the one from another, as a group of white men would have been.

"Lumme!" he said. "They're almost 'uman, blow me if they ain't!"

He was relieved to see wondering, dubiously self-conscious smiles breaking the stolidity of the Shenzies' faces, responding to his own good humor, and he decided on an attempt to win their confidence and friendship. To that end he broke open a near-by crate of bully-beef and threw some of the tins to the natives.

"Eip yourselves," he said. "Come on, now, 'op to it!"

His gifts were ignored, in fact they were eyed with something approaching repulsion.

Yet it was evident, at least, that they understood and respected his overtures of friendship and they crowded together for a long and noisy consultation.

Lyric of Life

DISSEMBLER

*Don't shed the tears that tremble in your eyes,
 Speak to the world with soft, unthoughtful lies,
 And learn to laugh, an actress in a part,
 For laughter is like armor round the heart.*

*Put on the gaudy motley of the clown,
 Put on the jester's bells, the jester's crown,
 Hide from us all the hurt that never dies,
 And, undecieved, we'll honor you your pride.*

—P. Duncan-Brown.

use the contents of the lorry's radiator; not even for washing purposes.

"The wine 'ud be better than that muck," he decided, and was amused at the thought of using wine for washing purposes. But he was a clean soldier, and taking his toilet kit from the lorry he wandered down the bed of the donga in search of a pool. He went nearly two miles before he had the luck to find one. It was rock-lined, and the water it contained was comparatively clean. He stripped to the waist, shaved and washed himself vigorously, looking more like a walrus than ever after ducking his head and rising with water dripping off his tousled head and moustache, his eyes red and inflamed from soap.

THE sun quickly dried him, and, after dressing, he sat down for a pipe before returning to the lorry.

When he did return, after an absence of nearly two hours, it was to surprise a party of natives greedily wolfing down the food and drink they had looted from the lorry.

They were armed with a motley assortment of weapons—English and German—taken from men who had fallen unmarked during some skirmish. They wore odd bits of uniform, too, and in a manner strangely at variance with the regulations concerning such. But despite the ludicrous incongruity of their attire, they were a fierce-looking lot, and Dove recognised them for what they were—Shenzies, a wild, nomadic race who, in normal times, were derided by white and black alike. But now that war occupied their better, they roamed unchecked, proving a thorn in the flesh to isolated parties on both sides.

Had Dove stopped to consider this he might have acted differently, and attempted to retreat before his presence was discovered. After all, the odds against him were great, and he was unarmed. But his reactions were too swift for consideration; what he saw was a number of dirty niggers, dressed up like Christy Minstrels, looting his lorry, eating his grub, drinking his wine, and his anger outweighed everything else.

He broke into a lumbering run, brandishing his fist, yelling: "Hi! 'Op it!"

The very folly of his action was its success. Thinking, no doubt, that other white men were close by, ready to come to the support of this red-

FINALLY, they seemed to reach an agreement and four of the older men, discarding their weapons, advanced timidly, their hands clasped about their stomachs, walking slightly bent, their mouths open and their tongues hanging out. If Dove judged their expressions aright they were trying to convey that they were in pain.

"Ere, 'op it!" he exclaimed, for the demonstration made him feel physically uncomfortable. "This ain't no bloomin' sick parade." Then he clapped his thighs and shouted with laughter. "Blow me, though! That's just wot it is! A sick parade. Hi! You all got tummy-aches? Yus. An' no wonder, the way you was a-gulpin' down that bully-beef an' plum and apple. Three or four tins each yer 'ad, greedy blighters. An' on top o' that yer 'ad wine wot was only meant for lords an' such. No wonder yer got tummy-aches. Well, wot abart it? Wot do yer expect me to do?" He looked at them thoughtfully. "Hi! Stop it! You'll 'ave me lookin' like that next. 'Ere! 'Arf a mo! I got something that'll fix yer."

He dragged out the crate of medicine and opened a bottle of castor oil.

"This'll fix yer proper," he chortled. "Wot's the dose? I dunno. Better give yer a stiff 'un. Lucky there's plenty."

He poured a good measure—at least triple a normal dose—into an enamel cup and gave it to the man at the right of the line. The native drank it and licking his lips appreciatively held out the cup for more.

"GOLLY!" Dove exclaimed admiringly. "But you ain't got wot I'd call a civilised taste. No. That's all you get, so 'op it!"

Grimacing satisfaction and thanks, the native retired, and Dove poured out a dose for the next. By the time he had doctored all the Shenzies the sun had set, and he had emptied several bottles of castor oil.

He made a good meal then, feeling the content he felt at the way in which he had dealt with the Shenzies who had now, obeying his gestures and his loudly reiterated "op it!" retreated some distance down the donga, and were huddled together about a blazing fire. But as Dove sleepily smoked his pipe, watching the afterglow of sunset fading swiftly from the sky, a quail of dismay disturbed his ease of mind.

"Yes," his doubt-creating thought ran, "they're friendly enough now, but what'll they do when that stuff begins to work!"

Dove's sleep that night was disturbed by a series of frightening nightmares, the most disturbing of which was prolonged beyond the point of awakening consciousness.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, as he slowly opened his eyes. The explanation was almost shaken out of him. Two Shenzies were kneeling beside him, shaking him violently.

"Gosh," he said again, thinking they were going to make an end of him. "Hi! 'Op it, see!"

They released their hold of him and shouted excitedly, pointing upward. But for all their excitement, their faces seemed friendly. The other natives crowded about him, all talking swiftly, all pointing upward—not to the sun-filled sky, as he had at first thought, but up the bank of the donga.

Please turn to Page 20



Hero worship:

While Private J. Bailey of the Second A.I.F. admires his baby daughter, and thinks that she's certainly something worth fighting for, his nephews and niece indulge in a little hero worship of their Digger uncle. A happy scene caught by The Australian Women's Weekly camera on visitors' day at Ingleburn camp.

"WELL!" interrupted an enraged Patti. "I suppose you're an authority?"

"Yes, m—"

"Don't you dare say that again!" She stamped her foot. "You impossible!" He winked his blue eyes, his smile widened. She added, hastily, to cover up her quarrelling with a repair man. "Then you'll start on it at once, and be very careful, since I will have nothing else in its place!"

"Yes, miss!"

And then, before Patti could strangle him, or pitch him out of the window, Val Rider came in.

"Hullo, Pat," said Val, standing in the centre of the coral rug, and hauling a gold cigarette case from out of his perfectly tailored grey coat. "You look pretty furious."

Patti shot him a warning look. "Be with you in a minute, Val." She turned to the repair man. "I'll have the desk sent down at once. It's nice of you to work on it." She smiled, sweetly.

He smiled back, easily. "You can see it to-morrow morning if you like. I'll be here at the workshop."

"That won't be necessary."

He was walking to the door, long body swinging gracefully. "Yes, miss, I mean, no, miss!" He flashed her a grin. He was gone.

Patti, standing by the desk, tapped at it reflectively. Such an impossible man! She looked keenly towards the mantelpiece and then swiftly to the desk. A little heavier, a little higher—she shook her shoulders and turned briskly to Val.

That young man was studying the boudoir.

"Like it?" asked Patti.

He lit his cigarette. "It's super. How's it feel to be one of three decorators asked by Maddison's to prepare a room for the Christmas season?"

She wondered what his name was. John, perhaps, or Joe. Something ordinary.

"Dreaming?"

"I'm sorry, Val. Perhaps I was dreaming about Christmas five years ago. I was just a nobody then. A nobody with an art diploma and a couple of pounds in my pocket."

"And a fortune in push. You've come a long way." He paused. Patti knew he expected a laugh. She and Val had known each other since

art school days. They knew each other's philosophy.

She said "You haven't done badly yourself. How does it feel to be buyer for inexpensive furniture, over the holidays, with commission on every piece sold?"

"Fine. We've an engagement for to-night, I believe?"

Patti walked to the window, stood looking out at the dark sky, the softly falling snow. "Not that I remember, Mr. Rider."

"Don't go distant. You're not doing anything, are you? How about dinner and dance, and perhaps you'll let me ask you to marry me, again?"

"Shush, I'm not ready to marry yet."

He was at her side. "I suppose a girl earning seven hundred at twenty-three doesn't have to think of marrying. But I'm earning that, myself, Pat. We could live like princes, you know!"

Patti pressed her nose against the window. "I suppose so."

"We could go into furniture and decorating. We're both interested in climbing the ladder. We could go far, together. Our own shop, perhaps, Chapman and Rider."

"With a marriage, on the side."

Val shot her a puzzled look.

"You're feeling low," he said. "What you need is some fun. Working too hard. After all you can't climb day and night. Come, Miss Chapman, accompany me to have fun."

Patti looked into her reflected eyes and found them wondering and starry. She did feel low. She turned to him, laughing. "All right, Val. I'll phone and have this desk sent down." Then, casually, picking up the phone, "What's that fellow's name, the repair man?" Just as if she didn't really care.

"Bannerman," said Val. "Tom Bannerman. Funny kind of fellow, isn't he?"

"Is he?"

They went to the Silver Slipper, dined and danced. But Patti was bored.

The next day was perfect. Snow, keen air, sun. Patti got up at seven, dressed, and went out.

After she had breakfasted she hurried to the store and found herself knocking at the caretaker's office.

"Idiot," she called herself as she skipped down the stairs to the workshop. But she did want to know if everything was all right for to-morrow.

She pushed open the door. Her desk stood in a far corner. She hurried towards it, eyes starry. It was a perfect desk.

She stood over it. The burnt ridge was completely gone. Even the dull yet shiny finish was there. But would it dry in time? She drew off her glove and stretched out an inquisitive finger.

"Don't touch it yet, Miss Chapman."

She swung round. The repair man stood just behind her, clad in huge overalls. She said: "You're here already."

He grinned. "I've been here since six o'clock."

"Oh," said Patti, "not just to do my desk!"

He grinned wider. "Not wholly. Patti to do mine."

"Yours?"

He waved towards the repaired desk. "I designed it and made it."

"You—designed—made—?" Patti turned to the sturdy desk. It was wonderful to be able to make anything as lovely as that!

"You ought to let big stores sell your stuff," she said. "You're clever."

He looked terribly pleased. "I don't have much time to make up my designs. Not many big places want a single piece. Meyers usually takes my stuff."

"How much did he give you for that?" asked Patti, because she was wondering why anyone who could design furniture like that was a repair man for Maddison's.

"Eight pounds."

"M-m-m," murmured Patti and thought, "The poor lamb." "The material?" she asked aloud.

He grinned. "Five."

"You make three pounds," said Patti, eyes sparkling. "I paid Meyers twenty pounds."

The repair man widened his eyes. "Whew! That's a lot of money. It seems I'm not much of a business man." He looked sorry for a moment, then his lean face glowed again.

"You said, yesterday, you thought this desk was perfect. You really meant it?"

Continued from Page 8.

"Yes," she answered, honestly. "I loved it."

"Then how would you like to see some more of my designs?" His blue eyes were looking deep into hers. Patti tried to keep saying to herself: He'll never amount to anything. Almost helpless.

She said, aloud, "I'd love it."

He was getting out of his overalls.

"They're pretty good, I think." He shrugged into a coat and overcoat, good material, but badly kept. Tom Bannerman didn't care much about clothes, Patti decided. She thought of Val's knife-like creases. "You'll tell me honestly what you think?"

"Why, yes," said Patti, "but how far—"

"To my place."

"Your place?"

"Near Slough. Do you mind?"

"But that's miles."

He looked downcast. "Not so far. I drive in every day. You've got another engagement?" He spoke as if it hadn't occurred to him that a girl might not have a day to give to a total stranger.

"No," Patti said, slowly, "I haven't. Let's go."

"I'm Tom Bannerman," he told her as they drove along. He shot her one of his odd grins. "I don't expect you've ever heard of me."

Patti remembered her insistence that he had heard of her and had the grace to flush.

"Tell me about you. You're such a young-looking person to be famous. You are famous? And you make a great deal of money?" He was driving at a great rate past the factories on the Great West Road.

"Hardly famous," laughed Patti, feeling queer. "And not a great deal of money."

"WITH my designs I make about three hundred a year."

Tom said. "You make more than that?"

Patti admitted reluctantly, "Yes."

"You're not much like you look."

He was turning off the main road.

"Are you?"

"Why—I don't know."

"You look wistful and young. I noticed it, yesterday. That's why I kept thinking of you all night. You fool people, don't you? You look little and uncertain, and you're not. You're terribly sure of where you're going." The blue eyes turned to regard her, as he pulled up before an old-fashioned house.

Patti avoided those eyes. Then she said quickly, "Yes. I am like that. I'm not wistful. I often get things cheaper by fooling manufacturers. They think I look young and silly, but I'm not one bit what I look like." Somehow she hated saying that. It suddenly seemed cheap to make-believe you were something you weren't.

He waved towards the house.

"This is my place."

"You own it?" She gazed at the wide, sweeping lawn, at the three sheltering trees where there would be birds' nests in summer.

"Yes, I live here."

Patti could tell that, from the way it looked, inside. Like him, the furniture was old, but in perfect repair, and all shiny from polish. The rugs were worn but lovely and warm in color. There was a big clock in the hall and a big fireplace in the living-room.

"I like it here," she told him, as he bent to light the fire. "It's quiet."

He just smiled at her. "I'll get it warm. You're in no hurry?"

She shook her head. "No hurry."

After a while, when it was warm, she looked at his designs in the shop that went off from the kitchen. He showed her tables and bookcases and desks and chairs, neatly drawn. She imagined them as they would be after he had made them and she cried excitedly: "But why are you just a repair man at Maddison's? Why aren't you a famous designer? Why aren't you rich?"

"You really like them?" He didn't seem interested in the rich part, the famous part.

"They're beautiful. But why haven't you done something about marketing them?"

"I do." He was smiling at the design of a sideboard. "Old Meyers takes what I finish. This is one of my favorites. See the funny little shelves—"

"But you make so little!" Couldn't he see that he should make thirty—forty—fifty pounds for an original piece like the desk—far more if he was going to let it be copied?

He wasn't listening. He was showing her this and that, and she watched and admired with half her

New Art

I gather my colors from Nature's store,
Tomato and carrot and greens galore,
The apple and orange and purple grape
I peel and I grate and I boil and I scrape,
Then carefully color each rosy cheek,
And yellow of wheat for bright curls I seek,
Tint pearly-white teeth and a shell-like ear
And outline your chubby brown legs, my dear.
And there is my picture alive and aglow
With little feet dancing and bright curls a-blow.
—E. Aston.

mind, and schemed with the other half.

All he needed was to market his own furniture. He'd need capital to start. A little push.

"I've an idea," she told him as they ate sardines in the kitchen an hour or so later. "I'm going to get you a loan. You can start your own shop. Here in this house. You've a barn? Ideal! I know I can get backers when they see those designs. You'll let me borrow a couple?"

"Of course," he smiled into her glowing face. "You're wonderful. You have given me a perfect day. I needed someone to admire my furniture. Now I feel good again. You have been very kind."

Patti said honestly: "I wanted to."

He reached out, naturally, and covered her fingers with his. No embarrassment on his face, no restraint.

Her hand lay still in his and she dropped her sooty lashes as his eyes caressed her.

Please turn to Page 22

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59/6



4-piece Kitchen Suite with built-in cabinet. Usually £12/10/6. SALE ...

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Acminster Carpet Square. Usually £7/10/6. SALE ...

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YOU CAN AND INSTANT relief from the itching, fiery torture usually accompanying this condition and in the majority of cases a complete cure, by the application of Rexona Ointment. Its gentle, soothing medicaments and mild antiseptic action have the approval of the highest medical authority. Rexona Soap, containing the same mild medication, is also recommended to keep your skin healthy.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

You can and instant relief from the itching, fiery torture usually accompanying this condition and in the majority of cases a complete cure, by the application of Rexona Ointment. Its gentle, soothing medicaments and mild antiseptic action have the approval of the highest medical authority. Rexona Soap, containing the same mild medication, is also recommended to keep your skin healthy.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only weak substitutes. A new bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, gentleness, stimulating in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6

Dentists recommend "THIS"

ASK FOR "THIS"



"Jack doesn't like me in this bathing suit and he's gone away mad."
 "The idea of a man getting mad over a little thing like that!"

Some NEW LAUGHS



He: If you marry me, my honey, my car, my yacht, everything, will be yours.
 She: How lovely! But how will you get about?

MOPSY — the cheery red-head



"The elevator boy can't make fun of me and get away with it."



Wife (apologetically): I took the recipe for this cake out of the cookery book.
 Husband (tactfully): You did quite right, darling—it should never have got in there.



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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I HOPE, nurse, that Johnny has been as good as gold while I was out."
 "No, ma'am. He went off the gold standard at tea time."

VALET: Did you ring, sir?
 Rich Employer (in bath): Yes. I've lost the beauty soap. Jump in at once and find it.

MILLIONAIRE (addressing students): All my success, my financial prestige, I owe to one thing—pluck, pluck, pluck.
 Student: But how are we to find the right people to pluck?

"WHY not come over to Nan's this afternoon?"
 "But we're not speaking."
 "All the better! We're going to play bridge."

FIRST FARMER: I've got a freak over on my farm—a two-legged calf.
 Second Farmer: I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night.

"PLEASE, madam," said the maid, "there's a poor man outside who wants something to eat."
 "All right, Mary," replied the mistress, "give him some bread and meat."
 "But he seems to have seen better days."
 "All right; give him a serviette as well."

I feel 30 now!
INDIGESTION
 is gone



"My chemist said—

"Take De Witt's Antacid Powder—it's good."
 Three doses improved me wonderfully. I feel 30 now."

Another user, glad to be free of dreadful stomach pains, says:

"I suffered dreadfully with acidity of the stomach and pain after food. I was afraid to eat a good square meal. I lost weight and was a misery to myself. Now I can eat anything and everything, feel fit and well. I think De Witt's Antacid Powder is wonderful, and I hope these few lines will help others who suffer with stomach trouble."

Mrs. L. H. Carlton, N.3., Vic.

Why stay a victim to digestive disorders when here is a remedy that will give you instant relief? Even in severe cases of gastritis or stomach inflammation, De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes the trouble.

Don't despair, even if you have suffered years without obtaining benefit. Start to-day with this modern remedy for all digestive disorders and you will quickly find you can eat what you like and enjoy every meal.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

An Editorial

JANUARY 20, 1940

LOOK AFTER OUR A.I.F.



WAR brings tremendous changes and nowhere is this felt more than in the home.

To a peace-loving nation such as we are, war creates a revolution in family life. The mother, wife or sweetheart hands over her soldier to the military.

His welfare, guarded so jealously, is no longer in the hands of the family.

He is part of a war machine; he obeys other voices, other brains guide his destiny, look after his welfare, safeguard his health.

The job that women have been doing passes from their hands. So it is that the women of Australia say to Government and military authorities: "Look after our A.I.F."

As is inevitable in a peace-loving nation gearing itself for war, mistakes have been made by the authorities.

Things have happened which disturb the peace of mind of women, with men in camp. Soldiers sleeping on the beaches at Christmas, comforts that didn't arrive for the troops, complaints of bad food in the camps.

Unsewered camps, no refrigeration, and 8000lbs. of meat condemned in one Queensland camp.

Conflict between our war leaders causes anxiety lest efficiency be impaired.

In fairness to the women who have supplied the splendid manpower for our army these mistakes must not occur again.

In the wider aspects of winning the war we must not forget that the comfort and welfare of the troops mean a great deal to those at home.

In two fields we must demand efficiency—the men's welfare in camp and strategy in the field.

We must be able to say to the valiant women who have given us our army, "All is well."

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Cricket becomes baseball

SHORT-WAVE broadcasts of speeches and news in foreign languages arranged by the Ministry of Information and the A.B.C. have produced many difficulties and humorous situations.

One occurred in the first news broadcast when Don Bradman, as a world-known Australian, shared the short-wave with the 2nd A.I.F.

The German translator nearly tore his hair in an attempt to convey "caught low in the slips" and other cricket terms in German, and finally gave up.

The Spanish translator, providing the script for South America, resourcefully changed cricket jargon into baseball terms, which South Americans understand.

So Don was "caught at second base."

Out of place

IT was a proud, sad day for the half-million people who watched the march through Sydney of New South Wales' 6000 members of the 2nd A.I.F.

But two aspects of the march were criticised by a number of people.

There was not enough band music to divert people's minds from the seriousness of the occasion, which meant that the sun-tanned warriors didn't get the cheers they deserved.

Secondly, many people—especially women—deplored the presence of women instrumentalists in two of the bands.

The girls were comely enough, and may have been good instrumentalists, but the general feeling was that it was the A.I.F.'s day out, and the presence of girls introduced a carnival note into a march of solemn significance.

If any women were taking part in the march it was to be expected that they would be the nurses who are going overseas with the R.A.M.S. Reason they were not there, I understand, was that their uniforms were not finished in time.

New khaki

AN organisation which has dealt primarily with women's fashions will be responsible for standardising the colors of uniforms for the fighting services.

The British Color Council has now produced a standard khaki between green and buff to replace the numerous shades that have been worn ever since khaki was first adopted by British troops in India in 1848.

The council's usual job is to study fashion trends and psychological reactions in the fashion world. It



GENERAL STORK: "We've got extra orders for boy babies this year—but remember, no more Stalins or Hitlers."

launches new colors throughout the manufacturing world months before new fashions are launched, so that when you want, say, a japonica outfit your French silk frock, American shoes, English handbag, and Italian gloves will all be the identical shade.

As old as her hat . . .

SISTER JANET SINCLAIR WOOD, who selected twelve South Australian nurses to go with the Australian contingent with the 2nd A.I.F., had a brilliant record in the last war. Leaving Australia in December, 1914, she served in Egypt, Belgium and France for the duration.

Sister Wood tells an amusing story about the nurses' uniforms of 1914.

"Our uniforms were nothing like the smart tailored uniforms worn now."

"We arrived in Egypt in thick cloth frocks with heavy flowing capes and bonnets with floating tails."

"On the wharf an officer was numbering off the nurses. 'You are forty,' he said."

"Quick as a flash came the reply from one young thing: 'No, it's only the bonnet.'"

Upset the alarm

ONE of England's recent air-raid warnings was a false alarm. The siren screamed and people hurried to air-raid shelters, but there was no sign of aircraft.

Investigation revealed that a small green caterpillar had crawled through a small hole into the remote control switch-box and on to the terminals, which started the sirens.

Nicknames

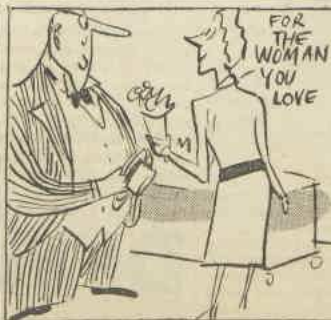
NICKNAMES take the sharp edge off high-grade discipline in the services.

General Blamey has frequently overheard himself called "Blimey," and Brigadier Allen is "Tubby" to his friends and to hundreds of his men.

A London friend tells me that behind his handsome back Admiral Sir Edward Evans of the Broke is called "The Glamor Boy."

"The Glamor Boy," who was Rear-Admiral commanding the Royal Australian Navy from 1929 to 1931, is now one of the two Regional Commissioners of Civil Defence for London.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Lennie "Swordfish" Lower's Strange Quest



Wants double-striped marlin skin for draught board

I must tell you about my great quest; it's a vivid romance of the sea.

Down here (somewhere in the Pacific), I'm searching for a marlin with the stripes running both ways so that I can make a draught board out of the skin.

It's a grim task, but I shall see it through—never fear.

THE sword-fishing at Ger-ringong is not all I expected it to be.

When I arrived here, I found a number of the boarders staring curiously at my gear as I helped unload it off the lorries.

"They're going to topdress the road at last," said one.

At luncheon I casually remarked

on the prospects for big game fishing around those parts.

A whisper immediately ran around the dining-room.

You may never have seen a whisper running around a dining-room, but this one did.

"He's a big game fisherman!"

"Oh! I really must meet him."

That was the start of things.

By
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost
Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

I was pestered by people who wanted to have their photos taken standing alongside the first spotted marlin I caught.

I had some difficulty in obtaining a large enough boat.

I usually bring my own boat, but unfortunately the last time I used it the confounded thing was torn in halves.

It was a most ludicrous situation for me to be sitting in one half of the boat while a black tuna—not to be confused with a piano tuna—dashed off with the other half.

This time I obtained a good stout launch and after securing some bait from the chef who luckily happened to be cutting up some meat for the cats, I set forth, followed by a large crowd.

Assisted aboard by my trusty bait-man, Sam, we speedily weighed anchor and headed for the open sea.

Fish stories

"SALMON," I said, for such was his full name, "Salmon, when we round the point out of sight, drop anchor and we'll open up the sandwiches. Did you bring the opener?"

"Aye! Aye! Sir! Opener all present and correct, sir."

There's one thing the novice big game fisherman usually forgets.

Some darn fool is bound to start asking questions and one must always be prepared with a comeback, either snappy or weighty.

The most common one is, "What was the largest fish you ever caught, Mr. Lower?"

"Well—er—I haven't got my notebook with me at the moment. What would you say, Sam?"

"Well, I couldn't say off-hand, sir. I should think that one we caught off the Bermudas—you know that twelve-tonner?"

"No! I remember now. We used that one for bait. It was the twenty-tonner."

"That's right! In the Gulf of Carpentaria."

"Terrific tussle we had with that chap. Three days and nights in an open boat."

"How thrilling! Did you land it?"

"It towed us as far as Fremantle, madam, and we kept going as none of the port authorities would allow us in the harbor with it."

"We had to cast it loose at the finish."

"What a shame!"

It may here be useful to those who wish to know—I'm bound to get into a mess with that sentence.

One can't be too careful. Especially a man like me whose works are frequently set as questions in school examinations.

To those to whom such knowledge may be useful, it is quite possible for the average camera enthusiast to take a close-up picture of a large garfish while the fisherman stands about a hundred yards in the rear.

This will make the garfish look about twenty feet long and I

Swordfish tremble at his glance and monsters of the deep leap out of the water at the bidding of "Swordfish" Lennie.

wouldn't be surprised if half the pictures I have marvelled at were taken in this fashion.

It is what is known as focus-pocus.

It's like those pictures you see of a man standing, gun in hand, with one foot on a buffalo.

You take it in turns to stand, gun in hand, with one foot on the same buffalo and get your photo taken.

"I waited until he was four or five feet from me. The noise of his boots was like an empty goods truck going through a tunnel."

"His eyes were bloodshot with fury. I took careful aim and dropped the noble beast right at my feet."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"My dear lady, it is no game for weaklings. The slightest tremor of the trigger-finger, the mere catching of the breath, and—Wooshla!"

"Wooshla?"

"I beg your pardon. I forgot you didn't know the Basuto dialect."

Well, I must overhaul the wind-lash on one of my lines. Anything you want to know, just drop a line to Leonard "Swordfish" Lower.

Why not have an Attractive FIGURE

LOOK at this lovely girl! She is wearing a swim suit identical with hundreds of others on the beach. Yet with her perfect figure she stands out delightfully from them all. She's a picture of health, happiness and fitness.

Start taking Bile Beans now—each night at bedtime—and you, too, can achieve this Bile Beans figure for yourself, regain those lovely slim lines that Nature intended and become gloriously fit and well.

Just follow her lead—a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

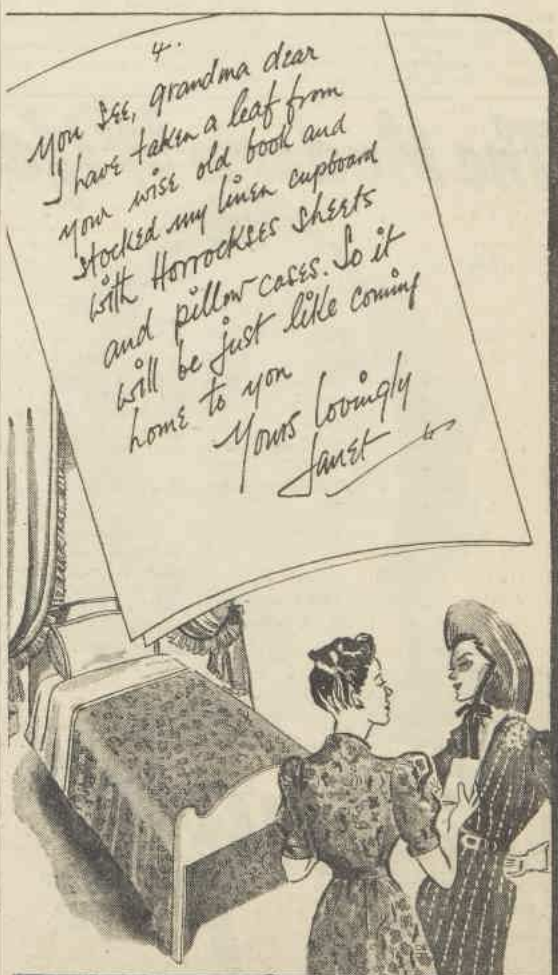


HOW BILE BEANS ACT. Bile Beans are purely vegetable and therefore can be taken regularly with perfect safety. Bile Beans tone up the system, assist digestion, purify the blood and daily eliminate fat-forming residue, thus making you healthy, happy and slim.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU SLIM AND KEEP YOU SLIM



Horrockses
SHEETS PILLOWCASES & TOWELS
Quality - Comfort - Economy

"Op It!"

Continued from Page 14

"It's a pity yer can't talk English," he said, "but I fink I know wot yer mean." He added loudly, but very slowly: "There's something up there yer want me to see. Me—" he pointed to himself—"up there?" He pointed up the donga bank.

The tone of their exclamations changed, convincing him that he had correctly interpreted their meaning.

He rose and made his way up the bank, followed by some of the Shenzieles.

"Well?" he growled a few minutes later.

The leader of the Shenzieles came to him and pointed over the void, but Dove could not see anything but a thin plume of dust rising above the scrub bush. But presently, following the dust plume to its source, he dimly distinguished a party of men marching toward the donga.

The Shenzieles were trying to convey to him by gestures, facial expression and clever pantomime that he should run and hide. He understood at last.

"Blimey," he said admiringly, "You're as good as a play. An' you're good sorts. Don't old a grudge or nothin'. But you're wrong about them there." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the soldiers. "Them an' me—" he pointed to himself—"we're mates, see. Like this." He shook hands with himself in the manner of a boxer acknowledging applause.

Plainly the Shenzieles understood, but were not convinced. One of them came to Dove and pointed to the insignia attached to the tattered tunic he wore—it was that of the German force—and then to the marching men.

"Gosh!" Dove exclaimed. "Is that it? Jerries, eh? This is a rum go, an' no mistake."

Dove's brain worked unusually swiftly then. He knew that there were small detachments of German troops whose guerrilla tactics had proved an annoyance to the British advance. He knew, too, that the

contents of his lorry would be of enormous value to such a party, enabling it to carry out yet other raids before returning to its base, or surrendering—as so many of them did—when their supply of ammunition was exhausted.

"Of course," he mused, "I could set fire to the bloomin' lorry—wouldn't 'arf be a fireworks show if I did—an' smash the guns."

"Ar, but! Suppose them ain't Jerries! I'd be for it then—'wanton destruction of Government property.' That's wot I'd be up for. Blimey! Wish that blinkin' lorry was 'ere, instead of down in the ditch! Well, it ain't—an' so—"

He turned and scrambled down the bank of the donga, followed by the Shenzieles. And there he addressed them in terms which would have brought blushes to the face of a drill instructor. But there must have been some magic in his voice, something of a great leader in his personality, the art of a gifted mime in his gestures—at any rate, the Shenzieles understood what he wanted of them; still more wonderful, they carried out his wishes enthusiastically.

Like a swarm of industrious ants they set to work transferring the contents of the lorry to the top of the donga bank. Of the crates of food they built a hollow square—Dove would have preferred to entrench, but there were no digging tools, and the ground was iron hard. In front of the crates they piled boulders and rubble passed up, hand over hand, from the bed of the donga. Behind the food crates, inside the square, they stacked boxes of ammunition. They brought up the machine-guns which Dove adjusted so that there was not one minute sector which could not be swept by their fire.

In an incredibly short time all was done that could be done to make the little fortress impregnable.

"All I want now," Dove observed with pride, "is a flag—an' a gar-rison."

They grinned at him, and even if they did not understand what he said they paid him the compliment of listening attentively.

He stood up and surveyed the void before him. It seemed empty of life.

And that was the moment when the Commandant of the German askari, who had hurried his men through the bush, heartening them with the prospect of easy loot in the way of food and ammunition, gave the order to fire.

In that way he expressed his angry annoyance and disappointment at the discovery that the supplies which were so vital to the continuation of his raiding forays were guarded by a man who had taken every possible precaution to protect his charge; nor was he alone, as the askari scout had reported, but supported by a number of native soldiers.

A ragged volley—the askari were dog-weary as well as hungry—followed his order.

"Golly!" Dove exclaimed hotly, as he ducked instinctively as if to avoid a flight of a swarm of angrily buzzing bees.

Two of the Shenzieles jumped on him and pulled him down. He struggled with them desperately until he realised that they only wanted him to get under cover. Then he nodded and grinned his thanks. He glued his eyes to a chink in his barricade, but still could see nothing, despite the "pointing" of the Shenzieles who crouched by his side.

The Shenzieles opened fire, shouting excitedly, and Dove—seeing nothing to fire at—thought of checking them.

"But what's the bloomin' use," he considered. "They're 'avin' a good time, an' we've got plenty of ammunition. But lumme! Even if there was anything fer 'em to shoot at, they couldn't 'it it. They couldn't 'it a barn if they was inside it."

"Hi! Wot do yer fink yer doin'?" "Op it! An' point that bloomin' rifle away from me."

This was to a Shenzi who had sought to attract his attention by poking him in the back with the muzzle of his rifle. But he looked in the direction the man pointed and saw that the German Commandant—evidently encouraged by the futile shooting of the Shenzieles—was leading his men to attack. They advanced slowly in extended skir-

ishing order, their heads appearing just over the bush growth.

Dove manned one of the machine-guns and opened fire. His aim was poor and the bullets kicked up vicious spurts of dust yards in front of the advancing line. But the threat checked the men; the unexpected presence of a machine-gun had presented the German Commandant with a new angle to an already difficult problem. His men—experienced bush fighters—dropped to the ground and completely vanished from Dove's sight.

Dove shook his head dubiously and scowled at his allies, who continued to load and fire, load and fire, wasting their ammunition in the thin air. So long as they could make a noise, they seemed well content. But the noise made Dove's head ache; at least he thought it was the noise, but when he put his hand to his forehead he found it sticky with blood. He had not succeeded in ducking all those angrily buzzing "bees." One of them had "stung" his temple.

There was a cessation of firing from the bush, and the Shenzieles, apparently satiated by an orgy of firing, squatted listlessly on their haunches, refusing the food and wine he offered them.

The heat was overpowering, and Dove's greatest problem now was to keep awake. He solved it by discussing the situation with the leader of the Shenzieles. It was a one-sided discussion, Dove supplying the answers to his own questions. He concluded, nearly an hour later:

"Wonder why the Jerries have stopped firing? Suppose it's because they're runnin' short of ammunition. Ar! That's it. Then wot are they up to? Surroundin' us, that's wot. An' when they're ready, they'll rush us from all sides. An' that'll be the end. Suppose they're 'oldin' back 'till it's dark. That won't be long now—couple of hours or so."

"Hi, thought! Wonder where them Shenzieles are—the ones I sent away? Joined the bloomin' Jerries—that's wot, I shouldn't wonder."

He looked thoughtfully at the Shenzieles who were with him. They seemed to be listening to something, something which brought grins of anticipation to their faces. But he heard nothing. The Shenzieles' air of expectancy made him uneasy and to hide his embarrassment he toyed with one of the machine-guns and, quite inadvertently, fired a few rounds.

It was as if that were a long awaited signal, for immediately the silence of the bush was shattered by a hellish din; rifle fire and wild, exultant shouts. Thinking the long expected attack had at last materialised, and not knowing from what quarter it would come, Dove acted like a man possessed, passing quickly from one machine-gun to another, firing a few rapid bursts from each in turn. His example inspired the Shenzieles, and they reopened fire.

Had he been unaware of his own shortcomings as a marksman Dove must have given way to despair—or side-splitting laughter—at his allies' ludicrous performance, for most of their shots thudded into the ground just in front of the barricade.

He might, also, have laughed at himself as he hurried from gun to gun—sweating, cursing, shouting incoherently.

He was scarcely conscious of the bullets which swept over the barricade, or of the shouting and firing in the bush beyond the German lines.

"Op to it!" he shouted hoarsely, encouraging the Shenzieles to more frenzied efforts.

The end came with a dramatic suddenness. The shrill blast of a whistle was followed by a guttural voice shouting:

"Hold your fire! I surrender!"

And then he saw the German askari, headed by a white officer, race forward from the cover of the bush. They ran with hands raised above their heads. And behind them, yelling excitedly, ran the party of Shenzieles Dove had sent away.

"Hi, op it!" Dove yelled. He snatched the rifle away from the leader of the Shenzieles and, using it as a club, knocked the weapons from the hands of other Shenzieles who had failed to understand that the "war" was over.

It would be difficult to say which was the more surprised: Dove at his complete and almost bloodless vic-

tor, or the German Commandant at the discovery that he had surrendered to one white man and a horde of undisciplined Shenzieles. Had it been possible, he would have retracted his surrender—but he and his men had discarded their weapons, and those weapons were now in the hands of the Shenzieles—he had thought them to be a disciplined force—who had attacked him in the rear.

As it was, he decided to make the best of things and accepted the hospitality of his conqueror. Later, during the night's dark hours, it would not be difficult to turn the tables on the ignorant fool of an Englishman and his Shenzi allies.

His hopes in this direction, however, were finally doomed when, just after sundown, a detachment of Boer scouts—detailed to round up this identical German raiding party—arrived on the scene and relieved Dove of a worrying responsibility.

The officer in charge of the relieving party, greatly to Dove's embarrassment, was wildly enthusiastic and a little sentimental about the part Dove had played in keeping the stores of the wrecked lorry from falling into the hands of the Germans.

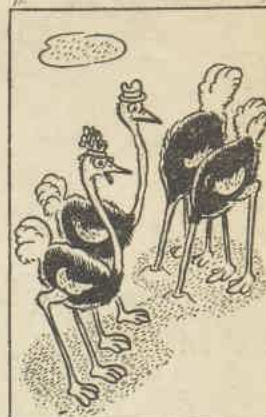
"Ach sis, man!" he exclaimed. "If they had captured the stores, there is no telling what they might have done. They could have played for weeks at hide-and-go-seek with us. They could have blown up bridges and—I tell you, you have saved us no end of trouble. The General shall hear of it, I tell you."

He pulled thoughtfully at his nose. "But still there is something I do not understand. You must tell me so that I can make a proper report. These Shenzieles, now. They call no white man master—later we will deal with them. But you they speak of as of a god or something. But you do not know their language—or, I think, any language. How then did you deal with them?"

Dove scratched his head. He was puzzled. How had he dealt with them? Then a broad grin broke slowly over his grizzled face:

"Lumme, sir," he chuckled. "I told the beggars to 'op it—an' they 'opped! That's all there was to it!"

Animal Antics



"WE should have phoned first to see if they were home."

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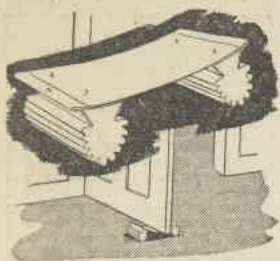


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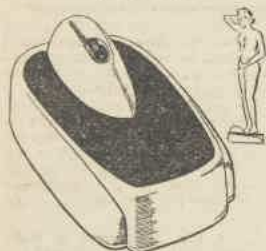
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Lower Ground Floor, Country Carriage Extra.

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Boys' Ranger Knickers with belt of same fabric, buttonholes and side pockets. Quality all wool worsted. Navy, grey. 5-9 yrs.

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Cold Meat Must Have Pickle

And Pan-Yan pickle, finest English blend, is piquant enough for the most jaded summer appetite. Make cold meat dishes really tempting, with Pan-Yan! **1/11**

LOWER GROUND—COUNTRY CARriage EXTRA.



Slow Coach

Continued from Page 16

THE next day her room was shown. Everybody exclaimed about its "amazing wittiness, its charm," and everybody was told to notice especially the unusual desk, by an heretofore unknown designer. Everybody said: "This is Patti Chapman's most inspired creation. But where is Patti?"

Patti was out, on business. That business she explained to Tom Bannerman that evening. She caught him just as he was striding out of the shop at six o'clock.

"Tom!"

He stood smiling down at her. "I went up to see your room this afternoon. That desk is not right."

She wasn't angry this time. She just said excitedly: "Never mind. I've got it."

"He looked strange. 'Got another desk?'"

"Silly! I've got the money. I've been to see Mr. Thames at the bank. I've dealt with them, and he knows that I know what I'm about. He's going to make you a loan."

He was looking very happy about something.

"You'll go and see him to-morrow. Are you listening, Tom? At twelve. I'll get off and run down at twelve-thirty. You'll have time to talk to him. Just show him your designs and after that we'll go down and see your furniture. He suggested a six thousand pound loan, Tom. Think of it! A small shop of your own. A few cabinet-makers, you directing. You could get tremendous prices!"

"You're the prettiest girl I've ever seen," said Tom.

Patti stopped talking. "Tom—" "I don't suppose you'd marry me, some day?" He ought to have been joking, but he wasn't.

"Why—perhaps." She ought to have been mocking. But she wasn't.

He grinned down at her. "You just think it over. Good-night, Patti."

He was gone. Patti stared after him.

"I'll make him take me to dinner, to-day," she told herself the next

morning as she showed the glamorous boudoir to tired society women who redecorated their homes every six months because they had nothing better to do.

"After Mr. Thames goes away," she told herself, "and after Tom has signed the contract, I'll make him take me to dinner. And I'll keep going to places with him until a month or so is gone, and then I'll say: 'Why, yes, Tom, I think I'd like to marry you!'"

She thought, as she hurried into the bank at twelve-fifteen, "I hope I won't have long to wait." She wanted to see Tom again.

She didn't have to wait a second. She was shown straight into the office where Mr. Thames paced, alone.

"Where is he?" she asked, tightly. "I was just going to ask you the same, my dear. I'd have rung him up, but you didn't leave this clever young designer's phone number."

"I'll make him take me to dinner, to-day," she told herself the next

She rang up Maddison's. No sign of the repair man. She rang up his house, her hands trembling.

When his voice came over the wire, after an age of rings unanswered, a great wave of relief swept over her. "Tom! What's happened? You're not ill?"

"Ill?" His laugh was cheerful. "Hardly. Patti, did you ring up because you were afraid I was?"

"What's wrong, then?" The relief was fading into no feeling at all.

"Not a thing. I've just got a grand idea! I'm drawing it now. It's almost finished. Come out, Patti. No. Don't I—"

"Drawing—now. Now?"

"Why not now?" He sounded puzzled.

"You didn't think it was important to come up to the bank?"

"Patti! I forgot!"

"Forgot?"

She heard him chuckle. "Isn't that the limit—"

Patti said nothing. He'd forgotten. Forgotten a chance like that. She vaguely heard him saying something about "some other time, Patti," as she hung up slowly. She turned to Mr. Thames. "Thank you. It seems he isn't coming. Shall we just call it off?"

She went back to Maddison's and was very bright and gay. Everybody said, "Oh, Miss Chapman, you're so clever!"

She kept thinking: I was going to marry him. I, Patti Chapman, was going to marry a foolish, ambitious idiot! Just wait until he rings up and starts one of his foolish explanations... She'd hang up on him. But she didn't get the opportunity.

He didn't ring up!

DAY after day went by, until eight of them had passed. No sign from Tom. Patti went from: "He might at least have tried to say he was sorry" to: "That's the sort of thing you could expect from a stupid idiot."

And she went, also, from sombreness to unsurpassed gaiety.

Val noticed she was different. "Glad to have my old girl back again," he said, one night during the holiday rush. "Dinner and dance?"

It was good, she insisted to herself later, at the Cafe de Paris, to be back again with someone of her own kind. Val was her own kind. She studied him. The vital face, the words slipping out easily. Nothing slow about Val.

Listen to him:

"So I thought to myself, what a scoop that would be, to start the New Year with."

The New Year, Patti decided that she'd have to make some resolutions that year. Something like marrying Val before she got tangled up with some other stupid dreamer.

Val was talking, enthusiastically: "This chap has no sense. I bought the design from him for five pounds. Imagine it! The blamed idiot. I had them rushed through as a last-minute gift. A thousand of em. The store makes half a crown on each one. And little Val gets a nice fat commission. Not so bad?"

"Not so bad," agreed Patti.

"When are you going to marry me?"

Patti took a deep breath, thought: "He didn't even ring up!" said good-bye to a dream, and answered, "In a month."

By the night before Christmas a great many women had gasped at the boudoir. At six o'clock, the big store was filled with a rush of shoppers, many of them carrying large, angular bundles with three legs sticking out.

"My tables," exclaimed Val. "They're sold out. Except one. I saved it for you. Isn't it a beauty?"

"Tom Bannerman," she said. "You paid him five pounds?"

"Yes. Isn't that a riot?"

"Terrible," said Patti and closed her eyes, quickly.

Five pounds. It didn't seem possible that a man placed no more value on his work than that. Well, she didn't care!

She didn't care. That night, as she dressed for an engagement with Val, she tried not to blame Val for paying Tom only five pounds. As soon as her heart said: "Val did wrong, to cheat him," her head replied: "Tom is a fool."

So she put him out of her mind and slipped into a classic gown, belted at the waist, flowing to her small feet. She looked like a red-cheeked girl dressed up in her mother's clothes. Except that little girls don't have such wide, dry, hurt eyes.

NEITHER do little girls cry out, brokenly, when they hear a man's gentle voice over the phone, on Christmas Eve.

"Patti," just as gay as if they'd been seeing each other every night for those empty twelve days. "I've got it. Come and see."

"I don't believe—" began Patti. "It's perfect. Hurry. And bring something to eat, will you?"

He hung up. Patti stared at the phone.

Then she got up, put on her fur cape, and went out into the cold street. She called a taxi. The driver seemed surprised that she wanted to go so far.

She made him stop at a cooked meat shop on the way out. She bought a basketful of groceries.

Tom had sounded feverish. Had he been ill?

Oh, if he were ill, she'd never forgive herself.

He wasn't. When he opened the door to her, and took the basket and her hand and pulled her into the living-room, where no fire burned, he looked tired, but not at all ill.

"Patti," he said, "I can't wait! You see, I got the idea the day I saw your room." He had a blueprint and was showing it to her. He stuck it under her nose, and then jerked it away; he led her to this side of the hallway, to that side, exclaiming, "reveling in his creation."

At last, bewilderedly, she said: "It's beautiful, Tom. It's perfect."

He stopped looking at it and looked at her. "That's what I was working on the day I was supposed to go to the bank." He grinned, and evidently considered that explanation quite sufficient. "We can go later, perhaps, when that Mr. Thames has time." He put a finger on her sooty hair, and said, softly: "Have you decided to marry me?"

Patti stared at him. He meant it. He was absolutely not being funny.

"I worked night and day," said Tom, stroking her hair. "I wanted to finish it for Christmas."

"But the room closed to-day."

He didn't seem to care. "Well, I wanted you to see that this was what should have been where the desk was. I pretty nearly got stuck. No money." He chuckled. "But that man Rider, you know, at Maddison's, gave me three pounds for a table design. That bought most of the wood."

Patti was biting her lip. Val had lied. He had said five pounds. Probably he told the shop that, too. He pocketed the extra. That would be all right in Val's philosophy. But not in Patti's.

Tom was saying, round a tired yawn, "I've a little chair he's going to give me four for. You seemed disappointed because I was just a repair man, so I thought I'd try to sell my own stuff."

Patti was grim. "Three pounds, eh?"

Tom grinned, sleepily. "Cash, too. That means that if I can sell a design each week—"

"Oh, you idiot!" said Patti.

She went to the phone and rang Val.

"This is Patti. Yes. I want to tell you that that engagement of ours is off. Why did you tell me you gave Tom Bannerman five pounds for that table? I think it does matter. And from now on you'll be paying properly for Tom's stuff, because I'm his new manager! If you want that chair for mass production we might consider forty pounds. And you'd better hurry, because we'll not make the offer again."

She hung up. Tom was staring at her with grinning admiration. "Forty pounds. Whew! Have you a nerve!"

She tossed off her cape. "Tom, you silly."

"You're going to stay! What about that engagement you called off, was it important?"

Patti laughed. "Not a bit. Not nearly as important as getting you fed. You look half-starved."

He laced her fingers through his and pulled her towards the living-room. "Have you made up your mind to marry me?" He sank into a chair and lifted her upon his lap. His eyes were closing.

Patti didn't try to hide her wobbly smile. He wouldn't notice! "There's nothing else to do, is there? Someone's got to take care of you."

He smiled, half-asleep, not at all surprised that she had taken him. He puckered his lips. She kissed him. He asked in a mumble: "And you really like your tailboy?"

Patti measured his six feet one and murmured, "I love him."

(Copyright)

"how uninteresting!"

*Queer looking thing, isn't it? Not exactly interesting to look at... but wait 'til I tell you! It's an insulated storage tank for electric hot water. It belongs in the roof of your home. It will have pipes connected to it... pipes to bring steaming hot water to your kitchen, bath-room, laundry, anywhere you want it! Water that is always hot... always on tap! What does it cost? As little as 14/8 a month (3/5 per week!). Terms spread over 5 years! And even the costs of wiring and plumbing included in the price! No deposit... electricity at the reduced rate of .35d. per unit... and a constant supply of scalding hot water whenever and wherever you want it! Is that uninteresting?

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THE RED CROSS DESERVES YOUR HELP AND NEEDS IT URGENTLY.

The Movie World

January 20, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

Thanks for a lovely evening!

Director plays host for star audience

Surprise even to Hollywood was the party given by Paramount director Mitchell Leisen after finishing his film, "Remember the Night." The custom for celebrating the completion of a picture is to toast the company informally on the set.

Director Leisen instead threw open his own magnificent home, had dance floor and marquee erected in the garden, lit the scene with thousands of Japanese lanterns and candles, and played host to glittering hundreds.

Noted for his flair with sophisticated film comedies, Mr. Leisen is in private life a man with an unusual hobby. He runs Hollywood's most exclusive men's wear shop.

The Leisen party was a tremendous success—and every second guest, making a punning farewell to his host, vowed that he would always . . . "Remember the Night!"



• From left to right are the hostess (Mrs. Mitchell Leisen), Janet Gaynor, Hedda Hopper, and Dorothy Lamour.



• Talking it over. Robert Preston, guest-of-honor Barbara Stanwyck, who stars in "Remember the Night," and Robert Taylor.



• Judging by the laughter, Ray Milland must have told a very good story to dance-partner Sonja Henie.



• Mrs. Leisen and host Mitchell Leisen farewell Bob Preston, who had to be at the studio early next day for work in "Typhoon."



• Dorothy Lamour, at supper in the lantern-lit garden, congratulates Mrs. Leisen upon the perfection of the arrangement.

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YOUR OWN WAVE WITH
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It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes . . . Here it is, the wonderful waving fluid . . . VELMOL, for so long the secret of Hollywood's screen stars only . . . but now available to Australian Women . . . It's the marvelous new way to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls . . . and saves many shillings and many hours of time.

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Take TEN ingredients and MAKE a STAR

TALENT SCOUT LISTS SINCERITY, APPEARANCE, PERSONALITY AMONG QUALITIES VITAL FOR FILM SUCCESS

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

I HAVE always wanted to know just what talent scouts look for when they go out prospecting for new actors and actresses.

So I asked Bill Grady, head of MGM's talent department. Grady is the go-between for studio and talent scouts. MGM's chiefs tell him what they want. Grady gets it for them.

Then he puts the new players through the studio's talent school.

Bill has an office in the MGM studio at Culver City. Its walls are covered with entrancing pictures of film stars whom he has introduced to Hollywood.

Bill proudly showed me a new photograph of Jeanette MacDonald. It was inscribed in Jeanette's own spiky handwriting. "In grateful recognition of help given on so many occasions."

"Whether we want a 'glamor girl,' a handsome young leading man, or a character player, I tell my scouts to look for just ten qualities," said Grady.

"Show me a person who possesses all ten, and you show me a future star of quality."



PERSONALITY is the first star ingredient. Grady gave his own definition:

"If you can make people like you, no matter what you are doing or how you look, then you have the personality of a star."

Norma Shearer did it—as the shallow, flighty Queen, Marie Antoinette.

Greta Garbo did it as Mata Hari, the exotic German spy.

Rosalind Russell did it, first as the hateful "Craig's Wife," then as the catty mischief-maker of "The Women."

"These actresses played fundamentally unsympathetic roles, but the public took them to its heart in each picture because their personalities shone through."

The second vital quality on Grady's list is sincerity. This has to be born in you, too.

On first consideration, sincerity would seem a subdivision of the personality requirement. But Grady declares it deserves a place by itself.

"I could name dozens of actors and actresses, with every other attribute necessary for stardom, who have failed through lack of sincerity."

"What do I mean by lack of sincerity? Conceit!"

"When the public senses an actor is conscious of himself, trying to put himself over, then, no matter how vivid his personality, he's 'out' as far as fans are concerned."

APPEARANCE is the third helpful requirement. This quality is less important now than it was a few years ago.



"The hairdresser, the make-up man, the masseur, and the plastic surgeon can work wonders — provided they have a good foundation to work on," Grady remarked.

"But no studio is looking for ugly ducklings to change into swans, and beauty—or at least prettiness—is something for which the talent director looks when he goes scouting."

Fourth listed quality is experience.

"This isn't perhaps a vital necessity. Lots of our best stars came to the screen knowing nothing whatever about acting. It's part of my job to train them."

"But what a help it is when a youngster is used to taking direction, knows how to stand, how to speak, and isn't self-conscious or clumsy when he faces the cameras."

"The stage is the best springboard to the pictures."

Florence Rice, Rosalind Russell,



• Laughing study of a delightful film personality, Florence Rice, MGM player, whom talent chief Grady believes has all the essentials that make a screen star.

Ruth Hussey, Lana Turner, Franchot Tone, James Stewart all had some sort of theatrical experience before coming to Hollywood.

But a vital part of the potential star's personal make-up is—a sense of humor.

"You have to have it in the picture business," said Grady, ruefully, "any part of the picture business."

"You'd never stand up to the sixteen hours' daily grind, the 'retakes' and heartaches, if you couldn't get a laugh out of life."

Sixth quality for screen success is the ability to work hard.

"To get anywhere in Hollywood you have to keep on improving yourself," Grady declared.

Hona Massey put in an entire year studying English and music six days a week before she was given the lead in "Balalaika."

Virginia Grey, I know for a fact, spends every evening studying acting technique.

Grady places intelligence seventh on his list, with quick mental response and receptivity eighth.

Ninth necessary quality is the ability to wear clothes—important for woman or man.

Lastly, and most important, a screen star must be a born actress.

"Without that urge to act, the other nine qualities are useless," Grady concluded.

So check yourself against Grady's list, you girls with screen aspirations, and be honest about it.

Then you'll know whether you're potential star material—or whether to save yourself a heartbreaking trip to the city of celluloid.

COLOR without camouflage

• From JOHN B DAVIES

TECHNICOLOR films are becoming increasingly popular, and Hollywood glamor girls have a first-class case of the jitters.

The technique is developing so fast, according to experts, that in five years' time every film made will be photographed in color.

You know what that means, girls? Blenches just can't be concealed under heavy coats of make-up—as they are, frequently, in black-and-white photography.

Paramount's chief make-up man, Wally Westmore, says: "The color process demands well-nigh perfect skin in a player."

"It won't make much difference to the men, but it's going to worry plenty of feminine players."

Ten years ago those ill-starred "silent" film stars who couldn't manage voice production adequately were weeded out when talkies became universal.

Color will probably not bring about as revolutionary a change as this.



BUT already producers, when signing up players, are paying special attention to coloring and skin texture.

Paramount tested dozens of girls for the leading feminine role in "Dr. Cyclops" before they found Janice Logan, a girl with a flawless complexion.

Most of the youngsters who have trooped into Hollywood in the last twelve months have dazzling complexions that would grace any face cream advertisement.

The outlook for the established black-and-white stars is not hopeless.

Paramount chiefs are thrilled by the way their

PERFECT SKIN IS NEW ESSENTIAL FOR AN AMBITIOUS ACTRESS

sarong-maid, Dorothy Lamour, is photographing in her first technicolor film, "Typhoon."

Claudette Colbert nearly swooned with horror when she caught sight of herself in the grey technicolor make-up for Fox's "Drums Along the Mohawk." But on the screen Claudette looks glowingly beautiful.

Jeanette MacDonald has passed the color test with flying colors! Her red-gold hair and peach-and-cream complexion are just what technicolor experts are looking for.

Color technique has already gone a long way in a few years. It is improving rapidly.

Paramount's producer, Dale Van Every, says: "The Technicolor Company has improved its film, improved its cameras and technique, and cut the cost to one-third of what it was two years ago."

So now it's up to the make-up man to find some formula to disguise skin imperfections.

Wally Westmore is confident of success: "We're experimenting with all kinds of make-up, just as we do for regular black-and-white films. We may find some combination eventually that will bring out a woman's beauty to the fullest."

...PAUL MUNI...

Love Scenes make actor shy

JAMES HILTON'S novel, "We Are Not Alone," has become a film for Paul Muni and Jane Bryan—a film of an entirely novel type.

Setting is England just before the last war, characters are a provincial doctor, his neurotic wife, and an Austrian dancer in a touring show who breaks her ankle, and so comes into the orbit of the little doctor's life.

Their love-story is reported to be completely different from the usual Hollywood romance. Author James Hilton, as you know from his "Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon," has an individual touch upon the heart.

Paul Muni did not approach the romance of "We Are Not Alone" with his usual calm detachment. Love-stories are a problem to Mr. Muni.

STORY WRITTEN BY CREATOR OF "MR. CHIPS"

He has always dodged love scenes in his films as far as possible.

A few years ago, when the script of "The World

Changes" called on him to have a romance with Jean Muir, he insisted that the more fervent sequences be shot with a minimum of camera lighting.

"We Are Not Alone," as well as marking a departure from Muni screen character, is noteworthy as being the first picture in well over two years to show Muni without disguise.

The last picture in which his screen self approximated his real self was "The Woman Between."

For "We Are Not Alone" the whiskers have been left in the make-up department, and only a small moustache and a little grey in his hair distinguish the actor from the real Muni.



MUNI, above, as a harassed husband of Flora Robson. Right, as doctor, tending dancer Jane Bryan.



4 WIFE FLORA ROBSON, who has approved of Jane, discovers that the quiet governess is an ex-dancer, and insists that Muni discharge her immediately.



3 JANE'S fondness for his son decides Muni to engage her as governess.



5 MYSTERIOUS DEATH of the doctor's wife from poison follows Jane's dismissal and housekeeper Una O'Connor calls in police.



6 UNAWARE of the tragedy, Muni is putting Jane on the train when they are arrested for murder.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



PROP MEN ON "THE FIGHTING 69TH" HAVE TO FIND A DUCK THAT CAN KEEP IN STEP WITH A COMPANY OF MARCHING SOLDIERS—THE SCRIPT CALLS FOR ONE!



RICHARD GREENE

CONSIDERED HIS ACTING SO AWFUL IN THE SCREEN TEST WHICH GOT HIM INTO PICTURES THAT HE RECENTLY BOUGHT THE FILM AND BURNED IT!

Frustration note...
DIRECTOR GREGORY RATOFF HAS TRIED TO IDENTIFY HIS PICTURES BY PLAYING A SMALL PART IN EACH ONE... BUT THE SCENE INvariably IS CUT OUT OF THE FINISHED FILM!

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

HOLLYWOOD was taken completely by surprise by the marriage of William Powell to the attractive 21-year-old film actress, Diana Lewis.

They eloped and were married at a ranch near Las Vegas in Nevada.

Gossip writers had no inkling of the swift romance. Bill and Diana met only a month ago, when both started working on a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. He had been absent from the sets for some time owing to illness.

This is Diana Lewis' first marriage. William Powell has been married once before—to Carole Lombard, now the wife of Clark Gable. Many people thought romance would not come into his life again. He was engaged to Jean Harlow when she died in 1937.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS left half his fortune to his widow (formerly Lady Ashley). Neither Mary Pickford nor his first wife, Beth Sully, the mother of Douglas, jun., is mentioned in his will. Douglas, jun., will receive three-tenths of the fortune, which is estimated at about \$725,000.

VIVIAN LEIGH is being sued for divorce by her barrister-husband, Herbert Leigh-Holman. Laur-

ence Olivier has been named as co-respondent. Olivier's wife, Jill Esmond, who was formerly a well-known actress, is also seeking a divorce.

DAVID NIVEN, who returned to England at the beginning of December to rejoin the army, is expected to announce his engagement shortly to Miss Ursula Kenyon-Slaney. She is the granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn, and is serving as an auxiliary nurse. Niven was a subaltern in the Highland Light Infantry before he went to America.

AFTER being announced for half a dozen pictures, Jean Arthur has settled down to prepare for the lead in Columbia's "Too Many Husbands," a comedy in which she will co-star with Melvyn Douglas and Fred MacMurray.

SCREEN'S bad man, Humphrey Bogart, has the biggest bird sanctuary in the movie colony.

DELIGHTFUL children's verses about Christopher Robin, written by the English author and playwright, A. A. Milne, are being considered by Walt Disney for a series of cartoon shorts. The original Christopher Robin, Milne's son, is now grown up and serving in the Army.

THE TRUTH ABOUT DANDRUFF

CAUSE Laboratory Tests show that dandruff is caused by bacteria destroying the skin cells.

EFFECT The result is falling and dull, lifeless hair, premature greyness, facial disfigurement, such as pimples, itches, etc., eye and ear troubles. In fact, any portion of the body may become infected.

It is waste of money to obtain just temporary relief. Lasting, positive results can, however, be achieved by a remarkable preparation—Egonia. This wonderful hair wash, containing egg-yolk and pure olive oil, dissolves the dandruff particles after just a few washes; leaves the hair glossy and easy to dress. Egonia lasts a long time and is equally good for blondes and brunettes, and is equally suitable for washing naturally dry or permanently waved hair. Egonia is available from all Chemists and Leading Stores. Price 1/6. Elliotts and Adams, Pty., Ltd., Distributors.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ★ A WINDOW IN LONDON

Michael Redgrave, Sally Grey, Paul Lukas. (Gaumont-British.)

EXTRAORDINARY fact about this film is that it really has an original plot. Full of unusual twists that keep you guessing.

The story opens with engineer Peter (Michael Redgrave) travelling to work in a train. Looking out of the window into the passing houses, he sees a man murdering a woman. At the next station he collects the police and they find the house, only to discover that the "murderer" is a conjurer and illusionist practising an act with his wife, Sally Grey.

This incident makes Peter arrive late at work, and when he gives his reasons the disbelieving foreman sacks him. However, he gets his job back when a reporter who happens along writes up the unusual story. Through the publicity the conjuring pair are offered a much-needed engagement.

This will give you just an inkling of the unusual angles of the story. The whole plot is too long to give here, but I can promise that the conclusion will startle you.—Lyceum; showing.

★ ★ THE STAR MAKER

Bing Crosby, Linda Ware, Louise Campbell, Ned Sparks. (Paramount.)

THERE are dozens of songs in this latest Bing Crosby picture. Besides Bing himself rendering several new tunes, the 14-year-old Linda Ware makes her debut in operatic and popular numbers.

Comparison with Deanna Durbin is unavoidable. Though Linda Ware's voice is pleasing enough, she has not the personality, or good looks of the other young star.

Bing himself shines brightly. The story is based on the life of Gus Edwards, the American impresario, who took youngsters from street corners and trained them to stardom. In this role, Bing has greater scope than in previous parts. As a flamboyant, egotistical character wrapped up in his dreams of making money and big shows, he gives an effective piece of acting.

Best parts of the film, in my opinion, are the comedy touches provided by Linda's stage-struck, operatic mother (Laura Hope Crews), and Ned Sparks as the unsmiling publicity agent, who hates children. Priceless scene when he is forced to read nursery tales to the kids.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ TWO BRIGHT BOYS

Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Melville Cooper, Dorothy Peterson. (Universal.)

AS a seasoned picturegoer, I knew right from the start that the mother and son would never lose their mortgaged ranch with its valuable oil holdings. I've seen these ruthless big oil men trying to grab such properties before. . . . and I know from experience that the original owners always come out on top. So I couldn't get excited over the plot of this film.

The two bright boys are Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie's noticeable accent fits into the story very well, for he's the son of Englishman Melville Cooper. The two live by their wits until they find they have been responsible for the honest-to-goodness mother and son losing the old homestead. Then they have a change of heart and use their cunning to save the ranch and oil wells from the villainous oil man.

Jackie is the American-born Irish lad with comedy and Dorothy Peterson. Some comedy and quite a bit of action. Will appeal mainly to young people.—Capitol; showing.

★ TELEVISION SPY

William Henry, Judith Barrett. (Paramount.)

THE strange possibilities of television are utilised in this film to give new angles to an adventurous spy picture. The limitations of television to a radius of 50 miles are overcome by experiments of a young scientist.

The attempts of an international spy ring to steal his plans and sell them to a foreign government have been made the basis of the plot.

But television also plays an im-

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

portant part in the personal lives of people in the film. By its means, the wealthy promoter learns what his relatives think of him. Through its means again these same relatives are able to save him and his precious laboratory from destruction.

Most unusual of all, the romance between William Henry and Judith Barrett is carried on entirely by television. During the course of the film they never get closer together than 3000 miles. But their love affair prospers very well despite this apparent barrier.

William Collier, sen., plays the irascible invalid who backs William Henry's invention and realises its great importance in national defence. Conventional spy characters.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ DEAD END KIDS ON PARADE

Leo Gorcey, Billy Halop, Gabriel Dell, John Littel. (Warners.)

IN this picture the Dead End kids are no longer the rebellious young scallywags that won the hearts of the public in their former pictures. Here they are so purified and respectable that they are almost unrecognisable.

Of the six kids, four are totally reformed in this yarn, and Leo Gorcey succumbs before the final bell. They're turned into tidy, refined little gentlemen. Perhaps they couldn't go on being young toughs for ever—but it's a pity the transition should be in such a mawkishly sentimental picture. It just doesn't ring true.

Story tells how the slum kids come good in a military academy. Leo Gorcey is the only one who refuses to accept the discipline and honor code of the students. He is out to cause trouble, and after he pushes the cadet major through a second floor window and seriously injures him in a fight he is ostracised by the school.

However he plugs along, getting top marks in all subjects, and when he rescues a schoolmate from a fire in a munitions store he becomes the school's hero.

This is the theme. You can imagine the rest. Lots of heavy melodrama and sentimentality.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** **The Wizard of Oz.** Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, in dazzling musical fantasy in technicolor.—Liberty; 8th week.

*** **Babes in Arms.** Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, in grand sparkling musical.—St. James; 4th week.

*** **First Love.** Deanna Durbin, Robert Stack, in charming Cinderella romance.—Slate; 4th week.

*** **The Old Maid.** Bettie Davis, Miriam Hopkins, in brilliantly-acted drama for women.—Century; 5th week.

*** **Fifth Avenue Girl.** Ginger Rogers, Tim Holt, in fair, modern comedy.—Mayfair; 4th week.

*** **The Rains Came.** Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, George Brent, in romantic drama of India.—Regent; 4th week.

*** **Susannah of the Mounties.** Shirley Temple in light adventure yarn of the Canadian Rockies.—Plaza; 2nd week.

THEATRE ROYAL

J. C. Williamson's Theatres Present

COL. W. DE BASIL'S BALLET

From Central Garden.

Nightly at 8. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.

Plans Paling's and Theatre. Day Sales, Miller's (next Theatre).



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

In recent months we tipped you off about "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Song of the Plains," "The Wizard of Oz." And you found that we were right about them.

Thanks for your thanks!

And Sydney is already finding out that we were right about "BABES IN ARMS" too. Sydney critics have used practically every enthusiastic adjective in the dictionary, but we think *The Daily Telegraph* has expressed the total opinion: "A happy show. A fresh show. A darned good show."

What the world needs right now is LAUGHS... and M-G-M's got them for you.

GARBO LAUGHS in that new M-G-M fun-fest, "NINOTCHKA," directed by clever Ernst Lubitsch. Garbo plays the part of Ninotchka... or... Ninotchka... oh well, Garbo plays the title role, and her leading man is that popular and handsome madcap, Melvyn Douglas.

Confidentially, we previewed "NINOTCHKA" at the New Year's Eve midnight show at the St. James Theatre, Sydney, just to see how much hilarity is in the film.

Well, sir, or madam, as the case may be, Sydney flocked to the St. James in thousands to see it, and once there, they split their sides, laughed their heads off, rolled in the aisles, and gave other indications that this is the funniest picture seen in many a moon.

Laughs, did you ask? You just wait and see. Why, even Garbo laughs! *Long and Loud!*

And that makes history!

Yours for Fun and Frolic,
LAUGHING LEO OF M-G-M.

Fat Cheeks, Double Chin

SPOIL GOOD FEATURES OF FACE

The fat you are now putting on is quite likely the unhealthy tissue caused by the absorption of waste digestive poisons into your blood. This matter has been accumulating through constipation, making you overweight and unattractive, bringing daily skin blemishes, oiliness, attacks, bad breath, pimples and blemishes on your skin, weariness and depression.

Banish these harmful effects of constipation and congested liver by taking Pinkettes. These little heaving and liver pills are compounded of safe, harmless ingredients that painlessly soothe lax bowels and stir the liver, clearing away all poisonous digestive wastes and restoring the healthy, regular habit. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes make to your eyes, skin, breath, spirits, and how unhealthy fat disappears. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and snipping can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vucoloid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vucoloid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vucoloid with this guarantee.

THE ONLY
SAFE
MOSQUITO



IS A
DEAD
MOSQUITO

KILL
THEM WITH
FLY-TOX

A cheap, inferior spray will not kill mosquitoes—it only subdues them, leaving them to come again to irritate—sting—perhaps infect. Get back to Fly-Tox—A Fly-Tox sprayed mosquito is a dead mosquito—Fly-Tox definitely kills all insects. Stop gambling with Substitutes.

Back to...
FLY-TOX
IT KILLS
all INSECTS

**Healthy Legs
For All!**

**Elasto, the Wonder Tablet
Take It! and Stop Limping**

LEGs ache and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 12358, Sydney for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (your booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Women Also Serve

Transport unit finds plenty to do

MEMBERS of the Geelong Women's Voluntary Transport Unit have chosen the 2nd/6th Battalion, which includes a number of Geelong men, as the special object of their interest.

The transport unit has a membership of 120, and is headed by Mrs. D. G. Baker, who served in the Women's Legion in England and France during the last war.

The uniform consists of a white blouse, khaki skirt, tie and dust-coat and khaki peaked cap. The badge was designed by a member of the unit.

Each week members drive out to Puckapunyal, taking any goods donated for distribution to the 2nd/6th battalion.

They also take private parcels to Geelong boys, with fresh cakes baked by their mothers, vegetables, cream, eggs, clothes, and any comforts sent by friends.

To provide goods for Christmas cheer, a special fund was opened and over £80 donated and spent. Twenty-seven members in 12 cars and two trucks undertook delivery and distribution.

The Geelong Women's Voluntary Transport Unit is a well-trained body. All members have attended classes on practical repair work and traffic rules and regulations.

Half the unit were tested out on the driving of 30cwt. trucks and all members have passed the special examinations.

Further ambulance and transport work is being undertaken by the Geelong women, and it is hoped also to form new groups.

Organising director of the unit is Miss Rene Austin.

Vigorous woman as chief warden

TO have a trained first-aid worker in every home is the ambitious object of Mrs. Lillian Fowler, of Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., former Mayor of Newtown, in her work as Chief Warden of the municipality.

Mrs. Fowler has been told by military friends that she is probably the only woman Chief Warden in the British Empire. She is the only one in N.S.W.

Her duties include the organisation of protection from air-raids for the whole municipality, which is cut into seven sections with an assistant warden in charge of each.

All are fully trained in first-aid and A.R.P. work, and about two hundred other helpers have also passed all tests in these duties.

Mrs. Fowler has trained all the municipality clergy and many senior schoolboys and girls.

Her helpers include two decontamination squads, two rescue gangs and two repair gangs of council men, and this year she hopes to train extra squads of voluntary helpers to relieve them.

An imitation air-raid has been staged in Newtown and combated with outstanding efficiency.

Runs busy depot for Red Cross

ONE of the busiest spots to Brisbane is the Red Cross receiving and despatching depot.

Mrs. H. L. Archdall and Mrs. W. T. Robertson are conveners of this department and attend the depot at least two full days a week.

The depot sends out material and wool to country and metropolitan branches, and mends and repairs garments.

Workers there are sewing red crosses on white quilts for the military camps, making large double net mosquito nets to cover the soldiers' beds and sending the men delicacies.

Mrs. Archdall has the Red Cross long service medal.



MEMBERS OF THE Geelong Women's Voluntary Transport Unit line up for an inspection by their commandant, Mrs. D. G. Baker.

Smokes for soldiers on their way to camp

WHEN soldiers assemble at the Drill Hall, Melbourne, to go out to camp at the Showgrounds they are given cigarettes or tobacco with a card inscribed "With Best Wishes from the Prahran Patriotic Society."

This society, which was formed shortly after the outbreak of war, has a membership already of several hundred enthusiastic workers.

Mrs. M. Stoman, Mayoress of

Business girls' doll competition

ONE of the latest schemes for raising money for Red Cross work in Melbourne was a dressed doll competition, organised by a city staff's Red Cross branch.

The dolls were provided by the senior members, and the dressing of them was the work of the 26 juniors aged between 14 and 15.

These beautifully dressed dolls range from a Red Cross nurse complete with first-aid kit to a bride and her attendants and a modern girl sun-baker.

The collection is being disposed of and the profits used to buy wool and flannel for making garments.

Organised by Miss Eastaugh and Madame Canot, all members of the branch stay behind for a working bee on Monday night of each week. Some make pyjamas and shirts, some knit, while others work on novelties to be sold at a bazaar.

There is also a Younger Set sub-committee who undertake the organisation of dances and picture nights. They have handed over £22/10/- to the Lord Mayor's fund.

Miss Eastaugh, Miss Hillard, and Miss T. C. Williams, at the head of the branch, did similar work during the last war, when their branch raised over £2000 for Red Cross and patriotic appeals.

Madame Canot at that time lived in the north of France, where she did volunteer work.

Planning round of brisk competitions

BIG competitions are part of a plan to stimulate interest and maintain efficiency in this year's work of the South Australian Red Cross Emergency committee.

Mrs. J. S. Blackburn, honorary secretary, has announced that a series of competitions will be arranged in first aid, stretcher drill, transport work, marching and so on.

Eliminating events will be held in various districts and country centres, and there will be grand finals in April in Adelaide.

Mrs. Blackburn said that a remarkably high standard of efficiency had been shown by South Australian women in war work in the year past. Ninety per cent. of the candidates taking examinations in First Aid, Home Nursing, and Air-Raid Precautions were successful in tests conducted by St. John Ambulance, which were of world standard.

Two thousand and ninety-five certificates had been gained for First Aid; 1017 certificates for Home Nursing, and 93 for Air-Raid Precautions.

In addition to this, courses in invalid and bulk cooking had been taken by 160 women and 84 had attended classes for food contamination.

In the emergency committee there are now 10,836 women and girls enrolled to render non-combatant service in time of national need.

First-aid kits for soldiers



A DRIVE to provide the Red Cross Society with a large number of first-aid kits is being organised by Mrs. J. Morrison, Cubmaster for city and northern districts of the Wolf Cubs in South Australia.

A complete first-aid kit contains four 1in. rolled bandages, six yards long, two triangular bandages made from 1 yard of unbleached calico, four 2-in. rolled bandages, a roll of good quality adhesive tape, a 2oz. packet of gauze, a tin of boracic powder, 1oz. bottles of lysol, iodine, sal volatile, and balsam, a 1oz. packet of cotton wool, 2oz. lint, a pair of small forceps, an enamel mug, a card of safety-pins, barber's towel, medicine glass, a tourniquet, a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and a yard of brown silk cord.

Prahran, is conducting the women's section.

Members meet at the Town Hall twice a week, where rooms are fitted up with tables and machines. One day wool and materials are given out to members, and the other day is devoted to work such as cutting out and assembling garments ready to be taken home for finishing. So keen are the women of Prahran to work for the soldiers that soon an extra day a week is to be undertaken.

The society is being carried on on similar lines to those followed by Prahran in the Great War, when thousands of pounds were collected for comforts for soldiers and sailors.

Several parcels of socks and garments have been forwarded to the Australian Comforts Fund and the Red Cross, and a huge parcel of babies' clothes has gone to the Girl Guides for despatch to evacuated children overseas.

A recent addition to the society is an entertainment group. This has been established by four Councilors' wives, who will organise entertainments to provide cash for wool, material and comforts.



Nobody's sweetheart because she's not young

"SHE NEEDS A LONG-LASTING DEODORANT one that neither bath nor exercise can render ineffective..."

DOROTHY DIX (Universal adviser to millions of women)

YOU may think you do not perspire enough to matter, but every girl does. Even slight moisture may ruin a lovely dress,—will certainly destroy your charm.

Thousands of women rely on Liquid Odorono to safeguard their feminine appeal. Used and recommended by doctors, Odorono simply diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it may evaporate more freely. Easy to use, it scientifically controls perspiration moisture and odour.

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RELIEF
if you suffer
SKIN TORTURE

Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, festering and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today! 1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

Cuticura
OINTMENT

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with the return of the manuscript. If a picture is desired, Manuscripts and pictures will only be accepted at sender's risk, and the Editors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

"Racey" Narratives of Betty Gee

Foraging through Grandpappy's racing heirlooms I came across a V.R.C. Autumn racebook for Newmarket Day, 1913, and what treasures do you think were within?

Rough sketches of notable racing people by Dave Low, now world-famous cartoonist on the London "Daily Express."

He was employed then on an Australian paper, touring the States in search of famous people to caricature. Fancy working in a little racebook! From these miniatures and the notes he made, he turned out marvellous results.

The personality of the day who must have largely taken his fancy was the then secretary of the V.R.C., the late Mr. Byron Moore, a tall, thin man who had a mat of blond beard which covered his body from the waist up.

Low drew him four times in his racebook. The notes beside one of the sketches said, "fawn gloves, huge sombrero, white waistcoat," but how he spotted the color of the waistcoat or that he had one on at all beneath that billowing beard I don't know. Mr. Byron Moore affected a longish frock-coat.

Loud suit

BESIDE Mick Gannon, the book-maker, is written "giant draught-board check," presumably the pattern of his suit.

The "Googee Bunyip" from Sydney, Andy Kerr, who took Flemington by storm at that time, is revealed in immaculate smaller checks, but a bowler hat in the same pattern. "Boots grey," said Low's notes.

Grandpappy said Andy Kerr used to have so many round him he blocked up the centre of the ring.

He specialised in long odds about outsiders, such as £100 to 1. His cash turnover, Grandpappy said, was colossal.

Even then, some of the book-makers still wore top-hats. One, nicknamed "Count" Abrahams, is shown beneath a shiny topper, with Vandike beard, pearl-pin in cravat, tailed coat, conventional striped trousers, and pearl-grey spats.

Wouldn't you get a surprise if Mr. Joe Matthews appeared at Randwick thus attired?

Mr. Sol Green, long retired, is one of the few surviving bookmakers of the period pictured. And he still looks the same, though 27 years have drifted by. He is now a breeder of racehorses, squatter, grazier, and city property magnate, and worth millions, people say.

I've picked my double for the Challenge and Anniversary. These are run at Randwick on January 27 and 28.

Watreks and Allunga I've taken, and I'd like to have another beginning with Trimmer, but perhaps I'd better wait.

We race at Rosehill next Saturday.

The Head Waiter has warned me that Our Barney is being saved up for the Quality Nursery.

I lost my money on Anne for the Carrington Stakes at Randwick, but her owner, Mrs. Doyle, told me to follow her up, so she is in the Rosehill Flying, and if she starts so will I.

Fernian Gold is given me for the Novice Handicap by the new Ice Man.

The Telephone Mechanic, who came to repair our line yesterday, says he's got the tip about Cable Boy from somebody right in the stable, and he will win the Rosehill Handicap, and to follow him up because he's a better horse than he's ever been before.

GRACE BROS

Schoolwear for GIRLS

LESS 2! IN THE £
DURING JANUARY



DM1. IDEAL TAILORED TUNICS
AND GUARANTEED ALL WOOL SERGE

Lengths	Light Weight	Medium Weight	Summer Breeze	Tobralco
22"	12/6	15/11	5/11	9/9
24"	12/11	16/11	5/11	10/3
27"	14/11	18/6	6/5	10/11
30"	15/11	19/11	6/11	11/6
33"	16/11	21/11	7/6	12/6
36"	18/6	23/6	7/11	13/6
39"	20/11	24/11	8/11	14/6
42"	22/11	26/6	9/6	15/6

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DM2. TAILORED SERGE TUNICS
OF ALL WOOL REGULATION STYLE

Lengths	Light Weight	Medium Weight	Casual	Tobralco	Summer Breeze
22"	11/11	14/11	—	8/3	—
24"	12/11	15/11	5/11	8/3	5/11
27"	13/11	17/11	6/6	8/11	6/6
30"	15/11	19/11	6/11	9/11	6/11
33"	16/11	21/11	7/6	10/11	7/6
36"	18/6	22/11	7/11	11/6	7/6
39"	19/11	24/11	8/6	12/6	9/11
42"	21/11	26/11	8/11	13/6	9/6

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DM3. — TAILORED
REGULATION
COTTON TUNICS

In guaranteed Linflax. Roomy make.

Lengths	30. 33"
24. 27"	3/11 4/3
36"	4/6
39"	4/9
42"	4/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DM4. — GIRLS' NAVY
REVERSIBLE
RAINCOATS

Black with Navy Gaberdine Lining.

Lengths	28. 30"
24. 26"	11/11 12/11
32. 34"	14/11 15/11
50. 42. 44. 46. 48"	18/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DM5. — ALL WOOL
NAVY FLANNEL
TAILORED
BLAZERS

Flat braid on pockets and cuffs only. Tailored revers. Navy and Black braid.

Sizes 4 to 8, to fit Girls 4 to 8 years.	7/11
Sizes 9 to 13, to fit Girls 9 to 13 years.	8/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DM6. — TAILORED
NAVY BLAZERS

In heavier quality flannel, reinforced pockets bound Black and Navy flat braid.

Lengths: 18. 20. 22 inches	14/6
24. 26. 27 inches	14/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £



DA7.

5/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DA7. — Good Quality
GLAZED
COLLEGE
PANAMA

Banded petersham ribbon. Navy or Brown straw under lining. PRICE 5/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £

DM8. — Girl's NAVY
SERGE, All Round 1"
PLEATED SKIRT

Buttoned on to White bodice.

Lengths	22"	24"	27"	30"	33"	36"	39"
	8/11	9/11	10/11	12/11	13/11	14/11	16/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £



DM9. — Girls' TAILORED
SCHOOL BLOUSES

in SILK KABE or
BRITISH LAWN
In High or Sports Neck.

High Neck & Long Sleeves, Kabe Silk	24"	27"	30"	33"	36"	39"	42"
	4/11	5/6	5/9	5/9	6/3	6/3	6/6
Sports Neck & Short Sleeves, Kabe Silk	4/11	5/3	5/6	5/6	5/11	5/11	5/11

High Neck & Long Sleeves, Lawn	22. 24. 27"	30. 33. 36. 39"	42"
	3/6	3/11	4/3
Sports Neck, Short Sleeves	3/3	3/9	3/11

LESS 2/- IN THE £

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY Telephone M6506

How I Got Rid Of SUPERFLUOUS HAIR forever!

By a
TRAINED
NURSE

"MY arms and legs were covered with ugly, thick dark hair. I tried everything—irritating pastes, smelly powders, even painful electric treatments. Using a razor only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a friend told me about the New 'VEET.' It removed every trace of hair in three minutes. Left my skin white and smooth as velvet. With New 'VEET' my superfluous hair troubles are ended." Hair: Now 'VEET' gently dissolves away hair below the skin surface—therefore leaves no brittle stubble like the razor—and it actually weakens hair growth. 2½ and 4½ (double size), at all Chemists and Stores.



Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily. Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles, while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

From the SHADOWS of the War



To Glorious Health!

Depression, severe headaches, backache, body pains and sleeplessness, that was the Great War's legacy to Nurse A. R. F. To-day, thanks to De Witt's Pills, it's a different story. But we will let her speak for herself—her letter is of vital interest to all victims of kidney trouble.

"I left England after the war, having done a great deal of nursing and suffered many hardships. As a result I suffered for sixteen years from backache, depression and all the symptoms of kidney trouble. I tried salts, hot baths and massage but obtained no lasting relief. Then I started taking De Witt's Pills. The first dose did me good and now I am in perfect health. They are truly worth their weight in gold."

* Name withheld in accordance with medical etiquette.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

made especially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/6.

'Grapes of Wrath' raises big storm

Steinbeck's amazing novel of American pioneers

By LESLIE HAYLEN

When H. G. Wells was in Australia he told a group of local writers that he thought John Steinbeck was a "tremendous genius."

Since then Steinbeck has written "Grapes of Wrath," one of the most controversial novels of our time.

Twentieth Century-Fox Films bought his book for 70,000 dollars and were deluged with threats of dire results if they filmed it. But producer Darryl Zanuck says he is going on with the job.

IN California, scene of some of the most dramatic passages in the book, ladies' clubs and uplift societies have been wrecked; some members damning the book as "filth," others defending it as a social document of first-rate importance.

Pulpits have thundered denunciation of the book; at least one bishop has praised it.

Down in the Californian peach and prune belt local mayors publicly burned the book. One man was so incensed he wrote a reply to "Grapes of Wrath," which he called "Plums of Plenty." Steinbeck didn't argue or defend the book. Sales hit the half-million mark and he said, "They can make a film of 'Grapes of Wrath' if they don't alter it."

Copies of the book were sold out in Australia at Christmas time. For weeks it has been impossible to buy a copy—libraries report a long waiting list.

"Are women reading it?" I asked a bookseller. "Well," said he, "fifty per cent. of the buyers were women, but I think it's a man's book, and that means the women read it first."

Dust refugees

WRITTEN with burning indignation that such things "could happen here," "Grapes of Wrath" tells of the tragic plight of American farmers in the dust bowl forced off their land by soil erosion, tractor farming, and hard-fisted financiers.

The soil is poor, silting back to the desert, but they cling desperately to the land until debt and starvation force them to join the army of people flocking to California to find work.

From the twilight of a dying land in which they have lived and died for generations, they come to California. It's the dream of a new life.

"Wait till I get to California," says old Grampa. "I'll drink those grapes. I'll squash my face with them till the juice runs down my head."

But California is frightened of the "Okies" as they call the refugees from Oklahoma and the other States of the Middle West of U.S.A.

The bewildered newcomers are insulted and exploited.

"They are just a lot of dirty rabble. People couldn't live like that—not our sort of people," and the starving and the dispossessed crowd the highways in their broken-down second-hand cars and lorries, piled high with bedding and steepwads, carrying families of bearded men, slatternly women, and lean-cheeked, dirty children.

Camping at creeks and water-holes, herding in labor camps under terrible conditions, making blots on the sunny Californian landscape draped with its orange groves and its peach orchards and its vineyards.

When the men do get work wages are so low they can't live on it. Mother Joad speaks for them all when she says: "We ain't people any more. We jest animals."

The Joads

THE Joad family are the central characters in this amazing and terrifying drama of the dispossessed. Steinbeck doesn't "write up" the Joad family. He goes down to them and lives their lives.

The Joads are the book. They talk and swear and "act mean" just as vital, starving, struggling, sinning people would. In its amazing fidelity to the life he depicts Steinbeck's book offends so many people.

If you don't like those passages you can skip them and still find a magnificent story, fierce and strong, tender and poetic, violent and bloody—moving like the slow flood of



JOHN STEINBECK, author of "Grapes of Wrath," sensational best-seller which has aroused greater controversy than any book of recent years.

people it tells us of seeking work and homes.

Looking for the promised land, only to find themselves a major problem, the centre of strikes, lock-outs, exploitation.

Mother Joad is a heroic figure. She is the land and all it stands for.

She mustn't be tired in case the family notice it and grow afraid. She mustn't weep when her mother dies on the truck while they are on the road and is buried as a pauper.

She must not give in to a breaking heart when her daughter, Rose of Sharon's baby dies because the mother was undernourished.

Ma Joad is the land mother, a woman of the farm, plain, fat, the family drudge as well as its ruler.

She boils the bacon bones, begs the sugar for their coffee from the nearby store, and makes the big decisions in the family councils.

Indomitable, courageous, valiant, we leave her in the book making a gesture of the brave against defeat, despair and famine.

Words of Mother Joad stick in your memory.

"If we could get a bit of land, maybe a school for the kids... and a house with a stove in it."

Talking to her daughter:

"No, I'm not scared of leaving the farm. I'm just sitting here waiting. When something happens that I gotta do something I'll do it. It's just the road going for me and how soon they'll want to eat some more pork bones."

Tom Joad, who has been in prison, Pa and Al the lad who chases the girl, Uncle John and Casey, the preacher, are all people, not just figures in a book.

When they grow blasphemous or obscene you are not surprised. It's men talking, that's all, so truly has Steinbeck caught these people and their moods.

Spasms of wrath are followed by passages of sheer poetry. Listen to these farmers who have lost their land—land their great grandparents fought the Indians for.

Round the campfires they spoke of their homes they had left. And they talked of the land behind them.

"I don't know what it's coming to," they said. "The country's spilt. It'll come back, though, only we won't be there."

"Maybe," they thought, "maybe we sinned some way we didn't know about."

They talk about the Government experts who advised them on saving their lands from erosion.

"Government fella says to me, 'she's gullied up on ya.' He says: 'If ya ploughed 'cross the contour she won't gully.' Never did have no chance to try her. An' the new owner ain't ploughin' 'cross the contour. Runnin' a furrow four miles long that ain't stoppin' or goin' aroun' getting more outer the land than we did."

Thoughts of home

THEIR land is gone and they are on the road. They made the mistake of the pioneers—ploughed out the native grasses, cut down the trees, and the land died.

They spoke of the future:

"Wonder what it's like out there?" "Well, the pitchers sure do look nice. I seen one where it's hot an' fine, an' walnut trees an' berries, an' right behind they's a tall up mountain covered with snow. That was a pretty thing to see."

Here and there you can pluck gems from the book like this one about the men who lost the land, remembering:

And they spoke gottily of their homes: "They was a little coo-house under the winmill. Use to keep milk in there to cream up, an' water-melons. Go in there mid-day when she was botter'n a Hades, an' she'd be jus' as cool, as cool as you'd want. Cut open a melon in there an' she'd hurt your mouth, she was so cool. Water drippin' down from the tank."

"Grapes of Wrath." John Steinbeck. Published by Heinemann.

CRICKETERS!

CLEAN YOUR BOOTS

with
NUGGET WHITE

A larger jar but it costs no more. Nugget, best for EVERY White Shoe—Kid, Nubuck and Canvas.

Gottings of the Week

—by Miss Midnight—



Too Continental . . .

MUCH hand-kissing goes on in Continental manner at Greek Consul's farewell party for M. and Madame Host. Notice Assistant Minister for Interior Jack Perkins taking note. But he says "Not much good me going all Continental in my job. Need to be connected with External Affairs."

Madame Host tells me she is terribly sorry to be leaving Australia. Denmark their first port of call . . . then somewhere as yet unannounced.

American Mrs. Lacey Zapf (hasn't she a grand sense of humor?) passes round savory dish and remarks incredibly, "D'you know I've met a woman who thinks women are inferior to men?"

Stroll outside for glimpse of sunset and meet Betty Prudden, cool in white and Mexican stripes, and Mrs. Elbert Mathews, also smart in white.

Madame Vrisakis, charming hostess, tells a story of her five-year-old son Constantin. Saying good-night to him just before party started he (trying to find out what was going on) says, "Your dress is beautiful," and adds, "Of course, so are you, mother."

Which leaves no doubt that Constantin should grow up to be a diplomat . . . but his ambition is to be a trumpet player.

Pre-celebrations . . .

NO music and few guests when Pat Gould marries A.J.C. president's son, George, at All Saints', Woollahra . . . but lots of celebration beforehand. On wedding eve a large reception at Queen's Club, and I hear that Cootamundra's Albion Hotel is still echoing gay doings at the bridegroom's bachelor dinner.

Cocktails at Royal Sydney after ceremony. Groom's mother smart in slim black frock, gardenias at shoulder. Sister, Jean Main (bride's best friend), in chartreuse and white.

Gardenias decorate Nancy Sawyer's black crepe frock. Margaret Waddell, of the charming manner, wears royal-blue.

Collaroy gossip . . .

SUNBAKERS . . . Ruth Waters, Helen Irons, Joyce Henderson, Phyl Benson.

Percy and Nesta Stirton, of Moree, in new flat overlooking beach. Another Moree-ite, Marie Livingston, a few streets away entertaining Peg Buchanan and others.

Mrs. Peter Swift comes from out Nyngan way to acquire a tan. Her sister, Helen Hibbert, spends hours on beach instead of trousseau shopping. She married Peter Pratt, of Warren, on Friday at St. Thomas', North Sydney.

Polo romance . . .

HARD-HITTING Alex Henderson surprises polo world by announcing his engagement to his youthful cousin, Philippa McFarlane, of South Australia. Philippa is not yet very well known in this State, as most of her time here has been spent at Memorial School for Household Arts and Science, Kirribilli, or spending her holidays with the Hendersons at Scone.

Philippa is member of well-known South Australian family which usually entertains visiting Royalty . . . also related to McFarlanes of Young.

Official calls . . .

DROP in to pay my respects to new Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Crick). Some seem to enjoy so much meeting old friends among the callers that they stay till nearly lunch-time instead of departing in the 15 minutes that my etiquette book allows.

Two hundred come between 10.30 and 12 noon . . . record number.

Hazel Wedlock, who declares she feels almost like a pillar of the Town Hall after the years she has been there, is again the Lady Mayoress' right hand. But I notice that even Miss Wedlock almost loses her perfect poise when one kindly soul asks if she was at the Town Hall during the last war. It seems she was at school.

We're news in London . . .

SYDNEY is news in gossip column of English "Tatler." Paragraph reads:

"Shooting and hunting continue in moderation . . . but the only yachting notes come from Sydney, where Lord Gowrie attended an Australian Cowes. At Sydney parties people include Lady Wakehurst with her only daughter, Henrietta Loder, the Hubert Fairfaxes, Morna Mackenzie, and Peter Lubbock (from Government House), the Blake Pellys, the Colin Wyatts, Mrs. Darcy Osborne. Prince's remains the Berkeley of Sydney. There is a club in a warehouse near the docks with unparalleled view of harbor — ferry boats like fireflies playing from the north shore."

Double excitement . . .

GREAT excitement during Tim Osborne-Betty Munro wedding reception when the bride's father says he has important announcement to make . . . leaves everyone on tenterhooks for a few moments, then says, "The engagement of two guests, Lorraine (Danie) Macphillamy and Paddy Griffin."

It was Betty's wish that the announcement be made at her wedding.

Danie and Paddy keep news "dead" secret. Me, I meet them leaving exclusive jewellery house earlier in the day and swap them with questions till they confess. Ask Danie what her ring is like and much amused when she says, nonchalant-like, "Something square with things on the side" . . . later revealed as lovely diamond solitaire with diamond shoulders.

Betty makes simply beautiful little bride. No indication that her dress wasn't finished until few hours before ceremony, nor her shoes bought till the same time.

Heard around town . . .

BUNTY BROADWAY is decorating Palm Beach in her snappy pencil-slim swim suits.

Super party . . . Pam Bushell's for Mrs. Eric Porter (Nancy Lewts) and Flying-Officer husband, who are off to England.

Harry Hamilton and his bride (Lella Reid, of Parkes) now back from honeymoon and settling into Sydney home.

John Edward Higgins, two-weeks-old son and heir of Ed. and Joy Higgins, will be christened next month when his father returns from America.



• A SUMMER DAY, a sunshade . . . and it is a pleasant day at the beach for Sheila Cavendish.



• BETTY WINN, who marries Gordon Ferguson, of Cooma, this Tuesday, passes a savory to Rosemary Budge at pre-wedding party.



• A ROSE under her chin, Pat Salenger looks pleased to be at the Russian Ballet.



• BILL McCALL, M.H.R., and his fair-haired wife come up from their summer home at Harbord for a day's punting at Randwick races.



• TWIN LIKENESS, says Mrs. Len Schultz (right) of Mrs. George Goffin (left) and her portrait in Esme Farmer's exhibition.



• JOAN DAVIDSON and Sue Other Goe leave All Saints' after the Main-Gould wedding for reception at Royal Sydney.



• PROUD OF THEM . . . Mrs. Arthur Allen poses with her English setters, Prince and Jill, in garden of her Rose Bay home.



• LYNDALE BARBOUR and Hazel Jackson get together at S.U.D.S. party in honor of Betty Winn.

Women stars in new 2GB variety show

"Dr. Davey" and his singing sisters of harmony

In Jack Davey's new radio variety show, which will be heard next Sunday at 7.15 p.m., women in the cast outnumber the men by five to two. The Lester Sisters and Kitty Bluett are outstanding in this new 2GB show.

THE Lester Sisters are harmony singers.

Critics say their performance is the equal of such world-famous musical sister acts as the Boswell, Pickens, and Andrews sisters. Yet these three young Australians are only nine, twelve, and fifteen years old respectively.

In this show, Jack Davey brings before the public Kitty Bluett, daughter of famous comedian Fred Bluett, and sister of Gus Bluett, and proves that she is an artist in her own right.

He sponsors the first radio appearance of three young musical prodigies, the Lester Sisters. He takes a well-known crooner and turns him into a splendid comedian.

In this new session he has produced a radio variety show which those who have heard it declare to be equal to anything of the same type produced in America—the home of variety.

Proof of that is the fact that this all-Australian production is going to be heard on forty stations throughout Australia and New Zealand during the coming months.

The new show is built to a pattern very popular in the United

States—a radio variety show in which a quick-witted compere has to parry the verbal thrusts of his fellow actors, and at the same time hand back as good as he gets.

Jack Davey, in the role of the genial singing medico, who prescribes music and jokes as cures for the ills of his patients, rings the changes on the role in which he first made his name in Australia—that of the crooner.

Kitty Bluett carries two important roles. She has the comedy part of Tixie Lish, similar in character to the role made famous by Gracie Allen, whose world-wide reputation for "dumbness" has grown in leaps and bounds ever since the introduction of the talkies.

Swing parodies

WHEN not engaged in "dumb" sequences, she sings with the band, and plays a brisk obbligato on the mandolin.

Her swing parodies of old favorites are a delight. Typical of these is her version of "John Peel" complete with the horse's neighs.

Al Thomas, who shares the only two male roles with Jack Davey, is an Australian who began his career in radio as a singer.

He was the vocalist in a jazz orchestra for a period, and was so

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, January 17.—Special Session—"Roaming the Wide-Range."

THURSDAY, January 18.—June Marsden—Astrology for Boys and Girls.

FRIDAY, January 19.—Cities and their Orchestras—Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, January 20.—"Music in the News."

SUNDAY, January 21.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars, Astrology for Business Folk. Stars' effect on personality.

MONDAY, January 22.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, January 23.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

successful that he made his way to England, enjoyed considerable popularity there, and returned recently via America.

His humor is along the lines made familiar by Bob Burns.

Appearing as the doctor's assistant is Ann Vidor, a young New Zealand singer, who came across to Australia a few years ago on holiday, and has remained here ever since.

She has made a reputation for herself as an announcer and singer.



THE LESTER SISTERS, youthful singers in "Dr. Davey, the Happiest Man On Earth," new 2GB variety show.

The orchestra which accompanies the singers is an untraditional combination such as the "swing" era has brought into existence.

It includes a piano, an electric guitar, a double-bass, a vibraphone, and its rhythm is provided by a Spanish guitarist.

An interesting feature of the production is the part the audience plays.

Each sequence is tried out before broadcasting, and to ensure the right atmosphere all characters appear in costume, so that what listeners hear is no mere lifeless studio performance, but an actual performance, in which the spontaneous laughter of an audience helps bring the show to life, even for those who hear but cannot see it.

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—You mustn't look (if you DO happen to have one handy), but on the back of an Australian £1 note, there is one word:

Currency — pastoral — Treasury — Australia.

2.—No, this certainly is NOT the weather for wearing furs, but that's no excuse for not knowing that ermine comes from the

Other — ferret — stoat — Arctic fox.

3.—What is an anchorite?

A naval blacksmith — a hermit — the end men in a tug-of-war team — an abbot of the Greek Church.

4.—Well deserved promotions in the British Navy have followed the famous Graf Spee encounter. And talking of Naval ranks, an Admiral corresponds to the military rank of

Field Marshal — Major-General — General — Brigadier.

5.—Of course you've heard of Helen of Troy, glamor girl of the ancient world, but did you know that she was the wife of

The King of Sparta — The King of Troy — Achilles — Hector.

6.—The game of Lacrosse was originated by

Hungary — Germany — South Africa — the American Indians.

7.—Don't be in a hurry to give people an inch, for if they take an ell, this is

3 feet 9 inches — 1 foot — 2 feet 7 inches — 50 yards.

8.—Apart from calling an egg an egg, you could correctly describe its shape as

Oblate — ovate — ovine — ovine.

9.—Do the Oslo Powers include any other country (or countries) besides these?

Holland — Belgium — Denmark — Norway — Sweden — Finland.

10.—Did you know that a man once had the colossal audacity to say that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"? The man was

Rudyard Kipling — Benjamin Disraeli — Horace Walpole — Bernard Shaw.

Answers on Page 34

New Gifts of Lovely Green GLASSWARE

SIREN IS SUCH VERY GOOD SOAP TOO!

FREE for SIREN Users

Here are 2 of these useful GIFTS

ROTARY EGG BEATER WITH GREEN GLASS BOWL
SAVE 132 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/8 to cover freight and packing.

GREEN GLASS GRADUATED MIXING MEASURES
CAPACITY 1 PINT
SAVE 40 SIREN CROSSES
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and these GLASSWARE GIFTS to choose from, too!

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64 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/3 to cover freight and packing.

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SET OF 4 MIXING BOWLS

SAVE 168 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/3 to cover freight and packing.

MANY MORE GIFTS AVAILABLE—WRITE FOR LIST TO LINTAS GIFT DEPOT

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If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars, enclose with crosses and stamps to cover freight and packing, and address to:

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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



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GROWING UP

YOUTH is generally regarded as the most enviable stage in life.

Yet, considering how seriously youth takes life and itself, suffering unnecessary heartaches, this conclusion hardly seems logical.

Actually, youth means the turmoil and doubt of adolescence. The young lack poise and the ability to view things in true perspective.

Don't pine over the passing of the first flush of youth. It's later on one acquires balance of mind and gets a deeper happiness from life.

£1 for this letter to Miss E. Cross, c/o Mrs. G. H. Lucas, 6 Yallambee Rd., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

OUTSIDE INTERESTS

MANY women make their homes and families their entire world, and as the years go by lose touch with friends and the world around them.

When the children marry the mother feels as if her whole life has been taken away.

She often spoils the child's happy planning for the future by her resentful and sometimes hostile attitude.

Could not a lot of this unhappiness and loneliness be prevented if through the years women developed outside interests?

Mrs. C. P. Asche, 27 Henley Beach Rd., Mile End, S.A.

SUITOR'S DUTY

WE hear so often of the ultra-modern couples who just announce casually to parents and family, "We're going to get married." I found it really refreshing to hear of a young man who "asked" a mother for her daughter's hand.

In this case the girl is fatherless and the man, in chivalrous fashion, spoke to her mother about the engagement before they decided on a ring.

Isn't this what should always be done?

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

BAR TO ROMANCE?

A GIRL friend of mine has been ordered glasses by her doctor, but refuses to wear them. She says they may prevent her winning a husband!

I do not think that a woman has less chance of marriage merely because she wears spectacles. Some women are improved by them.

Eye-strain will certainly "age" a woman far more than the wearing of glasses!

Anyway, it is foolish to let any consideration stand in the way of one's own sight.

Miss E. Johns, 28 Drunit St., Adelaide.

GREEN GIFTS

A YOUNG married couple wishing to equip their home to their own taste, and yet not wishing to offend well-meaning friends, solved the wedding gift problem in an original way.

As their new home had a large garden attached to it, they decided to ask their friends to give them wedding gifts of trees, shrubs, ferns, seedlings, and so on, instead of the usual things.

The idea was a huge success, and they now have a lovely garden of rare and beautiful plants. Each plant has the name of the giver beside it, and stands as a pleasant memory of the giver.

What do readers think of this?

G. Boyce, 128 Nett St., Port Melbourne SC7, Vic.

Tidy housewives gain everyone's respect

DON'T blame housewives, D. Kenyon, (30/12/39) for caring more for their appearance outside the home than within.

All women are at least a little vain, and as the outside world will compliment a woman on her dress far more than her family she pays more attention to her outdoor dress.

A little more family appreciation is what is needed.

J. Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderley NSW, Brisbane.

Psychology of clothes

I AGREE very definitely that a woman should dress neatly in the home.

It adds to the charms of the house. It increases her husband's admiration and adds to the children's respect for her.

Most important is the psychological effect on the woman herself. It keeps alive her sense of her own importance in the scheme of life.

Mrs. E. Rose, 27 Trafalgar St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Please husband

I QUITE agree that it is much nicer for a man to gaze upon a neatly-dressed wife.

No woman who wants to hold the interest of her husband should allow herself to become sloppy and shabby in the house.

Freshness appeals to every man.

Mrs. A. Holland, 80 Barton St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

Banish drudgery

IT is amazing how many women will do their housework and even walk to the local shops with their hair in curling-plins, and with an old overall pulled around them.

These people usually call housework "horrible drudgery."

Yet if one is dressed in cool, fresh clothes the housework is not nearly so depressing.

So wake up, housewives! Dress pleasantly and you won't feel like a household drudge.

Miss J. Thompson, Perseverance, South Creek Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W.

Daughters embarrassed

MANY a sensitive girl in her teens hates to take her friends home when she knows her mother will be stopping round in slippers and a spotted afternoon frock relegated to the house to finish it out.

Freshly-laundered frocks morning and afternoon give a feeling of well-being which makes for family pride.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Good advice

SOME housewives ask, "How can we always be tidy and clean if we have to do housework?"

I have found cross-over house frocks the solution. They are easy



Easy to be careless.

to launder, can be changed in a jiffy, and are cool to wear.

Miss Gale Nelson, P.O. Box 72, Blackall, Qld.

Use a mirror

IT is terribly easy to let oneself go in the home, but a strong effort should be made to keep neat and tidy.

If a woman could only "see herself as others see her" she would take care not to be careless in her appearance.

P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Tactless visitors destroy hospital quiet

HOSPITAL authorities are the ones to be blamed, C. Child (30/12/39), for the annoyance to really sick people caused by over-cheerful callers on convalescent patients.

A tactful matron could easily point out to these visitors that though their friend is fairly well the patient in the next bed is not nearly well enough to stand noise.

The well-meaning thoughtlessness would yield immediately to a gentle hint.

Mrs. M. Harrison, St. John St., Launceston, Tas.

Noisy nurses

VISITORS often disturb patients, but nurses are also offenders in this direction. They chatter about, banging doors, glasses, cups, instruments, and so on, and converse with each other across long distances.

Oh, no, I don't think that a hospital is a place of peace by any means.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Choose right day

WELL-MEANING friends usually rush to see hospital patients just as soon as they are well enough to be called on.

I found that too many people came soon after my operation—when talking was exhausting and noise frayed my nerves.

Then when I was well enough to

Kisses of greeting are a silly habit

KISSING seems to have become a habit with Australian women—such a habit that it is no longer an indication of affection.

It does not appeal to me. Surely a hearty handshake is sufficient greeting between friends!

Kisses should be reserved for those who have gained our deep affection.

Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

be in need of company I did not have enough visitors. Only family members and close friends should call early in an illness.

Maisie Brown, Burke Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

Be Cheerful

I AGREE that hospital patients should be shown more consideration by their visitors.

Visitors are welcome only if they speak quietly, try to cheer the patient rather than commiserate with her, and leave as soon as another visitor enters.

If the patient has many friends who call, I think it is a good idea to send a little cheer-up card instead.

Mrs. G. Neale, 122 Sutherland St., Mascot, N.S.W.

A few "don'ts"

HOSPITAL visitors commit many minor crimes against the sick, but the worst I know is kicking the bed. I've often had well-meaning visitors settle themselves in the bedside chair and then proceed with a rhythmic tap of one foot against the bed leg or the mattress. Don't do it, please!

Another trying thing—kindly meant—is the gift of strongly-perfumed flowers which wreak havoc on the supersensitive patients in the ward.

And you people who pride yourself on telling a good story, don't forget that hearty laughter can be both painful and dangerous to a patient too soon after an operation.

L. B. Lawson, Rokeby Rd., Subiaco, W.A.

How to be happy after retirement

HAVING passed through one year of retirement, Mrs. Howarth, (30/12/39), I can give some suggestions to newly-retired men.

Rise as usual in the morning



Hobbies for happiness.

Keep as much as you can from "under your wife's feet."

Erect a small workshop in the garden, in which all gardening gear, carpentry tools, and a comfortable stool can be placed.

Go in for garden cultivation, especially foodstuffs.

When called to morning tea or lunch do not delay in coming to table.

Don't get into untidy habits and dress freshly for the evening meal. Don't pry into household matters that your wife has managed for years.

R. L. James, 31 Chapel St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

Still useful

EVERY man should prepare for the day when he will have to retire from business.

One of the best plans is to find a place, renting or buying it according to means, where fowls may be kept and vegetables grown. After supplying the family, the retired head of the house may be able to sell the surplus.

Besides keeping himself active and healthy, he will not begin to feel a back number and will have some personally-earned pocket money.

M. Doney, 41 Garfield St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

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THE DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Quite fair for semi-important matters on January 25 and 26.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Try to dodge Old Man Trouble at this time, for he will catch up with you as soon as you make a slip. Difficulties, delays and annoyances are likely to abound on January 25 and 26.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Get busy now and put your schemes into action. Make the most of January 21 and 22.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Just fair on January 21 and 24.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): Watch your step or you'll be in difficulties. January 25 and 26 can produce all sorts of minor worries and upsets.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): January 20 can help you do those things you want to do.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): A silver lining now appears on your clouds, so plan to set in motion those things you have long been contemplating.

January 20 and 21 should be utilized for making changes asking favors, seeking advancement and signing documents.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't tempt Fate in any way at this time, for the starry redoubts conflict with your chances of coming out on the right side. Be most cautious on January 25 and 26.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 21): Quite fair for you on January 25 and 26.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Make the most of any gains. January 27 and 28 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): Good on January 21 and 22 for wide-awake Aquarians. Go after the things you want, seek advancement, ask favors.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 23 and 24 just fair. Routine advised.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Capricornians collect all the most unpleasant jobs of life

TO get the best out of a Capricornian you must treat him with respect. He demands it.

The Capricornian is an individual.

To those who know him well he is a lovable person, but he possesses characteristics which those who do not know him will not and cannot tolerate.

In short, the Capricornian

of this world are not easy people to get along with, unless they decide they like you first.

Capricornians are usually self-sufficient in a reserved and conservative way, and quite content to let the world and its excitements pass them by.

They prefer work to play, and thereby make themselves valued by their employers.

But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and so it is that the work-loving Capricornian is liable to find himself left with all the dull and difficult tasks whilst others run off for their pleasure.

Such an attitude of self-sacrifice and willingness, however, has its drawbacks.

Like a packhorse

THE Capricornian is in danger of becoming valued as a packhorse, and his superiors prefer to keep him in that lowly and useful position.

Sometimes his very conscientiousness and apparent lack of initiative make the boss think him unsuited for the higher positions. This is a mistake, but the Capricornian has to prove it.

When it comes to their affections the Capricornians are a race apart. They seldom love ardently or promiscuously.

In fact, they are as economical in their disposition of love

The answer is—

- 1.—Pastoral.
- 2.—A stoat.
- 3.—A hermit.
- 4.—General.
- 5.—The King of Sparta.
- 6.—The American Indians.
- 7.—Three feet nine inches.
- 8.—Ovale.
- 9.—Yes, Luxembourg.
- 10.—Rudyard Kipling.

Questions on Page 32

as they are in the handing out of their cash.

They have a streak of suspicion or caution in their make-up which makes it difficult for them to express any affection they do not genuinely feel.

Sincere lovers

BUT when they do love they love for all time. In this case no sacrifice is too big for them to make; no service too menial or too difficult to perform for the beloved.

Most Capricornians mate ideally with either Taurians (born April 21 to May 22); or Virgoans (born August 24 to September 23). They also find harmony with Scorpios (October 24 to November 23); Pisceans (February 19 to March 21); Capricornians (December 22 to January 20), and, by the law of opposite attraction, with Cancerians (June 22 to July 23); but in this latter case disagreements and even partings are likely unless extreme care is taken to avoid discord and to respect each other's rights.

and there was
NO DEPOSIT
and I have 5 YEARS
TO PAY!

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Real Life Stories

Mother dragged daughter from well by her hair

LONG LOCKS SAVED CHILD

WHEN I was nine I fell down a 60ft. well, and was only saved from drowning by the presence of mind of my mother.

We were living in a lovely but very old country villa in Banstead, Surrey, England. In the garden was the well—a large affair after the shape of a square-shouldered bottle. The top was quite level with the ground.

This well was fed by an underground spring and the water height would rise and fall at different

periods. The full depth from rim to the bottom was 60ft. The space underneath the neck was large enough to turn a coach around in.

This day I was so engrossed in trying to open my toy sunshade that, not noticing that the heavy wooden covering was off, I stepped straight in, and without even a cry plunged straight to the bottom.

My mother, who was washing, heard a strange noise, and glanced through the window to see my sunshade lying on the edge of the well.

She dashed out in time to see me going down again with eyes open and mouth closed.

Mother threw herself flat on the ground and waited for me to float up, praying I would come straight

up through the neck, which was about seven feet across.

The water, as good luck had it, was well up in the neck. By reaching in as far as she could she managed to catch my hand, only to let me slip back. The soap suds made her hands slippery. Once again I rose to the surface. This time my eyes were closed and mouth open. My mother grabbed my hair, which was long and floating around.

Mother pulled my head out of the water and then, after vainly screaming for help, she managed to get on to her knees and to pull me out unconscious.

Her first action was to tip me upside down and make the water run out of me. Then she put me into the hot suds. Mother tore her arms badly on the stone edges, and strained her back.

21/1- to Mrs. Ivy M. Ryan, Loch Maree Parade, Rhodes, N.S.W.



My eyes were closed, my mouth open . . . Mother grabbed my hair.

Short and Snappy

PORRIDGE—2/6

ON our New Year's Day picnic we met with a sudden storm. Being without dry clothes or food we called into an hotel and met there about 200 like ourselves, wet, cold, and hungry.

The housekeeper ran out of food. We were miles from any place where we could get any. She boiled a large saucepanful of oatmeal porridge and sprinkled hundreds and thousands on it. We were all glad to pay our 2/6 for that and a good roaring fire.

10/6 to Mrs. A. A. E. Hibberd, State Bank, Pirie St., Adelaide.

CAT TOOK RABBIT

DURING the Christmas holidays my brother and I went into our neighbor's property shooting rabbits.

Seeing some sitting near a burrow about a hundred yards distant, we crept up until we were within range.

I had just taken a sight on a rabbit when a big black cat sprang out of the long grass and pounced on my target.

2/6 to W. H. Jacka, Ingleside, Rokewood, Vic.

WRONG FACE SLAPPED

A FRIEND of mine, when descending in the lift of a city emporium, was surprised to see a young lady near her turn around and soundly slap the face of a young man standing almost behind her.

As my friend was walking behind a lady and her little girl, who had also been passengers in the lift, she overheard the little child say: "Mumme, that was a nasty young lady standing near me in the lift, she trod on my toe, so I pinched her hard."

2/6 to Mrs. J. Lymberry, Park Ridge, via Kingston, Brisbane.

Grizzly bear ran

I WAS taking a walk along a mountain road in Western British Columbia, about three or four miles from the township, when I saw, fifty feet away, a large grizzly bear squatting directly in the middle of the road. Trampling about around it was a well-grown cub.

I knew it was dangerous to run or to turn. I advanced slowly towards the bear in desperation, took a soft straw hat from my head, and filled the crown with a stone or two from the road. My eyes never left the two animals before me. I badly bruised the tops of my fingers clawing at the gravel.

I stopped a few feet from the bears, and, standing still, threw my hat with full force at the cub, at the same time shouting. The young creature vanished among the pines. With a low grunt the large bear followed its baby.

I walked backwards a great part of the homeward journey, expecting to see the bear again.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Reid, c/o Stanleigh, Springsure, Qld.

In Gulf storm

LIVING in Normanton, on the Norman River, which enters the Gulf of Carpentaria, I wished to see Burketown. The lady schoolteacher also wished to see it.

We left Normanton with my three children and Polly, the aboriginal girl help, in the powerful little launch which carried passengers from the town to the waiting mail steamer in the Gulf. When we arrived at the mouth of the Norman River a telegram from my husband said to go on shore there as the barometer was falling. My friend was all for going on, and I foolishly agreed.

We had not been many hours out of the river when the "weather" arrived. For three days we were battered down, only receiving biscuits and water from time to time. When at last it was quieter we were many miles up the entrance to the Gulf. Two large seas entered the funnel. One more would have put out the fires.

2/6 to Mrs. M. E. Catt, Merinda St., Greenslopes, Brisbane.

Mistaken for spy

WHEN at school my girl-friend and I made up a code, using it to write little notes to each other. While holidaying recently in a town on the North Coast I received a letter from my childhood chum in our old code. I read it and put it into a drawer.

Several days later I began to notice curious stares from the rest of the boarders and people in the street. Then the proprietress came along and politely asked me to leave. She declined to give any reason.

The police came to see me at my new hotel and began asking me a lot of questions . . . my name, where did I come from, what did I do, when did I intend leaving, etc. By this time I was angry and demanded to know the reason for all this interrogating.

The smaller policeman said: "We have in our possession a letter written in code which you received a week ago, and since there is a war on we can't be too careful."

They thought I was a spy. I made a mental note to have a few words with the prying housemaid who tidied up my room in the other hotel.

At the station the sergeant made me write out what was in the coded letter. Half-way through I paused and must have looked guilty. The next paragraph was devoted to the treatment of pin-worms in children.

2/6 to E. J. Tucker, Wellington Rd., East Brisbane.

Bushfire near hospital

LAST January I was an inmate of a cottage hospital in a town just across the N.S.W. border and bush was only two days old.

On Friday, January 13, bush fires approached the town where I lay in bed. All available men turned out to beat the flames. Several cars took up their stand at the hospital entrance to move the patients and equipment to the hotel across the river if the fire won the fight.

My baby was put in bed with me and I had to continually wipe fire ash and soot off her face and out of her eyes.

We spent an anxious hour or two but finally news came that the wind had changed and the fire had been beaten within fifty yards of the hospital.

2/6 to Mrs. J. A. Holst, Bray St., Long Gully, Bendigo, Vic.

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Two Men and Helen

Continued from Page 5

HE had lately again suggested Maine coming up with him to another of the evenings. To his surprise Maine had agreed quite readily. Maine had said little those first two evenings. He sat in the background awkwardly. And yet Andrew knew in some inexplicable way that these two, Helen Ransley and his brother—two strong, reserved characters—were intensely aware of one another. Maine came again, and yet again, to Helen's evenings.

At first Andrew was amused, as he watched Maine's reactions to Helen, at the way he watched her. His quick fierce young nature grew uneasy at something he did not quite understand between the two. Then again he was amused. The thought of Maine falling in love was too absurd.

But he found, after a time, he could no longer blind himself to the fact that Helen and Maine were definitely drawn to one another, even though there was nothing tangible to it. His love for Helen, sharpening his sensibilities to a knife-edged keenness, told him that Helen was aware of Maine in no ordinary way. And Maine, almost as if against his will, was attracted and fascinated by Helen. Andrew's own fierce jealous young love for her turned to a gnawing thing. His easy-going laughing nature could not cope with it. In all his life he had not been hurt like this. He had felt so sure, and while he had delayed, deceiving himself into believing she would eventually turn to him, Maine had entered into the scheme of things. He resented it with all the strength of his nature.

Andrew waited then, not worrying Helen by any word of love, but there were no developments. Maine made no move. Nor Helen. Everything went on as before. And so with summer, Andrew took again to being as much with Helen as she would allow. He bathed again with her from the little beach at the foot of the hill, rioting with her slender Sonny in the water. By degrees he forgot his fears of losing her. He found he could laugh at himself for an imaginative fool. Helen was not like a woman in love. He still had a chance. And she could soon get free of the bond that held her to the long-absent husband. The law would see to that.

Then he noticed a strange defiance and recklessness about Helen. She swam out, far out, in the bay, daring the current of which she had so often been warned. She laughed at his vigorous protests. He saw feverishness in the way in which she flung herself headlong into the merriest of whatever was going. It was as if she were trying to forget something else. Her enjoyment was unconvincing. It did not fit in. It was forced, and beneath it all she was unhappy.

Helen was a strong swimmer, and cared not a whit for rough water. But she defied that current once too often.

It happened, fortunately, when Sonny was not with her. It was fortunate, too, that Maine Borden saw her struggling stroke growing feeble, ceasing altogether. He raced for the water edge, flung himself in, thrashing the water with his powerful overarm toward the place where the little fair capless head had disappeared. He was almost done himself when he reached the shore, and felt the sand beneath his feet. Andrew, running down from the hill, saw him reach the breakers and splash ashore with the girl's unconscious figure. He found his brother kneeling on the sand still holding her, looking down into her white face, his own face peculiarly grey and stony-looking. He was talking as if to himself.

"She's drowned... She's dead, of course..."

Andrew cursed him roughly. "Rot. She's not dead. But she will be if someone doesn't get busy. Put her down, you fool..." And as he pushed his brother on one side, his brain repeated again and again, "He loves her like that—like I do."

A few men gathered. Andrew sent some of them for blankets. Sent them to heat water-bags and have them ready in her cottage.

Maine still stood as if dazed, watching Andrew working over the girl. She came round almost immediately. Her eyes went past Andrew to Maine, but he did not see it.

There was a tense moment when Sonny came racing down to the beach.

"Mother. What's the matter with Mother?" Maine, as if he had suddenly come to life, went forward,

and took the boy's hand, disregarding his dripping clothes.

"She's all right now. Come for a little walk, and I'll tell you." The remaining men looked at him curiously, and a slow red came up into his face as he turned away with the boy. He knew his presence of mind had clean deserted him in a moment of need. His mouth twisted bitterly.

The child's voice quavered a little: "You think she's all right, don't you, Mr. Borden?"

"She's all right, Sonny."

So it was "Mr. Borden." All the others were Jeff, Bill, Lenny, Sam, and so on.

"Why do you call me 'Mr. Borden,' Sonny?"

"Oh, I don't know why exactly. Perhaps it's because I thought you were strict..." Just a bit strict, you know," he said, looking up to see if he had hurt the man's feelings.

"Mother thinks you are a bit strict, too, I think..."

"She does?" Maine Borden digested this in silence.

"Of course, being strict isn't so dreadful really. It doesn't matter when you like a person..."

"Do you like me, Sonny?"

"Of course."

"Does mother?"

"Mother likes everyone." There was a little silence.

They walked slowly along the beach.

"Does mother—like Andrew..."

"Mother always likes everyone." Shells crunched under their feet, and a wave swept up round Sonny's sandals. Neither the man nor the tense little boy noticed it.

PASSPORT

WE'RE busy playing cricket. A little lad and I. He's young and full of vigor. I'm bending with a sigh.

I cannot claim his wicket. Or "leg before" obtain. But what care I? My innings is touching youth again.

For I can still hear echoes Of wild and frenzied cheers, As I, a stripping demon, Broke stumps in bygone years.

But voices stay this morn'g, And grandsons cries delight, I see his pal approaching With eager face alight.

"So you be Umpire, Grandad, While Teddie bowls to me. The game will be much better, For he bowls faster, see."

He throws the ball to Teddie, And does not understand That it was my last ticket Into the children's land.

—Marie L. Baird.

"Do you like little wooden animals, Sonny?"

"Yes, Mr. Borden." Then after a space, "Do you think Mother's all right? I think we'll go back to her now. She may want me, you know."

Maine Borden left him at the foot of the hill, where the track led through sun-warmed grasses up to Helen Ransley's cottage.

After this Andrew waited with a peculiar numbness for the inevitable result. It was all over for him with Helen. He knew, of course, as well as if they had shouted it from the hilltops that it was Maine for Helen Ransley, or no one. He knew now why Helen had begged him so frantically not to love her. As for Maine, one had only to remember the tragic mutter, "She's drowned..." She's dead, of course... and the look on his face.

But again nothing happened. Andrew could not make it out.

After a short, sharp fight with himself he decided that he would get to the bottom of it, and if it were in any way possible he would do something to settle it once and for all. But how to begin! It was so difficult to meddle in affairs like this, Andrew found, with Helen unhappy, he could put aside his pain, his own feeling for her, if he could do anything to help.

The day came when, sooner than Andrew anticipated, his chance occurred. And one of the problems of life that seemed impossible of solution came right unexpectedly easily, and with a touch of absurdity as such things sometimes do.

Andrew and Helen were walking on the deserted beach, after he had come upon her unexpectedly. It was cold, windy and grey. They took shelter behind a huge boulder. Andrew suddenly faced her.

"Helen... You've got to let me in on this. It's—Maine, isn't it?" She looked up at him, startled out of her self-contained manner.

"It's...? Yes, Andrew... It's Maine," she said very low.

"And Maine? What of him, Helen?"

"I—don't know. I had thought... had felt sure. But he..."

As she spoke Andrew saw Maine coming down the little track alone—up behind Helen. He had not seen them.

In a flash Andrew acted. He reached suddenly for Helen, and with both arms round her held her closely to him.

He bent his head down to hers. The look of amazement she gave him as she looked up at him was just what he wanted.

"It's Maine—coming down the track. Call out to him, Helen," he whispered quickly, urgently. She was too surprised to grasp his meaning.

"Call out 'help' or something..."

"No, Andrew. No..." she said in a desperate undertone, and struggled with him. Main had not yet reached them. And Andrew began to feel the idiosyncy of what he was doing. Why didn't Maine hurry? It was becoming ridiculous—ludicrous, his standing here with Helen struggling in his arms... Then his own feelings for Helen, coming uppermost, as he felt her against him, forced him into quick low speech. Maine was close at hand now.

"Helen—yell, or I'll—I'll kiss you."

"Maine... Oh, Maine," quavered Helen at that. Andrew bent his brown cheek to her hair. Peeling a brute he held her closely as she struggled. He'd started this, and he'd have to finish it... And try to smother the hurt inside him that cried all the time, "Why couldn't it have been me? Why must it be

"MAINE..." cried

Helen again, half-laughing, half-crying.

Maine whipped over to the boulder, and grasped the situation more promptly even than Andrew could have wished.

"Confound you, what are you doing?" he shouted at Andrew. "Clear out—or I'll..." He turned to Helen, as Andrew left them. She stood, her eyes deep with emotion, looking after Andrew, whom she knew was not even smiling. Who was walking away stiffly, and whose dark head was held high... too high.

"Helen..." Maine said. "You called me. Then it's not—Andrew? Not Andrew—who..."

"No, Maine," she said, and looked up at him.

"He was... pestering you?"

"No, Maine. Oh, no. It was just

"Helen..." He was trembling a little. "It can't be that you—that you'll..." She broke into unaccustomed tears against him.

Late that afternoon, Andrew slung all his gear and provisions into the boat, but before he went out he went up to see Helen. She met him with both hands outstretched, her usually guarded young face glowing and tender.

"Gallantry," she said, smiling tremulously.

"Everything O.K.? Inspiration, wasn't it?" he said, but he could not laugh.

"How on earth did you guess, Andrew? Weren't you taking a big risk?"

"My dear, you told me it was Maine, and anyway, anyone could have seen it." He went on quickly, jerkily. He must get it over. He had lost her, and it hurt so...

"Now this has happened, you can get free... I mean, divorce the other chap straight away, can't you, Helen? Desertion, or whatever they call it." He opened her eyes wide, and stared at him.

"What 'other chap'? How do you mean, Andrew?"

"Well, you told me... that he, your husband, had left you... years ago."

She still stared.

"Oh, Andrew! I thought you knew... had guessed. I thought that was why you did it... to bring us together..."

She went closer to him.

"Maine—is the other—chap, Andrew. Maine's my husband."

(Copyright)



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is at the home of
MR. ROCKS: A millionaire, whose safe is robbed by a man
 and woman masquerading as visitors from Mars.
 Mandrake captures the woman

DORIS: An out-of-work dancer, who confesses that the thief
 was

THE KID GLOVE KID: Slickest crook on earth, who
 duped her with a story of his reform, and persuaded
 her to masquerade as a publicity stunt to boost her
 dancing. Doris tells Mandrake that the Kid is
 madly jealous of his reputation as a super crook.
 Mandrake plans to strike at him through his conceit
 by announcing that the spectacular hoax was a
 failure, and that the Kid took no money and jewels
 from the safe. **NOW READ ON:**



Royal Escape

Continued from Page 6

"It is too public, and has no secret place. Moreover, I myself stayed there over-long, so that the news of it may have spread abroad. I'll not expose his Majesty to that risk."

"If he would be content with quite a small house, I think I can escort him to one where he will neither be known nor looked for," said the Colonel. "But it is not such a house as he has been used to stay in, my lord, being the home of one who is but a yeoman."

"My dear sir, he will not care a fig for that! Where is this house?"

"At Hambledon, not three miles from here. It belongs to my brother-in-law, one Thomas Symons, that married my sister Ursula."

"It is the very thing!" Wilnot declared. "But can you trust him? Are you sure of him?"

"I daresay I might trust him, for he is a very honest man, but it is not my intention to put him to the test," replied the Colonel coolly. "I think I know how I may contrive to take the King there without Symons' knowing him for any other than plain William Jackson."

Upon the following day, which was Monday, 13th October, the Colonel escorted the party, ostensibly a hunting party, to his sister's home.

She ushered them into a cosy room where the curtains had been drawn and the candles lit, and bustled about, setting stools and chairs for them, bidding them come close to the fire, and inquiring what sport they had had. My lord's fine air at once impressed her, and she was careful to offer him the best chair. She turned her hospitable attention next to the King, but to the Colonel's relief supper was announced then.

Fortunately, nothing occurred during the meal to arouse the hostess'

suspicion, and as soon as possible afterwards Colonel Gounter took the King and Phelps upstairs to a chamber where there was a truckle bed at the foot of a roomy four-poster.

"You may sleep here in safety," he assured the King, "for there is none would think to look for you in this house. To-morrow, at day-break, we must set out for Bright-helmstone, where I have left my merchant to see all prepared against our coming."

When Colonel Gounter went to rouse the King at daybreak, he found him sleeping peacefully with his cheek on his hand. Phelps was already up and dressed. He saw Gounter looking half in wonder, half in admiration, at the King, and gave a grim little smile. "I told you he was of a different kidney from my lord," he said. "Did you think to find him wakeful that has half England hunting him through the length and breadth of the land? Not he! He has not stirred since he dropped his graceless head on the pillow."

He stood looking down at the King, with a mixture of severity and lurking affection in his face. "Well, you may take him, and welcome!" he said gruffly. "If a man's fool enough to let that lad put his spells on him, he must give himself up for lost, no help for it! He'd coax Noll Cromwell himself, if he did but come face to face with him, plague take him!" He bent over the bed, and laid his hand on the King's shoulder, and shook it. "Rouse up now, sir!"

The King stirred, and opened his eyes. When he saw Phelps leaning

over him, he smiled sleepily, and stretched himself. "What, Robin, is it dawn already?" he murmured.

"Ay, long since, sir, and Gounter here waiting to carry you off."

The King sat up. "I was ever a very sound sleeper," he said apologetically.

Colonel Gounter, conscious of Phelps' sardonic eye upon him, looked across the bed at him, and said frankly: "Yes, I am lost, and care not a jot what may come of it."

Phelps gave vent to a short laugh. "I told ye!"

But when he parted from the King on the Downs above Hambledon, he gripped that slender hand to his lips in the most uncourtier-like fashion, and said in a voice that was thickened by emotion: "Heaven keep you safe, sir, and bring you to your throne at last!"

"Heaven keep you safe also, Robin, and when I come to my throne let me see you!"

"I shall do so, and hope it may be soon. Have a care to him, Gounter!" Phelps said roughly, and saluting, rode off at a smart trot.

"And now," said the King, "the last stage in my adventures!"

"I trust so, sir. But it is in my mind that we are too great a company to escape notice. With your good will, I would have my cousin leave us as soon as we reach Stanstead, and my lord's servant, too, if he is not to take ship with you."

"What!" exclaimed the King, with a comical expression of amazement. "You will never go without Swan, Harry!"

"Yes, yes, I think I must do so," replied Wilnot seriously.

And so, at Stanstead, Tom Gounter kissed hands, and rode

away to his own home. Robert Swan kissed hands, too, but although he uttered a grim hope that Heaven would preserve his Majesty, it was only when he bade farewell to his master that a tremor of emotion shook his voice.

The way led across country, and the only people they encountered, until they drew near Arundel, a little after midday, were country-folk, who displayed no interest in them. Even Wilnot's fears began to be sensibly allayed, and after a few hours of riding over lonely uplands his spirits became quite gay.

But when they reached Bramber between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and were riding down the street, past the first thatched cottages, they encountered their first mishap. The village was full of soldiers.

Wilnot was aghast, and the Colonel hardly less so.

"Stop!" Wilnot said. "We dare not go on! We must turn back, sir, and go by another way!"

The Colonel, though shaken, still kept his wits about him, and interposed quickly, saying: "If we do, we are undone! Let us go on boldly, and we shall not be suspected!"

"Man alive, are you mad?"

"Nay, he says well," said the King.

"We will go on."

"Sir, I implore you—"

"My dear Harry, this is not the first time I have ridden through a troop of Roundheads," said the King calmly. "I warrant you they will not look twice at me."

He rode on down the slight hill, with Gounter's knee brushing his. When they reached the centre of the town, where the soldiers were lounging outside an ale-house, there was only room in the road for a single horseman to pass, and Gounter pushed ahead, touching his hat in civil acknowledgment when a couple of troopers drew aside to let him go by.

There was not much disposition shown to make way for travellers, and once or twice the Colonel had almost to force his passage. There was just enough good-humoured authority in his voice to carry weight, and by dint of a well-chosen jest or two he brought the King through the town without incurring anything worse than a few grumbles.

Once clear of Bramber, Wilnot spurred up to ride beside the King. He was inclined to blame the Colonel for having led them into a nest of Roundheads, and had been roused to a good deal of impotent fury by the conduct of the troopers in taking up the whole street.

"We must get away from this road!" he said urgently. "Colonel Gounter, you are his Majesty's guide! Where must he go?"

"If his Majesty will be advised by me, he will continue along this lane to Beeding, which we have nearly reached, and there rest himself, at Mr. Bagshall's house, where I have provided a treatment for him. I will then ride on alone to Bright-helmstone and see to it that all shall be in readiness for his Majesty's arrival at nightfall."

The King seemed to be quite willing to follow this advice, but Lord Wilnot was loud in his condemnation of it. Nothing would do but that he should carry the King away from the high road, and keep him hidden till dusk, somewhere on the lonely slopes of the Downs. For once, he was proof against the King's coaxing, and when Charles said, half in jest, half in earnest: "Harry, it is my will," he replied with an unaccustomed note of grimness in his voice: "It is not mine, sir, and though you may have my head to-morrow, to-day you shall obey me!"

In the end he had his way, the King yielding with the easy-going sweetness of disposition which caused his Chancellor so much anxious foreboding. He and Lord Wilnot left the high road for the lonelier lanes, and Colonel Gounter rode on over the Downs to Bright-helmstone.

When he had covered some eight or nine miles a windmill standing against the cloudy sky came into sight, and a little farther on he could see a stone blockhouse perched on the cliff. He rode gently into the little fishing village, passing its one church, and made his way between some straggling, tumble-down cottages to the George Inn, a small hostelry by the sea.

THE Colonel found the inn free of any other company, engaged the best room in the house, and bespoke supper. Francis Mansel had promised to meet him at the George, and to bring Tattersall with him, but as it was too early yet for the Colonel to expect him, he called for a pipe, and some wine, and sat down before the fire in the parlor.

It was not long before he heard the sound of horses stopping outside the inn, and the landlord came in to remark that a couple of gentlemen had arrived to supper.

The Colonel got up, and walked towards the table to pour himself another glass of wine. This movement brought him close to the door between the two parlors. He heard the King's voice say clearly: "Here, Mr. Barlow, I drink to you!" and at once jerked up his head, as though much surprised, exclaiming: "I know that name! I pray you, host, go and inquire whether he was not a major in the King's army once!"

Smith went off at once on this errand, returning in a few minutes with the expected reply that Mr. Barlow was indeed the man Gounter supposed him to be. The Colonel then bade Smith invite both Barlow and his companion to the fellowship of a glass of wine with him, and in this way contrived to join forces with the King again without arousing any suspicion in the landlord's breast.

Francis Mansel arrived at the George with Captain Tattersall as supper was carried into the parlor. The King was sitting in one corner of the wooden settle by the fire, a little out of the candlelight, and remained there while the Colonel greeted the newcomers, and made Wilnot known to them, under his assumed name of Barlow. They all drew round the fire for a few minutes before sitting down to table, the sea-captain telling them that he had hailed his barque into the mouth of the Adur, off the hamlet of Southwick, two miles west of Bright-helmstone.

"THIS wind won't serve us," said the King abruptly.

"Nay, you say right, my master," replied Tattersall, looking at him with a little curiosity. "I warrant you're no landman?"

"I have done some sailing in my time," admitted Charles.

The landlord then called them to supper, and they moved towards the table, Mr. Mansel taking one end, and the King the other. As the King stepped into the full candlelight, Colonel Gounter kept his eyes watchfully on the merchant's face, but could not detect in it the slightest quiver either of surprise or of recognition.

His attention was diverted by the landlord's clumsily letting a platter fall, and when he looked round again Mr. Mansel had seated himself, and was conversing calmly with his Lord Wilnot. Then he saw that Tattersall, instead of applying himself to his supper, was staring fixedly at the King, and with a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach, he sat down beside the captain and began to talk to him of his calling.

The answers he received were rather curt, and every now and then Tattersall would steal a sidelong look at Charles. The King gave no sign of apprehending any danger, but soon entered into his lord's conversation with the merchant.

Please turn to Page Six
Homemaker Section

New 3-Second Relief

CORN

PAIN GOES
Corn lifts out

● Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-Ice . . . you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after, the corn begins to shrink—then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. FROZOL-ICE is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. Only 1/6 at all chemists and stores.

Mark-SCHOOL OUTFITS
Cash's NAME TAPES
Sold by Leading Stores

Mother proud of her pretty daughter!



Lovely skin
admired by
friends



REXONA SOAP

Medicated with Cadyl

Keeps her skin healthy and so
naturally beautiful

Keep your daughter's complexion flawless during the adolescent age! Give her skin the protection of Rexona Medicated Soap to keep it always clear and unblemished, radiantly healthy, naturally lovely.

Flawless Skin Beauty with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

Even when you are past the adolescent age you must guard skin-loveliness carefully. For with so much germ-laden dust in the air you are in constant danger of getting skin blemishes. The surest way to keep the skin clear is with the regular use of Rexona Soap. The medicated lather tones up slackened tissues and gives your complexion the youth and vitality of radiantly healthy skin.

These revitalizing medications in REXONA SOAP cannot fail to improve the skin.

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe, soften and heal.
NUTRIENTS—to nourish and revive.
ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.
TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

Lovelier hair with a REXONA SOAP SHAMPOO

Your hair can be lovelier if you shampoo with Rexona Soap. Rexona's medications make your scalp healthy, keep dandruff in check, leave your hair soft and glossy.

REXONA . . . Best Baby Soap! Baby's tender skin needs Rexona Soap. Its medications guard against chafing, rashes, all skin irritations. Rexona Soap and Ointment, used together, quickly cure Cradle Cap.



REXONA SOAP AND OINTMENT

... Wonderful Skin Treatment
If blemishes don't clear up rapidly, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This healing treatment leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

Treatment: Wash with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



THE HOMEMAKER

January 20, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

LIPSTICK LORE!

... For beauty, use your lip rouge with subtle art.

● SO MUCH depends on the way you wield your lipstick. Cleverly used, it can add great beauty and charm to your face... Incorrectly, its effect can be quite horrifying!

So, for beauty's sake, do, please, become a master of the lipstick art.



OUTLINE the lips with a pencil before filling in with color, says Gloria Dickson, Warner Bros.



HERE Bonita Granville, Warner Bros., blends lip color into the skin.



ABOVE: There's a natural charm about these lovely lips. But then their possessor, Iva Stewart, Fox player, uses her lipstick with great care, aims for an even outline and avoids an ugly "cupid's bow."

LEFT: If correctly applied, lip rouge will stay on several hours. It is permissible to retouch your lips after dining—but a moment with lipstick and mirror as shown here should be sufficient.

WHETHER you are a rosebud ingenue, frank sportswoman, loving mother or glamor girl—your lips are expressive of your particular individuality.

And your lipstick must be applied to add charm and emphasis to that individuality.

In the naughty 'nineties the sale of cosmetics was practically taboo. Wives hid their powder puffs in the depths of a bureau drawer.

Advertisers promised to send their samples of cosmetics in plain, unmarked boxes, so that none would know of the contents therein.

A bit of powdered chalk did for face powder in those days. And a slice of fresh beetroot was used in lieu of lipstick.

Personally I can't imagine shaping the lips very skilfully with a slice of beetroot. And I don't imagine that this practice was too beneficial to the skin of the lips.

In these days of daring lipsticks we look back with amused incredulity at the quaint prejudices of our grandmothers.

Most women to-day use lipstick freely.

And because it is by the expression of our mouths that people often judge our character, it is essential that we apply our lipstick correctly.

For a careless flick of the lipstick can transform a sweet expression into a sneer.

Are you one of those young things (looked at askance by hostesses), who, at the conclusion of dinner, put

By JANETTE

down a table napkin smudged over with indelible red?

Does your teacup bear an ugly crimson smear? Or do you pull out your lipstick every hour or so for renovations that are not pleasant to watch?

If you are guilty of any of these things, take heart, for it merely means that you are not applying your lipstick correctly.

Here are some hints that will make it "stay put" for a whole afternoon or evening, with no fear of smudging off on teacups or napkins:

Do's and don't's

LIPS should be thoroughly dry before lipstick is applied. To get a regular, unsmudged outline, the lips should first be outlined with a brush or pencil, then the color filled in. Do the upper lip first.

They will not look like peeling paint if you blend the color well into the skin. For lips that are dry or cracked, rub in some cold cream before applying the lipstick.

And now, those important touches that induce color to stay on for hours and hours... Be generous with the lipstick. Leave it on for a moment, then "blot" with cleansing tissue, or dab lightly with powder, and then moisten the lips with a little water, perfume or toilet water.

When applying the color, be very careful that the outlines match at the corners of the mouth, or you will find yourself with a twisted

look. Blend the color well inside the lips, so that when you talk or smile a painted line is not visible. Now for some don'ts that might mar your looks:

Avoid too dry a lipstick. If your lips are very dry, a light application of cold cream or lip pomade under or over the lipstick will help. Each night after removing the lipstick rub in cold cream or almond oil. And use a rather moist lipstick.

Avoid too moist lipstick. This is liable to smudge and stain the skin round the lips.

Keep wide outlines and startling colors for the evening; be more restrained in the daytime.

Don't make a wide "dip" between the curves of your upper lip, or you'll live behind a constant sneer.

Avoid painting one side of your "cupid's bow" higher than the other, if you don't want an evil expression on your face.

After applying lipstick, make sure that you have left no smudges on your teeth.

Remember that lips must be satin-smooth and soft in their natural state in order to appear alluringly lovely after your lipstick has been at work. This means that they must receive regular attention.

First of all, every bit of lipstick must be cleansed thoroughly from the lips each night. Spread cold cream over and let it remain on for a few minutes.

Then massage gently and wipe off with cleansing tissues.

Washing with a bland soap and warm water should remove any remaining vestige of the color.

Then apply a generous coating of cold cream and leave it on the lips all night.



AND SHERIDAN Warner Bros. Player

DOES A MAN NOTICE HIS WIFE'S HAIR?

Make no mistake—there are two times at least every day when you can be sure he DOES notice your hair... if it has a youthful healthy gloss; if it is silky-clean—or if it's dull or "dandruffy"!

YOU can't be too careful in washing your hair if you want it always to look its best!... and that's why thousands of girls never, never use skin soap on their hair! For the chemical effect of soap "alkali" deadens and dries delicate hair, and makes it brittle and hard-to-manage.

Wash soft, lustrous beauty into your hair—keep it wavy with extra "life"—with Colinated, pure, natural, quick-rinsing Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo preserves sparkling gold brilliance—prevents "alkali patches."

BRUNETTES—Discover fascinating new highlights!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with Colinated—and watch its magic coconut bubbles take away every trace of dust, oily-film, and dandruff scurf... Give new, thrilling sheen... Help waves... Leave hair silky-clean... and easier to dress!

Colinated Shampoo

* 4 bottle lasts months
Any Chemist or Store.

Fragrant, Old-World favorites COLORFUL CARNATIONS

FOR centuries the flower-lovers of Europe have been growing the fragrant carnation, and the wonderful blooms we have to-day owe much to their patience and cross-hybridisation.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

In an old book, "Dodoen's Herbal," which I bought for sixpence at a sale some time ago, I learned that the carnation, which was then known as a gilloflower or gillflower, was greatly admired and much grown 'way back in 1578.

And although plant breeders of long ago improved the original carnations, we have men in Australia to-day who are still producing new varieties.

Recently I had a splendid bunch of giant blooms sent me by Australia's champion carnation grower, Mr. W. Ayliffe, of Warrawee, N.S.W. The colored picture on this page was produced from the magnificent blooms he sent me.

It was from this grower, who has consistently topped the poll at exhibitions throughout the eastern

States for years, that I learned that originally carnations were called Coronation Flowers.

Originally the flower consisted of five petals and was of small size.

From this humble beginning the magnificent blooms containing 30 or more petals have been grown—a tribute to the patience and care of all the men who have loved and tried to improve this colorful, fragrant flower.

Now that the summer flush of bloom is over, carnation plants need some care and attention, for they are very generous in flowering habits and crop several times a year if well treated.

Although not fussy as to soil, they do best if the ground is well prepared.

In the case of heavy soils the addition of well-decayed manure, some bonedust and lime, vegetable matter or rotted leaves will prove beneficial.

Heavy, sticky soils need a good dressing of lime, some sand, and all



the things mentioned for heavy loam. But if the soil is very light and sandy it must be enriched and

SOME EXQUISITE carnation blooms, produced by Australia's champion carnation grower, Mr. W. Ayliffe, Warrawee, N.S.W. This natural color photograph was taken in The Australian Women's Weekly studio.

Jean changed her bathing routine and her popularity soared to record heights



Bill met Jean. "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! He invited her to a dance.



This was to be the night of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how radiantly sure of her charm! Poor, poor Jean.



Before the first dance was over, Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose to trust a bath alone.

**SMART GIRLS KNOW
A BATH ALONE CAN'T
PREVENT UNDERARM ODOUR**



"Your own fault," scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odour to come! But Mum prevents odour all evening long."

**BILL'S MY MAN—AND I WANT HIM
BACK! I'LL NEVER AGAIN TRUST A
BATH ALONE TO KEEP ME SWEET
AND FRESH. FROM NOW ON I PLAY
SAFE—I'LL NEVER FORGET MUM!**



And Jean wins! Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for a girl who says, "A bath alone is never enough—underarms always need Mum!"

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

NO MATTER how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odour yet to come.

Wise girls use Mum after every bath. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is QUICK . . . it takes just half a minute to use, yet you're protected for a full day or evening. Mum is SAFE . . . completely harmless to fabrics. And even immedi-

ately after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is SURE . . . without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odour, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure you never offend. Get Mum to-day. Use it daily to ensure lasting charm and daintiness.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM! Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. These are always safe, free from worry. Obtainable everywhere, pure size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.



made fertile, for carnations work very hard and draw heavily on the plant food.

Just now they need trimming up, all the spent stems removing, and any straggly growth cut well back.

A dressing with shell lime will help to ward off fungus diseases, but it will not cure rust, the most serious affliction from which carnations suffer.

This appears in the form of pale raised pustules, over which the skin soon breaks. Then the reddish spores appear in the little wounds caused by the disease, and usually the plant, at this stage, is beyond recovery.

The disease is constitutional, not local, and must be regarded as incurable.

Affected plants, as a safety-first precaution, should be removed and burned, as the spores will spread from plant to plant.

The progressive removal of affected leaves will hold the disease in check, but you will find that the trouble is deep-seated, and picking off of the worst diseased foliage is only a palliative, and not a cure.

Worst pests

APHIDES, slugs, snails, wire worms, mealy bugs and caterpillars that burrow into the buds are the worst pests of the carnation.

But they are also attacked by woodlice, ground grubs, earwigs and ants. Leaf and flower eaters can be controlled by spraying or dusting with lead arsenate powder, but those that suck the sap are very difficult to control.

Carnation plants will appreciate, at this time of the year, a good top-dressing of three parts of superphosphate, two parts of bonedust, one part of sulphate of potash, and a quarter part of sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda.

This should be scattered round and not over the plant, and watered in. A top-dressing of old manure will also add much to the vigor of plants and size of the flowers later on.

This helps to keep the roots cool during the hot weather, at a time when they need stimulating more than at any period of the year.

When buying carnations avoid tall, spindly plants showing buds. They rarely do well. Choose short, bushy, stocky plants, for the other sorts are dear at any price.

During the summer cultivation plays an important role. Carnations dislike loose conditions, however; therefore let your raking or hoeing be confined to the soil surrounding them, and not in such a way that it will disturb the roots.

Carnations are also thirsty subjects, but they show immediate distress to waterlogged conditions.

The soil must be well drained or

Flannel flowers

OUR humble flannel flower, a native which is found right through the eastern coastal districts as far north as Queensland, is always worth cultivating, for it makes itself at home with the utmost cheerfulness if afforded sandy, gritty conditions.

Being so well provided by nature with a coat of warm, fluffy flannel, it does not appreciate coddlings, and even an exposed, windy position has been found suitable, provided it gets water in winter and just a little humus to keep its muscle up.

collar rot may set in at the base of the stems. Once this appears the plants are doomed, for it ringbarks the stems, they topple over, and in a few days the whole plant collapses.

Constant damping of the soil is very detrimental, for it draws the fine roots to the surface, where, on the first hot day, they are scorched up.

When you must water them, give them a real soaking.

On sandy soils the plants may need watering at least three times a week during hot weather, but on heavy, moisture-retentive soils a thorough saturation once a week will suffice.

Carnations strike easily at this time of the year if afforded some assistance.

To strike cuttings

CUTTINGS about 4 inches long can be trimmed off neatly at the base and embedded in 2 or 3 inches of clean sandy soil.

They need shading while striking, and do much better at this time of the year if covered with a sheet of glass.

The cuttings must not be allowed to dry out, but if kept just moist enough to keep them alive they will root easily.

Layering is also very useful for raising new plants, although a trifle more difficult for the novice.

You merely take an outside piece of growth, cut it half way through on the underside, and peg it down into the soil with a piece of wire.

When the layered piece indicates by making vigorous growth that it has struck, you sever the stem with a knife, leave it for another week to recover, and then transplant to its permanent home.

GIVE YOUR FAMILY

Good Health

FOR 1940

MEALS! - MEALS! - MEALS! Three times daily for 365 days this year of 1940 you will prepare your family's meals! A big responsibility isn't it? — particularly when you consider how much the family's future health and happiness depends upon the food you serve them to-day.

'What we eat to-day works and thinks to-morrow'—true isn't it?

Make certain then that every meal you serve in 1940 contains at least one of the many famous Sanitarium Health Foods. You will then be really helping your family to **GOOD HEALTH FOR 1940**

SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE SCORES OF GIFTS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Sanitarium QUICK GIFTS

It's so easy to get Sanitarium Quick Gifts: they can be obtained for as few as 6—13 points. As there

are nine different Sanitarium products carrying coupons that can be combined for any gift, then the more Sanitarium products you use the quicker you can select your gifts. Crackery, cutlery, softgoods, kitchenware, toys, are just a few of the scores of useful gifts from which you can choose.

GET SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS TO-DAY AND SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS TO-MORROW.



Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

Sanitarium Health Foods are manufactured with the definite aim of helping you to enjoy better health. In their manufacture, the vital health giving elements are preserved so that Sanitarium Health Foods are digested more easily, they provide greater energy and vitality, and they help to build up greater resistance to disease.

If it's a Sanitarium Product it's a GENUINE Health Food.

What to do

All gifts are available at the following addresses—
SYDNEY 13 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins St., Opp. Australia Arcade.
PERTH 544 Hay Street.
HOBBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE Cnr. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.
 If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.
 This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia or Queensland.

★ IMPORTANT

All previous Gift Schemes operated in connection with Marmite or any other Sanitarium Health Food products, were cancelled as from 30th September, 1939, and have been superseded by the present Quick Gifts Scheme.



Sanitarium

HEALTH FOODS

1-7-3

Ideas for a Cottage in the Country

By
OUR HOME
DECORATOR



AN IDEAL HAVEN for the week-end is this little cottage constructed of timber. A large sun-balcony has been provided.



"Look! See what she's got in her pocket . . . her baby! isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"



"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? Just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful!"



"There! . . . Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice? And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"

Feel Johnson's Baby Powder—how downy and soft it is—never gritty like some powders. That is because Johnson's is made from the finest talc. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too.

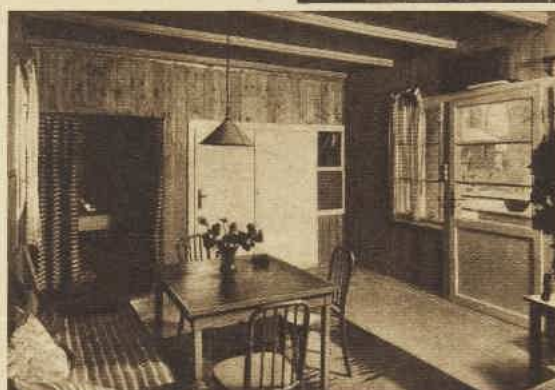
Johnson's BABY Powder

BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

A product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc Toothbrush, Moline, etc.

AL 49

A LITTLE home, built of timber, follows a simple but modern design. Wide windows, a flat roof with railing around to make a sun-deck . . . Charming furnishings, built-in units are features.



ANOTHER VIEW of the living-room, showing the built-in cupboards and bookshelves, and the cooking alcove screened off by striped curtains.

If you are planning to build a week-end cottage and it is possible to use local building materials, so much the better.

Not only should local materials prove more economical, even if they only save on cartage, but they always look more attractive.

Moreover, since the garden of a holiday house can expect only spasmodic attention, you will find that the exterior of the house will fit in with its surroundings more readily, and often with greater charm, when local stone or timber is used.

In the small cottage shown here you will find all sorts of useful features for holiday-home comforts—a cheerful and attractive appearance, comfort, and durability in the design and the interior furnishings, which are both planned to stand up to rough wear and tear.

Modern fittings

THERE is also an avoidance of the pretentious, with a consequent saving in work and upkeep.

And ample provision of all those fittings and modern accessories that are so conducive to well-spent leisure and relaxation.

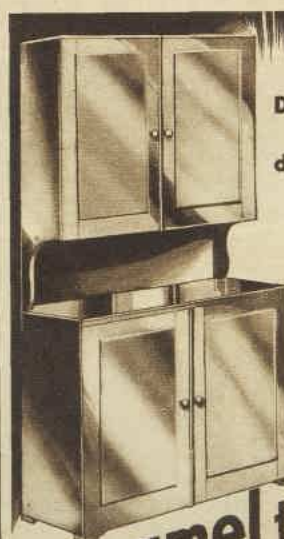
As it happens the house in the photograph on this page was built on a foundation of high pillars as a protection against insect pests in that particular district. Later, these will be shielded by shrubs and flowers, while the area beneath the house will provide storage space for certain articles.

Inside the house a generous supply of built-in furniture adds to its comfort.

In addition to ample wardrobe and cupboard space, there are several built-in bookshelves.

Well-built storage cupboards are essential in a house that is used only periodically, in order to keep belong-

ings in good preservation during the absence of the owner. Built-in furniture is not only cleaner, tidier, and



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than enamel—
dries twice as fast

Dynamel just one piece of furniture for a start. It's easy to use! Fascinating! It will make you eager to bring cheerful color to all your kitchen furniture. Dynamel gives a hard minor-smooth finish that can be scrubbed with soap and water. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart available at paint shops everywhere.

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Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

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Please send me your NEW BOOK ON
KITCHENS—packed with color schemes
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doors to canisters and chairs. I en-
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Address

A 21





YOU MUST HAVE a set of pretty linens for your traymobile. This set is obtainable traced for working in linen or organdie, is quick and simple to work and delightfully effective when completed. You can buy the pieces separately.

Colorful and easy-to-work TRAYMOBILE SET

USE it for afternoon tea, for serving cool drinks in the garden, or for the early morning tea-tray.

THIS dainty set includes a traycloth, serviettes, tea-cosy, and throwover.

It is obtainable traced ready for working on yellow, green, white, or blue organdie and on white, pink, blue, cream, yellow, or green linen.

Prices are:

Traycloth, 12 by 18 inches, organdie, 2/6; linen, 2/6.
Serviettes, 11 by 11 inches, organdie, 9d.; linen, 1/-.
Cosy, 12 by 10 inches, organdie, 3/-; linen, 3/6.
Organdie throwover, 36 by 36 inches, 3/6.
Linen traycloth or cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.

Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet and stitches to be used are lazy-daisy and satin-stitch. Cottons for working the set may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1ld. a skein.

NEEDLEWORK Notions.

Now work this . . . FLATTERING BOLERO

WITH a bolero like the one pictured where, you can give new life and interest to several frocks.

The bolero is obtainable from our Needlework Department. It is in sheer linen with design for working traced on it. Colors are pink, green, blue, and white.

Sizes are 32 to 38-inch bust, and price is 5/9, post free.

Paper pattern, No. 1696, for this bolero is also obtainable for 1/-.

Work the bolero in vivid shades with the heart motif in black. Use satin-stitch and stem-stitch.

Imagine how smart this bolero would look in white linen with embroidery in gay colors. It would look smart with so many frocks, especially those in a neutral tone.

ISN'T this bolero the smartest thing? We suggest white with embroidery in gay colors. It's obtainable ready for making up.

1696



Here's charm in a . . . GEORGETTE BED-JACKET

HERE'S just the sort of pretty little thing you need for bedroom wear—an embroidered bed-jacket.

You can obtain this bed-jacket in white, pink, blue or turquoise ripple georgette with design for working traced on it from our Needlework Department.

Price is 5/11, post free.

A pretty feature of the jacket is the scalloped yoke and tiny embroidered motifs on it.

If you make the garment in your own material, use a soft georgette in a pastel shade. Paper pattern for this, No. 1697, may be obtained for 1/-, post free.

JUST the sort or dainty bed-jacket you require for boudoir wear. It's obtainable ready for making up and working in ripple georgette in delicate pastel colors. Or you can have the paper pattern instead.



1697

It's captivating the Country!



YOU'LL find 'Ovaltine' Cold quite the most delicious drink you've ever tasted. And there is nothing like it for restoring the energy you spend so freely these Summer days.

'Ovaltine' Cold should be an essential part of every Summer meal. It supplies the vital health-giving properties which light Summer meals so often lack.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. All Chemists and Stores

Ovaltine Cold

A. WANDER LTD., 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK YET

SURFER'S FOOT GERMS . . . Thrive on Hot Steamy Feet

Be on your guard against this crippling infection.

Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and pulpy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay—treat this stubborn infection with Iodex, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues. In severe cases see your doctor promptly.



IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE

At all chemists, price 2/-

Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the new, powerful, yet harmless germicide called Moone's Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well-stocked chemist. Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal.

TONE UP YOUR SKIN



with Pear's Tonic Action

Skin drawn and weary? Then give beauty a lift with Pear's! The refreshing lather not only removes grease-laden dirt. Its tonic action braces up underlying cells and tissues . . . stimulates jaded skin to sparkling loveliness.

Pear's transparency is a sign of its absolute purity. A unique maturing process removes every trace of harshness.

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There is no waste with Pear's Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



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LIMITED

10/10/38

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 38

WHEN supper was finished, and chairs pushed back from the table, Tattersall plucked Francis Mansel by the sleeve, and whispered that he desired a word with him apart. Mansel looked a little surprised, but after excusing himself to the rest of the company withdrew with the Captain into the taproom.

The Colonel could barely conceal his anxiety, while the landlord cleared the table; and just as Smith finally withdrew, Mansel came back into the room.

He was looking grave, and upon the Colonel's greeting him he shut the door behind him, and said in his precise way: "I desire to have speech with you, sir, or—more particularly," he added, with his eyes on the King, "with this gentleman."

"I am heartily at your disposal," replied the Colonel.

Mansel glanced at him. "Ah, yes, Colonel!" he said dryly. "So, I think, have I been at yours." His cold grey eyes passed on to the King's face. He said with precision: "I shall crave your leave, sir, to ask you one question—ah, a delicate question, I apprehend!"

"Why, what's this?" said the King. "You have my leave; let me hear your question!"

A thin smile flickered on the merchant's lips. "I shall ask you, sir—but indeed, you have answered me—if I have the honor to stand in the presence of my King?"

The Colonel, who had foreseen this question from the moment of Mansel's entering the room, burst out laughing, and exclaimed: "Heaven pity all tall, dark men! My friend, you are sadly out. If you must know, this gentleman is Mr. Jackson, who, as I told you, has lately been concerned in an unchancy duel."

Mansel bowed slightly. "I shall of course accept your assurance, my dear Colonel, and will do my possible to convince Tattersall that his suspicions are groundless."

"Does he say I am the King?" asked Charles.

"He says, my liege, that he is positive it is you," replied Mansel calmly.

The King smiled. "Mr. Mansel, can I trust you?"

"I hope your Majesty will be pleased to do so—ah, if Colonel Gounter permits!"

The Colonel was standing with his back to the door, his hand resting suggestively on his sword-hilt, two circumstances which seemed to amuse the merchant. He replied, in a level tone: "What reason had Stephen Tattersall to say this gentleman is the King?"

"Why, it seems he had a very good reason, sir, for upon my denying it he answered that he knew him well, for his ship had been taken by him, along with other fishing vessels, in the year 1648."

"That was when I commanded the King my father's fleet," remarked Charles thoughtfully. "But, as I remember, I very kindly let them go again."

THE Colonel laughed at this, and, letting his hand fall from his sword-hilt, came forward into the middle of the room. "I hope your kindness may now stand you in good stead, sir. Mr. Mansel, the King is in your hands. Will you serve him?"

"I think," said the merchant, "that it is better for Mr. Mansel to have the King in his hands than for Mr. Mansel to be in Colonel's Gounter's hands."

"Faith, this is a man after my own heart!" said the King. "My friend, tell me what kind of a fellow is Stephen Tattersall?"

"As the world goes, he is honest, sire. Yet, the risk of any way assisting your Majesty being very great, I would humbly suggest that you do not make yourself known to him, but will permit me instead to do what I can to reassure him."

"Go, then," smiled the King, and Mansel, bowing, went back to Tattersall in the taproom.

The King and Gounter rejoined Lord Wilmot in the larger parlor.

Mansel coming back into the room with Stephen Tattersall at that moment, the King strolled towards the window, and stood there, holding back the curtain and looking out into the moonlit yard.

The Colonel observed that the corners of Mansel's mouth were slightly pulled down, but without seeming to notice it he stepped forward, saying: "You come in pudding-time! Now, tell me, Captain, in what readiness are you to set sail?"

Tattersall cast a glance towards the tall figure by the window, but the King's back was turned to him. He said gruffly: "Nay, there's no getting off without the tide. Look 'ee, master, to your better security I hailed the Surprise into the creek, and the tide has forsaken her, so that she lies aground. I know not when I may set sail, for the wind's contrary, besides."

"If you will get your boat off to-night, you may have ten pounds more than was promised you," said the Colonel.

Tattersall shook his head. "Nay, I tell ye she's aground, master! The tide must take her off, and that'll not be till eight in the morning at noonest."

"But you could take us aboard before dawn?" Wilmot demanded.

"I could do so," said Tattersall, "if, maybe, your honor was wishful none should see you step aboard."

"Well! Then we will go aboard with you, and there await the tide!" Tattersall looked under his brows at him. "Ay, and you may do so, if the Colonel will insure the barque," he said.

"Insure the barque?" exclaimed Gounter. "You are being handsomely paid for your pains, so let that be the end of it!"

"Your demand, my friend," said Mansel, "is, as I have told you, out of all reason. You have had many

freights of me, but I have never yet insured your vessel, nor shall not, believe me!"

"I have not had a freight the like of this one," replied Tattersall sturdily. "If I'm to take dangerous stuff aboard, I'll be insured, or I'll not set sail, do what you will."

Nothing could move him from this resolve, and after arguing it for ten fruitless minutes the Colonel, at a warning look from Mansel, yielded. Tattersall valued his boat at two hundred pounds, which Mansel admitted to be a fair price, and the Colonel promised, much against his will, to stand surety for that amount.

"And I will have your bond, master," said Tattersall, with a stubborn look about his mouth.

"No," said Mansel coldly. "That you shall not. The Colonel's name shall not appear in the business."

The Colonel's eyes began to sparkle. "You have my word, and if that should not content you, there are others whom it may!"

"I'll not sail without I have your bond."

The King shut the window, and turned, and came deliberately into the full candlelight. He met Tattersall's searching stare with a faintly satirical gleam in his eyes, and said with a smile curling his mouth: "The Colonel says right: a gentleman's word is as good as his bond—especially before witnesses," he added, somewhat naively.

THERE was a moment's silence. Tattersall drew in his breath, and said in an altered tone: "I'll carry you to France, master."

"Why, that is very good hearing," said the King. "We will drink to the bargain. Mr. Barlow, call up the landlord, if you please!"

His decision having been made, Tattersall began to be in a better humor, and by the time he had drunk a glass or two of wine he talked no more of going away to provide further necessities for the voyage, but took a pipe, and was soon lured into a game of cards with Wilmot and Francis Mansel.

When he had seen him fairly settled, the King went apart with Colonel Gounter, to take order for the moneys to be expended. Giles Strangways' broad pieces were not enough to defray both Tattersall's and Mansel's fees, so the King wrote out a bill of exchange drawn upon a certain London merchant, saying, as he scrawled his name across the paper, "As you love me, be rid of this as soon as you may, Gounter! They say a King's signature has the power of life or death. I know not what power of life mine may hold, but I assure you it is very potent for death."

IT was not until two in the morning that the party set out for Southwick. The horses were brought round to the back of the inn; Lord Wilmot paid the shot; and the sleepy landlord bid them good-night.

Francis Mansel then took leave, since his part in the business was done, and he had, he said, little desire to hazard his life unnecessarily; and the three other men left the inn, taking Tattersall with them.

Colonel Gounter being the lightest man in the company, Tattersall climbed up behind him on to the back of the sturdy nag borrowed from Lawrence Hyde. They made their way along the shore in the moonlight, and arrived at Southwick to see the Surprise, a barque of not more than sixty tons, lying high and dry on the mud in the creek. Tattersall having directed the Colonel to a derelict hovel a little removed from the huddle of cottages that constituted the hamlet, the horses were stabled in it, and the Colonel accompanied the King and Lord Wilmot to the ship.

The crew were all sleeping, and Tattersall at once led the King, who seemed inclined to inspect the vessel more thoroughly, down the steep companion-way to a little stuffy cabin that was lit by a lantern hanging from a beam.

Lord Wilmot looked about him with an expression of patient long-suffering, but the King saw nothing amiss in his surroundings, and said, stretching himself out on the bunk: "Harry, how long is it since I was upon the sea? Mark me, if I do not sail this barque to France!"

"YOU are not upon the sea, sir," replied Wilmot tartly. "You are heeled over upon the mud, and if so wretched a boat can reach to France, I for one shall deem it miraculous!"

"Nay, she's a right seaworthy vessel!" said the master, who had come into the cabin in time to hear these remarks. "Your honor's no seaman, I see plain." He looked at the King with a smile hovering about his mouth, and trotted over to the bunk and knelt down beside it. "Your Majesty knows better," he said simply. "I would not tell ye so, back in that inn, but I know ye well, my liege, ay, and I will venture life and all that I have in the world to set you down safe in France."

"I thank you, friend," the King said, giving him his hand to kiss.

The tide was creeping in, and it began to be time for Colonel Gounter to go ashore. He would have knelt to kiss the King's hand, but Charles swung his legs to the floor and stopped him, grasping both his hands in his, and saying: "Nay, you shall not kneel to me, who have preserved my life! How may I thank you, Colonel?"

"Sire, by pardoning me for all that has gone amiss in our journey, and believing it was through error, not want of will or loyalty," the Colonel said, a little unsteadily.

"Nay, none has served me so well. It is my earnest prayer you may not hereafter suffer for it, my dear friend."

The Colonel lifted one of his hands to his lips, and gripped it there for a moment.

"Heaven bless and preserve your Majesty, and bring you back to us!" he said, and, releasing the King's hand, turned sharp on his heel and left the cabin.

At six o'clock the incoming tide lifted the Surprise off the mud, and the Colonel, from the little landing-stage, saw her on sail. Slowly she drew away from the land, a dingy little barque, carrying a precious burden to safety.

The wind was cold, but the Colonel stood watching the Surprise move slowly seaward. It was lonely on the shore, with only the screams of the gulls wheeling against the dull sky, and the breaking of the waves on the sand, to break the silence. A deep thankfulness filled the Colonel's breast, but he felt a little sad as well, and suddenly very tired. His life, which had been quickened for a brief space by peril and sharp care, and made bright by the magic of an ugly young man's smile, now seemed empty and rather bleak.

The Colonel turned stiffly, and went into the hut, and saddled the horses. When he came out again, only the grey sweep of the horizon met his straining gaze. He mounted Lawrence Hyde's horse, and, leading the others, turned his back to the sea, and rode soberly home to Racion.

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WHEN YOU SUNBATHE make sure of using some protective preparation so you will not suffer from painful sunburn. Here Sheila Bromley anoints her friend, Jane Wyman (both Warner Bros. players), with suntan oil.

WHAT MY PATIENTS
ASK ME . . . By a Doctor

If you get badly SUNBURNT...

PATIENT: Doctor, I'm afraid I've been foolish enough to overdo sunbathing. I let my back and shoulders get so burnt while on the beach yesterday that I got very little sleep last night. I wonder if you would give me something to put on them.

Doctor: To overdo sunbathing is very foolish. A burn from the sun can be quite as dangerous and as painful as a burn from fire.

But when the damage is done the best thing to put on it is tannic acid.

You can buy a commercial preparation from your chemist in the form of a jelly, or you can make your own solution by dissolving two table-spoonfuls in one glass of water.

In an emergency, compresses of cold strong tea will serve the purpose.

Treatment with tannic acid is not

new. During the past ten years it has revolutionised the treatment of burns of all kinds.

In cases of sunburn it not only soothes the skin, but it forms a protective layer over the affected area, and within twenty-four hours your sunburn is converted into a most gratifying coat of tan.

The wise outdoor enthusiast takes steps to prevent sunburning.

You should always begin tanning very warily, gradually lengthening the period of exposure to the sun as your skin develops its protective pigment.

Certain oils such as coconut oil or special protective creams and lotions applied to the skin before going out are helpful, while tannic acid jelly or a solution of tannic acid in alcohol is also useful as a preventive as well as a remedy for sunburn.

The tannic acid acts as a filter to the sunlight and so reduces the absorption of the rays.

Some people burn so much more

easily than others, while some can stay in the sun most of the day without any uncomfortable after-effects. Others suffer badly if they swim for only half an hour in the middle of the day.

This is one way in which the brunettes put it all over the blondes. Their skin has the power of developing protective pigment or "tan" very rapidly. The blonde will develop it, but more slowly. If she is very careful and tans wisely.

Redheads, on the other hand, have difficulty in developing any pigment. For them, the motto is always "Be-ware!"

Incidentally, if you want to confound—or interest—your friends sometime, tell them you are a "heliophobe."

That is the medical word for blondes and redheads, who burn but don't tan easily. Brunettes are called "heliophiles."

The author of these terms is Dr. Charles F. Pabst, a senior skin specialist in New York. Southern California is the Mecca of the would-be sun-worshipper in America, and Dr. Pabst's mission for the last five years has been to save them from making it their Waterloo.

"Tan" Commandments

HIS advice in a nutshell he has issued in the form of the TAN Commandments. They are:—

- 1.—Acquire a coat of tan by means of short exposures.
- 2.—Do not sleep on the beach in the direct rays of the sun.
- 3.—Don't sit in the sun when the body is wet after bathing.
- 4.—Don't go bareheaded in strong sunlight.
- 5.—Don't read books or play cards in the direct rays of the sun.
- 6.—Don't drink strong liquor while exposed in summer sun. Alcohol and sun do not mix.
- 7.—Don't sprinkle perfume on the skin before exposing to the sun. A severe inflammation of the skin may result.
- 8.—Don't recline in strong sunlight after strenuous exercise.
- 9.—Don't forget that blondes and brunettes react differently to the sun's rays.
- 10.—If your skin will redden, blister and burn, but never tan, you are a "heliophobe," and you should never expose your skin to the sun, as every new exposure means a new burn.

It is a most desirable urge that many of us have to make up for our sunshine starvation during the week in offices and shops by spending the week-end in the sun.

But as a white race our skins are not perfectly adapted for exposure to the sun, and we must use our reputed to be superior intelligence in adapting ourselves to our sub-tropical environment.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Feeding the toddler

MISTAKES in the first year's diet are usually not so many or such big mistakes as are often met with during the second year diet.

There is sometimes a tendency among young parents to think that once a child can sit up in a chair and use a spoon and fork like an adult there is no need to study a particular diet for him any longer.

Nowadays we know better than that, and we always advise for the young child only simple nourishing foods prepared in ways that will suit the childish digestive organs, that can be so quickly upset by wrong foods and wrong methods of feeding.

All parents should make a special study of the principles of good nutrition. These are easy to understand, easy to remember, and also simple to put into practice.

A leaflet dealing with this important subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Readers interested may obtain a copy free by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

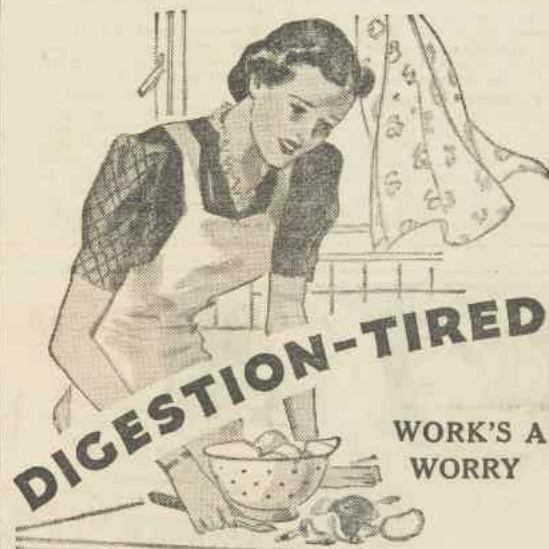
A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orizol Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

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Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. When you begin to prepare Benger's Food by adding the hot milk, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you drink it. Your system is therefore able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment in Benger's Food while your tired digestion rests. Have your first cup of Benger's Food to-day.

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Made in Cheshire, England.

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MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

FREE Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England) 200, George Street, Sydney.

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THESE RECIPES WIN PRIZES!

SELECTED by our cookery expert as the week's most interesting entries in our weekly best recipe competition—a fascinating contest open to everybody. Just send in your pet recipes.

THIS week first prize of £1 is awarded to a reader for her recipes for fruit syrups for using in drinks or ices—just the sort of fare you want at this time of the year.

Other recipes win consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

Remember that this competition is open to everybody. All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address and send in to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received for the week, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

FRUIT SYRUPS

Grape Juice: Remove stems from grapes and cover with water and an inch over, in a pan. Boil till soft enough to squeeze. To each quart of juice add eight lumps of sugar. Cut up. Heat well, and bottle while hot. Seal with sealing wax.

Passionfruit: Scoop pulp of 12 passionfruit into a large basin. Add 3 teaspoons tartaric acid. Boil 3 cups sugar in 3 cups water and pour over fruit. When cold place in bottles. It may be strained or have only some of the seeds removed.

Raspberry: To 2lb. raspberries, mashed, add 1 pint water, and stand

all night. Strain through muslin, and to each pint juice add 1 teaspoon tartaric acid and 1lb. sugar. Boil 20 minutes and just before removing from fire add 1 cup vinegar. Bottle when cold.

Orange: Peel 2 oranges thinly. Put juice of 3 oranges and the thin peeled rinds of 2 into saucepan and simmer gently for about 1 hour. Remove scum, strain, and when cold bottle closely.

Lemon: Roll each lemon by hand on the table for a few minutes, then squeeze juice into china jug. Add 1 pint water and 1lb. sugar to juice of 12 lemons. Boil in enamel saucepan for 10 minutes. Bottle and keep in cool place. Use best lemons only, always rejecting any with brown patch or ring at end, as they are always musty and spoil the flavor of the whole syrup.

Preserved Mint: For use with drinks or for any other purpose. Strip leaves and put in layers in glass jar with alternate layers of sugar, having the first layer sugar. Cover with greaseproof paper and tie tightly. When needed, take out what is required and tie down again. A leaf or two makes all the difference to the flavor of fruit drinks, especially milk shakes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss A. Rose, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.



KHAKI CAKE

Quarter-pound butter, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cocoa (level), 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 5oz. sugar, vanilla essence, pinch of salt, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Cream butter and sugar, then add eggs one at a time, beating each one well so that mixture is light and smooth-looking. Add cocoa mixed in milk, washing out cup with little more milk, add essence. Sift flour, salt, soda and cream of tartar well together, then put coconut with flour and powders and fold into mixture. Bake in sandwich tins for 20 minutes to 1 hour.

Make a filling with 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup icing sugar, some boiling water, and vanilla essence. Blend well. Spread a thin layer on top of cake and sprinkle with coconut. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. P. Adams, 56 Buckingham St., Richmond, Vic.

APRICOT MOULD

Two dozen apricots, 4oz. loaf sugar, 1 lemon jelly, 3oz. gelatine, 1 pint boiled custard, lemon juice.

Halve apricots and remove stones. Boil loaf sugar in 1 pint of water to a syrup. Put in the apricots. Remove 6 halves when partially cooked. Leave the remainder till quite soft, remove, and press through a fine sieve. Line a mould with lemon jelly and decorate it with the partially cooked apricots. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water. Mix apricot pulp and boiled custard together, add sugar and lemon juice to taste

SUMMERTIME is drink time and nothing is more refreshing in warm weather, especially after strenuous games, than a drink made from fresh fruit. On this page are recipes for fruit drinks.

and strain in the gelatine. Mix quickly and thoroughly. Turn into the prepared mould and keep on ice until firm.

Serve with custard or cream. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Dutton, 7 Southport St., Leederville, W.A.

JACK FROST SUNDAY

Three sliced bananas, 1 cup cherries, 1 tin shredded pineapple, 1 tablespoon chopped dates, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cherry syrup, vanilla ice-cream, whipped cream.

Mix the fruit with lemon juice and syrup and put a teaspoonful in the bottom of each sundae glass. Cover with a scoop of ice-cream, then with 1 tablespoon of whipped cream flavored with maraschino. Garnish each with a maraschino cherry and chopped pistachio nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Lily M. Merritt, Bourke and Liverpool Sts., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE FLIP

Equal quantities of tinned pineapple juice and ginger ale, sprig of mint, some thin slices of orange.

Chill the mixed pineapple juice and ginger ale. Serve with ice and garnish with the mint and orange slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Williams, 5 Milton St., Canterbury, Vic.

GINGER QUEEN

Stale sponge fingers, fruit juice or ginger syrup, ginger, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine.

Line a mould with some stale sponge fingers that have been soaked in the syrup from ginger, or in any fruit juice. Cut some pieces of ginger in small pieces and put in among the sponge fingers. Now make a custard with milk, eggs, and sugar. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water and add to the custard. Pour over the cake in the mould and set in ice-chest.

Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Spooner, 153 Pembroke Rd., Coorparua, Brisbane.

BEEF BIRDS

Three pounds round steak (cut thin), 1lb. pork sausages, carrots.

Pound round steak, and cut in 4-inch squares. Sprinkle each piece with salt and pepper and spread with sausage. Cut the carrots in lengthwise pieces and season. Place a length of carrot on each piece of meat. Roll tightly and tie the rolls with string. Brown the rolls well on all sides in hot fat. Add a little water, cover closely and cook in a moderate oven until the "birds" are tender. Remove string and arrange "birds" in rows in centre of plate; surround by potatoes which have been baked and cut in halves and seasoned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. J. Güllies, Noorat, Vic.

GOLDEN OAT BISCUITS

Half teaspoon vanilla, 1lb. melted butter, 1 teacup brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 2 teacups oatmeal, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Melt butter, add sugar, egg well beaten, oatmeal, flour, salt, and baking powder. Place on a cold, floured tray in small lumps with a spoon. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Aileen Frixzell, F.O., Warragul, Gippsland, Vic.

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BADLY burned saucepans will be easier to clean if soaked overnight in strongly-salted water. Before cleaning, heat the water slowly to boiling point.

ALUMINIUM kettles and saucepans keep as bright as new if they are rubbed over with steel wool and soap while still hot. A quick rub with brass polish will then give them a brilliant polish.

AFTER oiling the sewing-machine run a piece of blotting-paper through as you would material. This will absorb any surplus oil and save staining your fabrics.

SANDWICHES made with mustard, parsley or cress will taste much nicer if the mustard, etc., is thoroughly mixed in with the butter instead of being dabbed on in patches.

THERE is no need for tears when you are peeling onions if you hold them under running water from the tap, as this carries away all the fumes and odor.

TO prevent a new casserole from surface cracking, rub it round with a raw onion. Then fill with cold water and bring to the boil. Allow the water to cool off before emptying it, when it will be ready for use.

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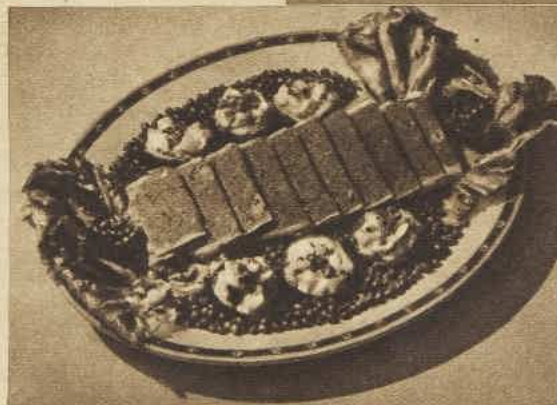
ABOVE: Hamburgers are a special treat when topped with poached eggs, chutney and capers. These are made with tinned corned beef.

BELOW: Suitable for supper, afternoon tea or high tea, cheese balls made in large quantities will keep fresh for months.



ABOVE: Lamb tongues in aspic are quickly prepared and make a tempting dish. The recipe is given on this page.

BELOW: Try serving camp pie with tomatoes stuffed with one of the delicious salads given on this page.



CAMP PIE WITH POTATO SALAD

Use the boiled dressing. Add little sugar and vinegar to taste. Chop onions very fine, cut boiled potatoes into dice and fold into the dressing. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve on crisp lettuce leaves or scooped-out tomato halves with sliced camp pie.

DANISH FRICASSEE OF LAMB TONGUES

One tin lamb tongues, 1 carrot, green peas, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon plain flour, milk, cheese, potatoes, parsley.

Peel and cut carrot into dice. Boil together with green peas in a little salted water. Make a sauce of butter, plain flour and water from it over the tongues and let set. Serve on shredded lettuce. Garnish with scooped-out tomato halves filled with green peas. Sprinkle the lettuce and tomatoes with a little vinegar mixed with a little salad oil.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, 4 eggs, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 large teacup milk, breadcrumbs. Bring flour and milk to boil. Add the butter and a little salt and boil till it thickens. Add the cheese and yolks of eggs. Stir over the fire, but do not boil. Take it off

boiled carrots, potatoes, green peas and macaroni and little lemon juice. Pile on crisp lettuce leaves, garnish with sliced tomatoes and mask with dressing. Serve with sliced corned beef.

CAMP PIE WITH BEACH SALAD

Tin camp pie, lemon juice and rind, eggs, potatoes, peas, gherkins, boiled dressing. Use boiled salad dressing (recipe above). Add a little lemon juice and grated lemon rind. Fold coarsely-chopped hard-boiled eggs, diced potatoes and green peas into the dressing.

Serve on crisp, chilled lettuce leaves or in scooped-out tomato halves. Sprinkle with chopped gherkins and a little paprika, and arrange on plate with sliced camp pie.

CAMP PIE WITH WALDORF SALAD

Tin camp pie, boiled dressing, celery, apples, walnuts, parsley.

Use the boiled dressing (recipe above). Add sugar and lemon juice to taste. Cut (don't chop) apples and celery into small pieces. Chop walnuts and mix together with the dressing. Sprinkle with paprika and chopped parsley.

Serve on crisp and chilled lettuce leaves or in scooped-out tomato halves with sliced camp pie.

"A TIN in the pantry is worth two at the grocer's" might well be the motto of the practical housewife who is never flustered by the arrival of unexpected guests or worried if she hasn't had time to shop or the butcher hasn't called.

There's nothing like a few tins of meat and fruit sitting on your shelves to give you peace, a ready smile, and relief from worry, not to mention the saving of time involved in such a domestic crisis. Here are recipes for using tinned meats that will give you main dishes for luncheon or dinner delicious enough for the most discriminating palate.

CORNED BEEF HAMBURGERS

One tin corned beef, 2 large boiled potatoes, 1 onion, eggs, tomato sauce or chutney, capers.

Mash the potatoes. Chop onion and tin of corned beef very fine, or put it through the mincer. Add to the mashed potatoes and beat well till very smooth. Make into small hamburger shapes and fry in butter. Place on flat dish with poached egg on each hamburger. On top of each egg pour tomato sauce or mango chutney and decorate with a few capers.

OLD-TIME SEA PIE

One tin corned beef, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 onion or leek, 2 large potatoes, bay leaves, peppercorns, 1lb. self-raising flour, 1lb. beef suet, parsley.

Peel carrot, parsnip, onion or leek and potatoes. Cut into rather large dice. Boil in little water in a large saucepan. When half-cooked add the corned beef, a few bay leaves and peppercorns. Make a dough with flour, finely chopped beef suet and a little water. Roll dough out 1-inch thick. Cut to fit inside saucepan. Make a little hole in the middle to let the steam boil through. Put it on top of ingredients in saucepan and let simmer for 20 minutes. Serve meat and vegetable on a flat dish. Garnish with the boiled pastry cut into slices. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

COLD SLICED CORNED BEEF

With Vegetable Salad and Boiled Salad Dressing.

For dressing: Yolks 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon salt flour, 1 teacup salad oil, vinegar, salt, boiling water.

To make dressing: Add butter in a saucepan. Add yolks. Cook for a few minutes. Add 1 teacup boiling water and let simmer 1 to 4 minutes. Let it cool, then add yolks of eggs, salt, vinegar, and beat till creamy. To serve: vegetable salad, use diced

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and add the whipped egg-whites. Grease small paper cups with butter and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Fill with soufflé and bake in rice warm oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve immediately on d'oyles.

CRUMB LAMB TONGUES WITH CREAMED SPINACH

One tin lamb tongues, egg, breadcrumbs.

Crumb the tongues in usual way. Dip them in beaten egg, then in the breadcrumbs and fry in saucepan with smoking dripping or lard.

Creamed Spinach: Spinach, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 cup milk, salt, sugar.

For creamed spinach take only the green leaves of the spinach. Boil in salted water and add a little carbonate of soda. When done, drain and press all the water out. Chop up very fine. Make a thick white sauce with the butter, plain flour and milk. Add salt and sugar to taste (it should taste rather sweet). Stir the spinach into the sauce.

Serve the tongues separately on paper d'oyles and the spinach in a vegetable dish. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters longwise.

LAMB TONGUES IN ASPIC

Tin lamb tongues, 1 teaspoon gelatine, lemon juice, hard-boiled eggs, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, peas, white of 1 egg, vinegar, salad oil.

Melt juice from tin of lamb tongues. Strain into a saucepan. Add a little water and lemon juice. Add gelatine. Put on stove and stir white of an egg whipped with a little water into it and bring to boil slowly. Line jelly mould with slices of hard-boiled eggs and slices of boiled carrots. Slice the tongues longwise and arrange inside the mould. Strain the aspic through a cloth and let cool a little, then pour it over the tongues and let set.

Serve on shredded lettuce. Garnish with scooped-out tomato halves filled with green peas. Sprinkle the lettuce and tomatoes with a little vinegar mixed with a little salad oil.

CHEESE SAVORY BALLS

One pound plain flour, 1lb. grated cheese, 1lb. butter, 1 egg, salt and paprika.

Cream the butter and cheese well. Sift the flour and mix all the ingredients together to a short paste. Roll into small balls. Fry in not-too-hot lard or oil in saucepan till they float. Drain on kitchen paper. These will keep for months.

...By...
MARY FORBES
● Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly



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PART 2



The Oldest Road

By D.G.
WARING

Australian
Women's Weekly
NOVEL
January 20, 1940

SUPPLEMENT—MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.



THE OLDEST ROAD

PART 2.

By D. G. WARING

THE STORY SO FAR:

JIM HAUGH, generally known as "Harry," is one of the keenest and most popular members of "Craddock's Own," a special branch of the British Secret Service, directed by SIR ARTHUR CRADDOCK.

"Craddock's Own" has found out that several serious international upheavals have been engineered by JUAN DELEGANA, President of the Occult Society of Comparative Thought, who, under pretence of guiding his "Brethren of the Rising Moon" through the mysteries of the Occult, is actually training them as tools for some great international coup.

All the members of the Service are intent on catching him red-handed, but investigating Delegana's Occult Lodges has already been the downfall of several men, and the latest victim is GREGORY, nicknamed "Griggs," who collapses in a state of nervous wreck.

To his own surprise, Jim is chosen to take his place; and his amazement increases when Gregory, after talking with him, says that he has great psychic ability; also that he himself will always be at hand to help him in his work.

To complete his amazement, when Jim is on a semi-official visit that night to LAWTHORP, Craddock's second-in-command, Gregory appears before him, tells him that Delegana is in London, then disappears. Jim subsequently learns that he had died just then; but often afterwards, in his times of greatest difficulty, he seems to hear Gregory advising him.

For his investigations, Jim is partnered with another member of "Craddock's Own," LADY AROON SOLWAY, nicknamed "Vic," who has worked her way into one of Delegana's lodges as secretary. They pose as a married couple, living at the lodgings of MRS. HAZEL, who is also connected with the Service; while "WEEKLY" REYNOLDS and "BERTIE" WYCHERLY, two of the most senior members, are also working with them.

Through Aroon, Jim meets PAYTON, Delegana's secretary, and then Delegana, who is instantly struck by his personality and psychic sensitivity. Thinking that Jim is quite ignorant of his own powers, he plans to use him as a tool, engages him as his chauffeur, then makes him a privileged member of his home at Elm Park Gardens—an exotic establishment, in which most of the servants are foreign.

An amazing time follows for Jim as Delegana's petted favorite. The man proves himself clever, charming, and utterly ruthless. His occult demonstrations are astounding and horrifying; his powers of

hypnotism are extraordinary. He draws into his fold MYRA CRAWFORD, in order to use her wealthy father, SIR HORACE CRAWFORD, as one of his tools; while a young man called BISHOP, belonging to a Secret Service Society of the "Imperial Britons," who attempts to spy on him, is promptly killed, as though by accident.

Many of his followers, too, freely associate with a dangerous society, the "World Revolutionary Group."

But ostensibly, all this time, Delegana is completely occupied in preparing to present to his followers an inspired young prophet, PABLO ALVAREZ, a beautiful foreigner. The followers are eagerly looking forward to the appearance of this "Beloved Child," little dreaming that Delegana actually bought him from his parents in order to use him as a prophet.

Needing another assistant in his work, Jim chooses "TOPSY" GOLDSMID, a Jew who is so unpopular that Jim's choice secretly surprises and delights him. Goldsmid has worked in the Occult before, calling himself Lewis, and by good luck, when he rejoins the Society of the Rising Moon, Delegana asks Jim to befriend him.

Jim also finds an ally in JOSHUA, a negro servant, who helps in the Occult demonstrations, but confides to Jim that he is really working for Delegana's destruction.

But Jim still has not found out exactly what sinister blow Delegana is preparing. He and Aroon and Wycherly are discussing it together one evening, when Delegana telephones to Jim to come straight to him.

NOW READ ON.

"No rest for the wicked," Jim said, as he replaced the receiver. "Our Juan has come up from Somerset and wants his Jaime to calm his blasted nerves. Some trouble in the home, I gather. He's much aggrieved because he tried to get in touch with me and failed. Must have been when we were yarning, Bertie."

"As you both heard, I gave Adam's good old excuse, and said the woman tempted me. He'll probably ask me to divorce Aroon. Well, so long all. For men must work, but in this case, luckily, there's no need for the woman to weep."

But that was just what Aroon did do the moment the front door banged behind him: cried quietly on Wycherly's sympathetic shoulder, and this time he did not lecture her but lighting a cigarette placed it gently between her lips.

"Dry up old lady."

Aroon mopped her eyes and smoked for a little before she managed a tremulous smile.

"Sorry, Cecil. I feel better, and wouldn't have come unstuck with anyone but you. I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself, but—Oh, Cecil—I'm so afraid for Jim!"

Instinctively Wycherly's hand went to his inner breast-pocket, where Jim's prosaically

worded report lay ready for delivery to Sir Arthur.

"I'd give a lot to be consoling," he said, "but, honest to goodness, Aroon, I am afraid, too."

ON the night of the Beloved's Duke's Hall meeting Jim was not too pleased to find himself put in charge of the front and most expensive seats. He would have preferred a less conspicuous position. Even though Aroon, who had been helping the General Secretary at C.T. headquarters, had told him of the unprecedented demand for tickets, he was surprised to see the crowds flocking into the hall.

"Fools and their money," he said to Goldsmid, when they met for a few minutes at the barrier which divided his section from the cheaper places. "I'd look at ten bob twice and then I wouldn't spend it on a show of this kind. Seems to be a hefty lot at the back, too."

"Standing-room only in the two-bob places," said Goldsmid. "I see you have Bertie and Myra Crawford among your lot."

"Yes. And quite a few of the crowd scattered over the building, too. I do hate working under the eye of the others. Anyone of interest in your section?"

"Kitty's here, with the nastiest-looking egg I've seen for a long time. They're in the seven-and-sixes, extreme right. Know him?"

Jim looked casually round the hall, and located Kitty, that lively member of "Craddock's Own," and her escort.

"I do. He's vice-chairman of the Battersby W.R.G. Got thrown out of his public school for starting a Communist paper there. I drove J.D. to his house on Tuesday night. Hence, I suppose Kitty—Hullo, it looks as if we were kicking off. Better get back to our stations."

With his usual superb showmanship, Delegana had chosen his first speaker well, for Miss Leah Brailford, English Secretary of the C.T., gave the lie direct to the persistent accusation that all the higher offices of the Society were held by persons of color.

Miss Brailford was definitely Nordic, from the crown of her ash-blond hair to the soles of her shapely, if somewhat out-sized, feet. A practised speaker, she held her audience without effort, and her summary of the aims and objects of Comparative Thought was concise and tinged with unexpected flashes of humor. Explained by her, the Society appeared to fill a long-felt want, uniting thinkers of every caste and creed in a collective march towards the goal of ultimate good.

"Our enemies have called us charlatans and cheats," finished Miss Brailford, her pleasant voice holding just the right amount

of feeling. "They have openly accused us of unsavory practices; of faking the messages received by the Inspired Child. We of the Comparative Thought Society, which embraces people of all colors, castes, and creeds, neither refute nor admit these accusations—we leave you to judge for yourselves."

"To-night we bring before you our young prophet, alone, unsupported by any of those who are popularly supposed to guide his every movement, so that you have every opportunity to condone or condemn as you choose."

The applause which greeted the end of her speech was spontaneous and enthusiastic. The sense of fair play, seldom absent from any English gathering, responded to this calm and gracious woman, whose lack of exaggeration had gone far towards removing the prejudice of many who had come to the Duke's Hall prepared to see Comparative Thought commit suicide in a spate of unintelligible redundancy.

Almost as she ceased speaking, half the lights in the hall were extinguished; footlights and other platform illumination went out altogether, and from the darkness came Aroon's beautiful voice, singing "Salute to the Moon," a song which the C.T. had adopted as what might have been termed their signature tune.

Then a spotlight was focused on the back of the platform, and in its ray appeared Pablo, halting as though abashed by the thunderous welcome accorded to his radiant youth. Clad in a white tunic closely resembling that in which the Christ Child had so often been depicted, he came slowly forward and began to speak.

Clear and low, yet so perfectly pitched that every word was audible in the last row of the gallery, he delivered the "message," and even Jim, who had heard it so often before, could not deny that it sounded impressive. In the school-room at Elm Park Gardens the words had seemed banal, but in this cleverly dramatised setting they were not without dignity.

Standing in the beam of light, his golden hair shining like a halo, this young Canario presented a perfect picture of pure young manhood, and few in that hall knew the picture was anything but true.

At his first words, a silence fell on the vast audience—a silence which remained unbroken till the end of the "message," when, for the first time, he smiled, holding out his bare, well-modelled arms in a gesture of welcome to any who wished to join the ranks of Comparative Thought. To the tumultuous applause, he bowed once, raised his hand in farewell, and left the platform as though deaf to the clamorous voices calling for his return.

Delegana, the next speaker, was heartily welcomed by the majority of the audience, though, at his appearance, a definite hiss made itself heard from the gallery and cheaper places at the back of the hall, growing in volume as he began to speak.

"My friends, you have seen the Inspired Child—"

"Inspired nothing!" shouted a voice. "We've seen your pretty boy, you murderer—"

Then showers of tiny paper bags fell from the gallery, bursting on impact, and filling the air with a choking dust of pepper. A rush was made at the platform, and Jim found himself barring the passage of two hefty Imperial Britons, who had already swept the feebly protesting Goldsmith from their path.

"Get back, you fools!" he warned them, "the police have been called in."

The youths hesitated; breaking up a meeting was one thing, being caught at it by the law was quite another. But there were others made of sterner stuff, and above the uproar and rush of people pushing for the exits could be heard the bang and scuffle of fighting men, as a small squad, part of an organised band generally employed to protect Communist meetings or break up those of political or patriotic parties with whom they did not agree, bore down upon the Imperial Britons.

Had the former been in greater strength, none of the latter party would have reached the platform; but they were only a handful, since all the picked toughs of their organisation were engaged that night in acting guard at a W.R.G. rally. So the Imperial Britons outnumbered the "Revolutionary Guard" by at least six to one.

Jim felt his place was on the platform, where Delegana stood with folded arms looking disdainfully down at the melee, Aroon by his side. He and the leading Briton reached the platform simultaneously, just as Delegana caught Aroon by the arm and, under the pretence of protecting her, thrust her between himself and his assailant. Quick as thought, Jim seized the man by his collar and swung him into the arms of Joshua, who, picking him up, dumped him back into the hall, to land unceremoniously in the lap of a stout lady sitting as though frozen to her seat in the front row.

"Stay put, big boy," Jim heard the negro say, "if you don't want to lose your front teeth—"

The Imperial Briton stayed.

Whirling Aroon clear of two fresh attackers, Jim caught a flash in Delegana's hand, and was just in time to give his wrist a sharp twist which sent the knife spinning across the floor to Aroon's feet, where she instantly covered it with her skirt. It was as he turned to face the next rush of the "Britons" shock troops that he saw the police had arrived, and knew by their numbers that they must have been held in reserve.

He was sorry to note that some of the more hot-headed members of what was, after all, a patriotic organisation, were resisting the officers of the law. He would like to have shown the man with whom he had been exchanging blows a quick way of escape, but Delegana was too close behind to risk even a slight show of sympathy with those who had brought the meeting to such an untimely close.

It was Joshua who drove Delegana and Pablo back to Elm Park Gardens after the hall had been cleared, leaving Payton and Jim to deal with police inspectors, Press reporters, and the management of the Duke's Hall, while Aroon and Miss Trailford were kept busy answering anxious inquiries as to the safety of the Inspired Child and "our beloved President."

When at last Jim left the hall with Aroon and Payton, he found Wycherly awaiting them at a side door.

"Myra Crawford sent me back with her car," he explained to Payton. "She thought it would be more comfortable for you three than a taxi. Will you and Mrs. Hogan get in the back, Payton? I want Hogan with me, because I've only been once to Mr. Delegana's house and am not dead certain of the way."

Payton, more weary than he cared to admit, sank back on the cushions beside

Aroon, quite unaware of any ulterior motive in the seating arrangements.

"Oh, very clever, Bertie!" said Jim, as the car drew away from the kerb. "Your own car, if I remember right, has an interior drive! How did you shake off the chauffeur?"

"Threw him out as soon as we left Myra's home. He'd been on duty since ten this morning, and was glad enough to get off. A little judicious greasing of the palm ensured his leaving her garage open for me. I bet he looks for hairslides and powder-puffs in the car to-morrow morning! I say, does this Payton laddie thought-read?"

"Not with me, anyway."

"Good. Look here, the Chief wants you for a conference to-night. Can you manage to get along?"

"I'll try. Where is it to be?"

"At his own house. Nice and handy for you. Any time after midnight will do."

"I ought to be able to manage that. Who's covering me?"

"Lulu. He's on observation at Elm Park Gardens now."

"Good heavens! Talk about an all-star cast! There doesn't seem to be one junior even on the outskirts of this job!"

"There isn't. Did he but know, J.D. has more experts tailing him and his little games than have ever been shovelled on to one man before. He ought to feel flattered, darn him! By the way, have you heard about the Incubator?"

"No. What happened to it?"

"Going to be moved into the country—to some house they've bought cheap. The Chief is rather braced; thinks the Grubs' health will improve by being out of town."

"I agree there," said Jim, "but what will he do for extra tuition? He won't be able to rope us in so easily."

"Don't you be too sure. The Great Man isn't going to give up his favorite vice for the sake of a little petrol. We'll find ourselves being rushed down there in plain vans to carry on as before. Of course, there will have to be a resident headmaster, commandant, or whatnot. You'd better apply for the post, Harry, since you're so devoted to the Grubs."

"I would, like a shot, if I were older; but I can't see myself getting out of the active side of the game before I need, can you?"

"I suppose not," replied Wycherly, uncomfortably conscious that the end of his present job might see Jim more thoroughly out of the game than he anticipated. A feeling he had found to be shared by everyone at present working on S.O.

They dropped Aroon at No. 11, and on reaching Elm Park Gardens Payton insisted on Wycherly's coming in for a drink. Delegana, outwardly unruffled as if the meeting had passed off without incident, made him very welcome, thanking him graciously for his kindness in giving Payton a lift.

"As you may have observed, Mr. Wycherly," he said, "my house is now under police protection. Two large constables patrol the pavement before the gate, lest the ferocious 'Britons' are tempted to try assault and battery! For me, I appreciate neither their attentions nor those of the newspaper reporters to whom I have refused interviews. Still, I suppose when in Rome one must conform to Roman customs."

"Quite," responded Wycherly with well-bred vacuity. "Best to keep on the right side of the jolly old law, what? . . . I say, fine show to-night. That young What's-name was hot stuff, wasn't he?"

Winning a little at this description of

THE OLDEST ROAD

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

the Beloved, Delegana said he hoped the boy had fulfilled the expectations of those present, and offered the visitor another drink.

The Honorable Cecil Wycherly might be worth cultivating, since hereditary titles, especially vintage ones, would lend an air of stability to the C.T. social gatherings. Delegana was fully aware of the value of a good shop window. But he was obviously very tired, and after Wycherly had gone Jim had no difficulty in persuading him to go to bed, frustrating the expected suggestion that his "Jaime" should stay the night with the announcement that he wanted to get back to Aroon, whom he said had been rather shaken by the trouble at the meeting.

"Go, then," said Delegana, somewhat peevishly. "If I have great need of you I will call you to my side later, Jaime."

"Oh, will you," thought Jim, and went in search of his dusky friend.

"Look here, Joshua," he said, "I particularly want a night at home, and it won't suit me at all if J.D. starts bawling for me before I'm properly asleep."

Joshua's smile was as childlike as the absurd language in which he and Jim were talking.

"That guy won't do no calling before morning, Bwana—I served the coffee!"

"Joshua, you think of everything! But the best-laid schemes go wonky sometimes, you know; and if J.D. should happen to wake up, telephone Mrs. Hogan, she'll know where to find me."

"Okay. I somehow figured you'd be slipping away to see your own officers after the bust-up to-night. I'll see you don't get no call-up from J.D.—Bwana."

It was with some difficulty that Jim concealed the surprise he felt. By addressing him as "Bwana," Joshua had clearly defined their positions as that of master and man.

"You see too much, Joshua," he said lightly. "So much, in fact, that I look forward to the day when I'll be able to take you into my full confidence. Till then, we'll just have to take each other on trust. Cheerio!"

He told Aroon about it when he called in at No. 11 to tell her where he was going, giving full significance to the value of Joshua as an ally.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather when he brought out that 'Bwana'!" he said, "and when I looked back from the end of the street I'm hanged if he wasn't giving the salute which his maternal ancestors must have given when swearing fealty to their chief! I say, Aroon, I've an idea you don't care much about my latest adherent."

"He's so black!"

"So, according to rumor, was Ham, but he got a place in the Ark in spite of it! I don't know what I'd do without Joshua now. I've got used to him. He's a sort of universal provider—provides everything from ghosts at Bascombe to an easy getaway from Elm Park Gardens when I want one. Don't forget what I once told you about books and their covers, my dear. What's the matter with you to-night, Aroon?"

"Nothing. I'm feeling a bit inadequate, that's all."

"You weren't inadequate at the meeting. The way you whisked your skirt over that knife was the neatest thing I've seen for a long while. Our J.D. is a nasty devil when roused, and it would never have done

for anyone else to catch on to his attempted knife-play."

"Why should we have to keep him out of trouble, Jim?"

"Because the time is not yet ripe for him to get into it. We don't want to win skirmishes at the expense of the big battle. Even if he had been convicted of a knife assault, what real harm would it have done him? A clever counsel could have made it sound quite reputable. Hot Spanish blood, defence of a woman member, etc., etc. He had plenty of provocation, remember, and only you and I know he tried to use you as a shield. No—I'm wrong, Joshua saw it too, but then, that darky sees everything."

"I think, Jim, I'm becoming a bit jealous of Joshua."

"And J.D. has already become jealous of you! I seem doomed to live under the shadow of the green-eyed goddess! Pity I haven't time to cultivate a jealousy complex myself, centring on Blaster and Mrs. Hazel! Gosh! Is that the time? I must be off!"

"Oh, Jim, is it safe for you to go?"

"Perfectly. Lulu is covering me, and I back him to keep any Nory Parker fully occupied. To hear him holding an unwanted snooper's attention by asking him the way to some distant spot made still more difficult by his mispronunciation of the name is an education in itself! Reliable as his native Rock, that fellow."

"So long, Aroon. If any night reporters ring you up, be sure and rub in how J.D. saved you from being manhandled by infuriated I.B.'s. You'll feel sick doing it, but it's all for the good of the cause."

In the street, he gave a backward glance to make sure that Ricci was following him, and set off for Sir Arthur Craddock's house in the Boltons. Having reached the back-garden gate, and received the "you are unobserved" signal from Ricci, he opened the gate, and a "routine" man conducted him to Sir Arthur's study.

The Chief looked up from what Jim recognised as one of his own reports and nodded casually, as though hours, not months, had elapsed since he made direct contact with his junior.

"Good stuff, this, Harry," he said, glancing again at Jim's report of a recent meeting at which he had figured prominently with Delegana, and of one speaker in particular. "You're earning your pay all right. You were wise in handing on 'Brother Germany' of the World Revolutionary Brotherhood. He is one of Von Ritter's men."

"I thought so, sir." For a moment, Jim's mind went back to that memorable evening at Lawther's home, and he remembered how the second-in-command had referred to Von Ritter as "one of the only Continental 'hush' Chiefs who ever dream of pooling international information before it is dead cold." He continued: "The report he read at the meeting where I acted stop-gap interpreter struck me as far too innocuous for the Munich branch. His fellow-members did too. I was afraid he was in for trouble."

"If he hadn't bolted straight for our headquarters he would have been. The more especially as his department had failed to notify us of his visit to this country, a fact which I have not failed to point out to his father."

Jim gasped. "His father! That's why I thought there was something vaguely familiar about his face. If you remember,

sir, I was on 'routine' at your Newbury house when General von Ritter was staying with you two summers ago."

"Did he ever see you?"

"No, sir. There was always a convenient shrub or something between us."

"Confound it!" said Sir Arthur. "That means I shall have to do a thing I hate, and introduce one of my men, as such, to an agent of another country. It also means you'll have to avoid Central Europe in future; Rolf von Ritter is far too well trained to forget you."

"Can't be helped, sir. You once said we can't make omelettes without breaking eggs. I'll just have to be the egg this time, that's all."

"Quite enough, too," remarked Sir Arthur dryly. "I have a preference for using less valuable materials."

The color which surged over Jim's face was not produced by his usual methods. Praise from the Chief was as rare as it was highly valued.

"Now, Harry," went on Sir Arthur. "I want you to help me to convince our guest that any premature move on the part of his country in regard to the C.T. and W.R.G. will be fatal to world peace. I've done what I can, but you have the inside knowledge. Come along and see if you can pull it off."

The young man who was waiting in the next room cut a very different figure to that which Jim had seen at the Brotherhood meeting. During the two days he had been under Sir Arthur's roof he had, with the assistance of the artist known as "Pake" in Craddock's Own, removed all trace of his recent incarnation as a Revolutionary Brother.

It would have been hard for an untrained observer to have recognised the soiled and dishevelled "Brother Germany" in this well-dressed man, his dark hair smooth and shining, his determined jaw closely shaved. Certainly he looked anything but German, and Jim remembered hearing that General von Ritter's mother had been Italian.

"Since you two know each other already," said Sir Arthur, "introductions are unnecessary. Yes, Rolf, this is the man as he really is. Hogan is working as himself. We sometimes find that the best method."

The German's eyes widened. Evidently he looked upon such a method as another example of British lunacy.

"Did you spot me at once, Mr. Hogan?" he asked in faultless English.

"Not exactly. I was a bit suspicious that you knew more English than you gave out, that's all. I suppose you caught on to me when I warned you not to hold out entirely against Delegana's general hypnotism?"

For a moment the other hesitated, national pride of infallibility warring with individual honesty.

"I cannot lay claim to that," he said at last. "I thought you were one of the ordinary W.T.G. who didn't care for the occult side. There are plenty such, you know."

"You're telling me," replied Jim. "Only a very small proportion of genuine occultists are political, but they are the dangerous ones, and our only chance of getting at the root of the trouble is to work through them."

"The occult is mixed up in something which is going to make bad trouble for every non-Communist nation. Von Ritter, and we'll have to watch our step very carefully if we're to find out what form that trouble is going to take. If any of us make

a premature move we'll only drive them underground, and then good-bye to any chance of smashing the trouble-makers for the next ten or twenty years."

"We are smashing them," said Von Ritter. "In the past three months we have unearthed and closed down five W.R.G. Lodges, banned the Comparative Thought Brotherhood, and imprisoned fifty leading Comparatives. Now, if you, too—"

"That, Rolf, my boy, is where we disagree," broke in Sir Arthur, "but I think Hogan can explain better than I. He is, as you know, working as Delegana's chauffeur-companion—has been since before Christmas. He holds high degrees in the Order of the Rising Moon, so is qualified to know what he is talking about. I am, incidentally, putting his life in your hands by introducing him to you under his own name and identity."

"It is safe, Sir Arthur," said Von Ritter formally.

Inwardly, Jim was smiling. No one, he thought, could lie so convincingly as the chief. That "under his own name" sounded so frank and ingenuous.

"Go on, Hogan," said Sir Arthur, and lighting his pipe sat back to watch the duel. Listening to them, he thought what a wonderful combination could be made by the youth of the two nations working together to preserve the peace of Europe; for they were very evenly matched, and each put forward his own particular method of dealing with world revolution with a clarity and fervour worthy of the cause.

"I see your point, Von Ritter," said Jim finally, "and I agree it's right to crush sedition at its inception if you are going to root it out that way. If, But you must remember, you're not dealing with the W.R.G. alone. They are cunning enough, goodness knows, but they're babes unborn when compared with Delegana and his crowd."

"Exactly. Therefore, each day you leave them at liberty they strengthen their organisations and increase their membership."

Almost unconsciously they had lapsed into a curious lingua franca, mixing English and German with a freedom which would have been utterly unintelligible to men who were not thoroughly at home in both languages. Yet so fluent was either man in the other's tongue that at times it would have been hard to say which was the Britisher and which the German.

"Go on as you're doing," argued Jim. "Crush the W.R.G. now in Central Europe, prescribe the C.T., and proclaim to the world that you've done it—what will be the result? None of us will get at the big plan they've got up their sleeve."

Silent in his chair, Sir Arthur left the battle to youth. Jim, he knew, could be trusted to stick to his guns with true Ulster tenacity. And the German was no mean antagonist, contesting every inch of what he was beginning to realise looked like a losing fight. Under the stress of feeling he fell back into the troubled waters of his own language, where, without hesitation, Jim followed, and the crack and splutter of Teutonic idiom left even Sir Arthur guessing. And then, without warning, Von Ritter capitulated, turning to Sir Arthur with a gesture which betrayed the Latin in his make-up.

"He wins, Sir Arthur, but only because, where this devilish occult is concerned, he knows so much more than I." He raised the glass Sir Arthur handed him. "I drink to you, even if you have given me the

difficult task of persuading my authorities to—as you put it—'go slow'. When does this camp in Holland take place?"

"Tail-end of July and the beginning of August; the big days are to be on the third, fourth and fifth—the fourth... Good lord, Von Ritter, have you got there, too?"

"The fourth of August," repeated Von Ritter slowly.

It was then Sir Arthur spoke, and never had Jim heard his voice hold such a depth of feeling.

"Boys, it mustn't happen—and you are the ones to prevent it!"

With a click of his heels Von Ritter sprang to attention.

"Rest assured, Sir Arthur, that I, for one, will do all I can, and I feel certain Hogan will say the same."

"I do," said Jim, somewhat less dramatically, and added beneath his breath, "God being my helper."

AS Jim had foretold, the breaking up of the Duke's Hall meeting gave Comparative Thought a great deal of sympathetic publicity. "Fair Play," "A Woman Voter" and "Pro Bono Publico" made their usual appearance in the correspondence columns of the daily Press, and on all sides the Imperial Britons were condemned for their unsporting action.

At the subsequent police court proceedings Delegana also came out well, and his restrained dignity was a marked contrast to the hectoring manner of the I.B.'s solicitor, who was also a member of their Organisation. Aaron and Jim made admirable if unexciting witnesses, and Joshua, looking enormous in the canopied witness-box, provided a welcome touch of comedy.

When Delegana's solicitor pleaded, on his client's behalf, for leniency towards "these young men, who had only acted on orders given by the senior officers of the Imperial Britons," applause in Court was only suppressed with difficulty.

A small public meeting of the C.T. held that evening was packed to overflowing, and all over the country membership increased beyond the capacity of existing Lodges. New branches were formed everywhere, and money flowed to headquarters like mountain streams in spate.

With his never-failing flair for striking the right note, Delegana only let Pablo appear on rare occasions, and was careful to see that any speaker on a Comparative platform adhered rigidly to the public policy laid down by the President himself. Where the members of his Organisation were concerned, Delegana was a stern dictator.

As winter merged into spring, and the spring days lengthened to early summer, the scope and magnitude of Delegana's activity filled Jim with an apprehension very near to fear. There were so many and terrible ramifications to the occult societies, and in those which were under the C.T. control many of the higher degree members openly claimed allegiance to the World Revolutionary Group, or even more dandy kindred organisations.

Also the amount of genuine magic practised in the Lodges disgusted him, and though he was now a near-adept himself, he never fully understood the manifestations, which, he felt certain, were devil-inspired.

Despite some adverse comment among members of long standing, the President of Comparative Thought had insisted upon rushing his Irish favorite through the Moon degrees till, by the beginning of May, he

stood on the threshold of becoming an "Aspirant King." And with his progress through the degrees he saw how strong a hold occultism had upon its devotees, how unquestioning was their obedience to its dictates even in their everyday lives.

Already the churches were becoming anxious; sermons were preached warning congregations of the dangers of quasi-religious occult orders, and articles on the same subject appeared in every church periodical. Yet the spread of Comparative Thought continued.

On the evening of Jim's initiation to the "Kings" Delegana called him into his study and read him the obligations of the Order, an unprecedented condescension on the part of the Great Chief Brother, such routine work being unusually left to a junior officer.

"Following our unbreakable custom, Jaime," he said, "you will keep vigil, fasting, from now till midnight, the hour of your initiation."

"Joshua is waiting to drive you to the Temple, where you will remain alone till the guards come to conduct you to your Entrance. May the Masters deal gently with you, my beloved brother."

He drew Jim to him and kissed his forehead, eyes, and cheek, his frame shaken by an emotion he could not control.

"I march to my appointed destiny," he murmured, "but not, as I once feared, alone. In the serene future of a world ruled by intellect and understanding you will be by my side. Now go, Jaime into."

Never had Jim obeyed an order more thankfully, and the sight of Joshua's shining black face at the window of the car was a very welcome one.

"No, you carry on," he said in response to his offer of the wheel. "You are one of the few people I trust to drive me, and I want to think. Where are you taking me?"

"Hamptstead, Bwana, and don't you get worrying about this 'King' racket. Your ole Uncle Josh will be acting sponsor for you."

"Good. Joshua, there are times when I feel this thing is getting too big for me."

"The Lord don't never try a man beyond his strength," was the quiet reply. "And you're like this yer auto, plenty of giz in reserve, Bwana Jim."

"Thanks," said Jim. "You've done me good, Josh. I was feeling beastly sick when I came out, and, dirty as it is, I felt like plunging into the Serpentine to try and wash off J.D.'s filthy brotherly kisses."

The dark face beside him was expressionless, but into Joshua's eyes leapt a sinister gleam, the killer-light which had so often shone beneath the war-paint of his African forbears.

"The mills of God grind slowly, Bwana, but when they gets going this time, they ain't going to leave enough of J.D. to fill a lady's powder-compact."

They were crossing the bridge as he spoke, and he swung the car by the Magazine, drawing her up behind a line of others, whose occupants were strolling in the Park or rowing themselves in hired boats on the brown waters. Switching off the engine, he leaned over to the back seat and produced a basket containing sandwiches and a flask.

"You eat, Bwana," he said. "You'll need your wits good and snappy to-night, and I ain't aiming for you to keep no fast. I'll watch out none of them sneaking Comparatives don't catch you."

Gratefully Jim made a hasty meal, washed down with excellent cognac — purloined, Joshua told him, with the connivance of the servant Matteo.

"That gink thinks a whole lot of you, Bwana. I wouldn't trust him any distance, but he'll not try any low-down with me around. Folks ain't over-ready to make a sucker of Josh White, I'll tell the world."

The Park looked very lovely in the clear light of the spring evening, and Jim would have given much to stay, but they dared not let too much time elapse between their departure from Fulham and subsequent arrival at Hampstead.

Nirvana, as the name painted on the gate-post above the official number designated it, was a big detached house standing well back from a quiet street, the surrounding garden giving ideal privacy for occult purposes.

As the car drew up before the ornate portico the front door opened and a very old man came to the top of the stairs, holding out trembling hands to Jim.

Welcomes, little brother," he quavered, in the high "chi-chi" of a Eurasian. "You come verree quicklee, not keeping old man waiting." He peered down at the car and thrust out his underlip derisively. "Send that nigger away," he demanded.

But Joshua had already engaged first gear, and the car moved quietly towards the roadway.

"You coming with me," said the dotard, and led Jim into the house.

Following his wavering ascent of a fine staircase, Jim was ready to catch him if he fell, but somehow he reached the first landing in safety.

"Getting old," he explained; "I'm getting old, little brother."

Jim thought he was using the wrong tense, but refrained from comment, feeling that an encouraging smile would best meet the case.

"You waiting here. Very good place for meditation; nothing disturbing influences. You going in."

He tugged with both skinny hands at a crystal knob and half a double door slid back, revealing a large bare room, decorated with the usual Comparative paintings of auras, interlaced triangles, tail-holding serpents, and large five-pointed stars.

"The Meditation Room," announced the old man and drew the door to behind Jim, with a click which told it could not be opened from within. Somewhere in the distance a clock struck eight. Four solid hours before the initiation was due to begin!

On the landing, shuffling footsteps indicated that his guide was going towards the air-head, and every effective light went out with a suddenness suggesting outside control, leaving only a blue-globed bulb to shed an eerie glow over the room.

"Afraid I might spend the time reading a comic paper, I suppose," said Jim to himself, and went over to the heavily-curtained window.

Outside, the birds were still chirping amidst the overgrown shrubs of the garden, but the window covered by that light-resistant curtain let in no evening freshness, for it was of double glass, ventilation being obtained through glass slats set high out of reach. The authorities of Comparative Thought were evidently not risking attempted suicide on the part of initiates-to-be.

Sealing himself on the only piece of furniture in the room, a low divan, upholstered hard as a board, Jim realised how his period of waiting would affect a genuine occultist on the brink of "King" initiation.

To nerves taut-strung, taking their toll from a devitalised body, this dim light

would hold lurking terrors. The charge which Delegana had read laid special stress on the danger of possession by lurking spirits of darkness, lying in wait to trap the ego of the vigil-keeping initiate. It would be easy for an overstrained imagination to see strange shapes in the shadowed corners.

Six months ago Jim would have scoffed at the possibility of modern magic being effective; now he knew his soon to have been that of ignorance. The higher Moon degrees had shown him that the modern occultist was every bit as good (or bad) a magician as his colleague of the Middle Ages, and quite as capable of exerting influence by suggestion.

Thinking of these things, he remembered Gregory, and his warning against the "Kings" and the higher occult degrees. Thought, too, of the pitiful little urn which had carried his ashes to his Derbyshire home—Gregory, who had died almost in harness.

"Griggs, old man," he whispered, "I'm going against your advice, but, honestly, there was no way out."

And though he heard no voice and saw no manifestations, he knew that Gregory approved of his action.

Glancing at his watch, he saw that only fifteen minutes of his "vigil" had passed; so, setting his mental alarm for eleven-thirty, he lay down on the comfortable divan, pillowed his head on his arm, and went instantly to sleep.

He woke to the sound of footsteps on the stairs. The house seemed to be full of people, and a murmur of voices told him that some form of assembly was taking place in the room below.

The clock he had heard before was chiming the half-hour, and almost immediately the door opened, to admit three figures robed in crimson silk, their eyes gleaming through the hoods which masked their faces.

Two of them carried swords, unadorned and razor-sharp, while the third, recognisable as Joshua by his height and walk, carried a scroll in a hand gloved in silk of the same hue as his robe.

All three gave Jim the sign of the "Ultimate Moon" degree, and Joshua began to read from the scroll, addressing Jim by all the occult titles he had acquired during his passage through the Moon degrees. This done, one of the guards slipped his sword into a scabbard case in crimson velvet, and stepped up in front of Jim.

"Remove your clothing," for the voice behind the concealing hood was that of a woman.

"All?" was the inexorable reply, "And clothe yourself in this."

The verb "to clothe" seemed to Jim to be wrongly used, for "this" proved to be a triangle of red silk.

"It is a command."

"Very well," said Jim.

He undressed with as much dignity as was possible for a man disrobing in the presence of two complete strangers, one of whom he knew to be a woman, and, putting on what he supposed must be the occult equivalent of a fig-leaf, solemnly folded his discarded clothing and placed it on the divan. Then, feeling if he had to leave off his wrist-watch it would be the last straw, he turned to face the waiting guards. Mercifully neither of them appeared to notice that his left wrist was better dressed than his companion.

The same guard brought from the folds of her robe another silk object, and for a moment he thought he was about to

receive a spare garment, till he realised he was about to be blindfolded. The woman guard was evidently an expert, for though the silk seemed scarcely to rest on his eyelids, the knot was so firm that there was no possibility of his seeing even the faintest change of light around him.

Then a hand, gloved in silk, took his, and he was led from the room, down the stairs and along a passage, a journey reminiscent of his dark walk with Delegana behind the walls of Bascombe Manor. Then down again, till his naked feet touched stone. The "Kings" were holding their meeting in the basement. A head, someone knocked on a door, three knocks in a series of six—six, the number of the Beast, and from within came the challenge:

"Who knocks?"

And Joshua's reply: "Who answers?"

"The Outer Guard of the Eastern Temple. Do ye seek admission?"

"We do, O Guard of the Sacred Portal."

"Who are ye?"

"Sponsor and Guards of one James Francis Hogan, finished Initiate and near-Adept of the Rising Moon."

"Enter each singly, and prove yourselves Brothers."

One by one Jim's companions were admitted, and when they had all returned he was led into what he thought must be an ante-room, for he sensed the confining walls. Then he heard the Outer Guard knock again, and answer the challenge from within. "Three proved King Brethren seek admission. They have with them a candidate whom they would offer to the Kings assembled. O Brother Inner Guard."

"Robe them, and let the Sponsor enter."

Soft shufflings told that some change in, or addition to, the apparel of his guard was taking place, and for an instant a large hand closed on his in a friendly pressure. Joshua was standing by.

"Inner Guard of the Temple, I pass to you our King and Brother, who sits on the first step of the Dais."

"Enter, King and Brother."

It seemed to Jim that Joshua was away a long time, and, aware of the silent forms standing motionless on either side of him, he felt an insane wish to laugh. If the Incubator could see their teacher at this moment!

At last the door opened once more and he was conducted into the temple, his guards halting him in, he imagined, the centre of the room, while Joshua gave him the initiation charge.

"James Francis Hogan, is it of your own free will and desire that you seek to assume the honor and responsibility of Kingship?"

"It is."

"Having entered these portals, are you prepared to undergo such trials and tests as the Ruling Kings may think fit?"

"I am."

"Brother Hogan, High Initiate of the Moon, it is not yet too late to withdraw with honor."

"And with honor I wish to remain."

"Fully understanding that the obligations you are about to undertake may not be broken to this incarnation, the penalty for so doing being death?"

"Of this I am fully aware, and it is my earnest desire to continue."

On the Dais, Delegana stirred uneasily on his gilded throne. He had seen many aspirants standing in the centre of that square, pitifully revealed, and cringing in the knowledge that civilisation had done nothing to improve their physical imperfections. True, Joshua had stood like an

ebony statue, but Jim was the first European to show beauty in his nakedness.

Erect, his coppery hair clashing with the crimson bandage across his eyes, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his athletic body, every movement showing the ripple of muscle beneath skin of that dazzling whiteness which so often goes with red hair, he might have posed for a model of young manhood.

Fiercely possessive, Delegana resented the obvious admiration in the faces around the Temple. With an almost violent gesture, he cut short the time usually allowed for the "showing" of a candidate, and began the ceremony in a voice which was unwontedly harsh.

"Brethren and fellow Kings, ye have both seen and heard the Aspirant before ye. Is it your wish that he be admitted to our Order?"

"It is."

"Any Brother dissenting?"

For a moment there was silence. Then a woman's voice, thin and sweet, said in French:

"I do."

"Your reason, Brother?"

"He is too young—and too beautiful."

"Your protest stands, King and Brother, and shall be laid before the Aspirant himself . . . Brother Hogan, speaking in the Rays of the Moon, do you understand the French tongue?"

"I do, Honored Brother."

"You have heard what the protesting Brother has said. Do you consider yourself too young to enter this Order?"

"I am twenty-seven years of age, Honoured Brother."

"Or too beautiful?"

A smile passed over the bandaged face. "While thanking the protesting Brother for the compliment, I fear I must disagree, Honoured Brother."

"Then, with one dissentient, the acceptance stands?"

"Aye!"

"According to the unbreakable rules of harmonious Kingship, the protesting Brother will be asked to withdraw until after the Ceremony of Initiation. The Guards will conduct him from the Temple, and he will be detained by the Outer Guard till we recall him to the Circle."

When the ceremony began in earnest, Jim understood what Gregory had meant by a "foul initiation." There was an indignity and degradation about the tests which made him realise why so many aspirants failed in their first and often subsequent attempts to pass into the "Kings."

Some of the "tests" were childish in the extreme; one, wherein he was stabbed just above the heart, decidedly painful.

And through it all he could feel the pulsating waves of hypnotic influences dashing against his mental defences in an effort to overthrow them. Absorbed in the task of resisting these influences, yet not so much as to arouse suspicion, he went through each action mechanically, unconsciously conscious the while of the hatefully affectionate praises communicated to him by Delegana.

At last the Initiation was over, he was led forward to the foot of the Dais and heard Delegana ask the brethren:

"Has the Aspirant done well, O Kings?"

"He has."

"Then let a King of the Outer Court say what shall be his place in the Temple."

"He shall sit in the Third Sign of the

Serpent, Brother King and Supreme Ruler, for the tally shows no failure in the tests."

"Complete 'A' card," was Jim's mental comment. "I'm coming on!"

"So be it, Brother Sponsor, swear fealty for your Initiate."

"Supreme Ruler of the Order"—Joshua's thick voice made the words sound doubly impressive—"Deputy Brother Prince Regent, Kings and Brethren all, I do now declare before ye all that I stand sponsor for our Brother's fealty to the Order of the Eastern Kings. And, having sworn, should he in any way betray aught of what he may hear within the Temple, or at any meeting called or convened by the Order, or seek to withdraw from our great and mystic company, I will deprive him of life in this incarnation with my own hands, and in such a manner that he may hereafter remember his passing. And may all the Mysteries and Powers bear witness to this oath."

"Unbind him."

The bandage fell from Jim's eyes and he found himself standing before the Dais, looking up across three wide, shallow steps to Delegana, enthroned, and wearing a purple robe heavily worked in silver, on his head a silver diadem encrusted with what appeared to be rubies.

Around him, seated on smaller thrones, wearing crowns which bore only a single crimson stone in front, were the three Sub-Rulers, and on the steps, in order of their respective degrees, Brethren of both sexes who had reached the Royal Dais. With one accord, they stretched out their hands towards him, taking their time, it seemed, from Delegana.

"Welcome, King and Brother!"

"Face your Brethren!"

Too interested now to be conscious of his scanty attire, Jim turned about and looked down the long, low-ceilinged room which, judging by the archway bleaching his roof, had been formed by knocking the basement sitting-room and kitchen into one.

The "Kings" sat in a circle round the walls, not as in Moon Lodges, on stools, but erect in dignified high-back chairs, their hands resting in ritual positions along the carved arms. They wore robes of a lighter shade than those on the Dais, a purple that was almost mauve, the hoods thrown back to reveal their faces, and on each head was a diadem of black enamel decorated in front with a crown, beautifully wrought in tiny garnets.

"Welcome, Brother and King!"

A forest of arms was raised in salute, and looking round the faces, Jim saw Gold-smid seated half-way down the room, and farther on, nearer the far side of the circle, Aroon.

"Conduct our Brother King to his Robing."

Joshua stepped forward, the Guards sheathed their swords, and Jim, pivoting smartly on his unshod heel, walked between them to the door. He left the Temple as few present had ever seen a new initiate go: Shoulders squared, his shining head unbowed.

When he returned, robed and crowned like the others, he was astonished to find himself conducted to a chair close to Gold-smid's, far nearer the Dais, he noticed, than was Aroon's. Then he remembered the ruling as to his ritual position and concluded that an Initiate's seat in the Temple depended on the way in which he passed the tests. Later, he discovered this to be correct.

Once he had been instructed in the signs

and passwords of the Order, it seemed to Jim that the ordinary ritual workings of the Entrails' degree dragged somewhat, owing, perhaps, to the lifeless manner in which they were conducted by Delegana, and it was a very weary company which collected in the Robing-room when the Lodge finally closed.

Disrobed, and crowding to the hall door, the "Kings" looked a very unroyal collection of faded people whose main thought was how to reach their homes at an hour when all modes of public transport had ceased running.

Takis, summoned from an all-night rank, bore away a favored few, and Aroon accepted Payton's offer of a lift in the second-hand coupe, the purchase of which Jim had negotiated at a price well within the secretary's means.

Jim himself drove Delegana's car, with Joshua by his side, Delegana electing to intern himself in the back, wrapped in an air of bad-tempered gloom.

No one spoke during the drive to Fulham, and Jim was seized with a sudden panic lest his employer should have begun to suspect him. But at Elm Park Gardens this fear was dispelled. In the hall, where he had followed Delegana, as was his custom, he asked if he would be needed again that night.

"You are always needed by me, Jaime," said Delegana in a tone of a suffering martyr, "but you are young, and you have other attachments. Go home to your mate, my most beloved friend."

Not suspicion, but jealousy, had been the reason for his recent withdrawal into himself.

"He must have seen me looking at you in the Temple," he said to Aroon, when telling her of Delegana's good night, "and he was so sulky on the way back that I could feel the wind whistling through my hair, thinking I'd made a bloomer somewhere. When I found out it was only jealousy of my supposed devotion to you, I could have fallen on his neck! Aroon, were you jabbed with a knife, too, at your initiation?"

"No. They only just touched me—a tiny puncture like a pin-prick. By the gasps I heard around me, I gather you got an extra bad stab. I felt quite sick when you turned round with the blood simply streaming down your side. Leah Brulford was terribly upset; it was the first time she'd done the blood-ritual: the latest King to ascend the Dais always does it, you know, and she only reached the lowest step last week."

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Jim. "Here's this woman, high up in the foulest Order ever conceived by a lot of distorted minds, and she's upset because she does a little inadvertent blood-letting! What a mad-house! Well, I'm for a spot of shut-eye, Aroon. What about you?"

"The 'ayes' have it. Why not cut out your bath to-night, Jim? You're looking terribly tired."

"What! After being covered with muck and pawed by goodness knows who? Have a heart, woman, dear! I shan't feel clean till I've had a thorough soak, and I'm using ammonia in gallons, so I am."

He was so long in the bathroom that Aroon became nervous, and, slipping on a dressing-gown, went to tap at the door.

"Jim! Jim! Are you all right?"

"What? Oh, is that you, Aroon? Sorry—went to sleep in the bath."

"I was afraid you had. Don't be long now or you'll get cold."

"Be out in a tick."

The gurgle of running water told her that he was keeping his word, and soon afterwards he returned to the bedroom.

"Getting fussy in your old age, aren't you, Aroon? Quite right too, sleeping in the bath is definitely a vice. Do you know, I'm not at all sure that knife business was an accident. I've a vague idea that it's going to leave a fairly distinctive scar. Think back. What sort of a jab did other male initiates get?"

"I don't know. There's only been one man done since I was in the 'Kings,' and he falled long before that part—broke down in hysterics and never got to the steps at all."

"I see. Aroon, I wish you weren't in the damned thing."

"Why?"

"Old-fashioned prejudice, I suppose. In Ulster we don't like our womenfolk doing dangerous jobs. Quite a wrong outlook for 'hush,' I know, but even when a leopard wears a skunk's skin for purpose of disguise, his spots are still underneath. Ready to put out the light, my dear? Click it off, then."

He opened the window, pulled up the blind, and crossed noiselessly to the communicating-door between her room and his. "God bless the married state! If J.D. knew I was really a bachelor, I'd have been spending a wakeful night at Elm Park Gardens now, instead of being sent back to my very comfortable bed. Good night, partner."

THAT summer was not an easy one for the ever-vigilant servants of the State. World Revolution Groups, new Brotherhood Lodges, and various clubs which existed solely for the encouragement of the more unpleasant forms of perverse vice, sprang up like fungi all over the country, worrying the police, and straining even the not-inconsiderable resources of Special Intelligence.

Jim worked as he had never worked on any job before, yet always conscious of a sense of frustration, though there was no real reason why he should have had it. Already his reports had attracted notice in high places; Craddock had been congratulated on the efficiency of his agents, and the usual grouse that the "I" department cost too much and did too little had been miraculously absent for the last two months.

Yet all the while Jim knew that something was escaping him. True, Delegana took him to every occult meeting he visited, and even let him be present at gatherings "which were distinctly anti-British, yet there were interviews from which he was excluded, and since the return of the official interpreter, he had not been permitted to attend a session of the W.R.G. Brotherhood.

There were times when he went cold with fear that Delegana suspected him, for on several occasions his pre-knowledge of revolutionary fixtures enabled authority to take preventative action.

Thus, trouble in the mines of Johannesburg was averted by a timely warning to the South African Government, and a large-scale strike of Midhampton boot-operatives, which would undoubtedly also have involved one of the largest and most easily upset of the Trades Unions, was stopped at its inception before either side had any ill-feeling.

It was this last which caused Jim some unwontedly sleepless nights, for he alone knew that Delegana had been using Myra Crawford as a lever to move her father in the direction he wished. Sir Horace was

chairman of the five firms concerned, and with him lay the casting vote as to whether the men's very reasonable demands for a restoration of wage-cuts was granted—and Delegana's friends wanted that strike.

Yet, where the internal peace of the country, so essential to the success of Britain's foreign policy, was concerned, Special Intelligence dared not sit on information, and the safety of the individual might not be set against the communal good.

Not that personal danger would have worried Jim. To him, as to any other member of Craddock's Own, it represented merely a combination of six letters, forming a word too familiar to make much impression, but he did fear any hitch occurring which might put him out of touch with Delegana before the discovery of the big coup.

That something big was brewing was certain, for there were times when the mental barrier between himself and his employer became almost visible. Therefore, he argued, there was something constantly in Delegana's thoughts which he wanted to keep from the man upon whom he was becoming daily more dependent.

"Sometimes I get a hopeless feeling," he told the Chief one night, when making a late and unexpected appearance at his private house: "I seem to have gone so far, and no further. Next week we're off to this camp in Holland, without my being one step nearer to my objective."

"I don't see you've much cause to grouse, Harry," said Sir Arthur, turning over his papers which his secretary, summoned from his own quarters, had just laid before him. "Nearly all your last batch of reports are 'positives'. Even the Little Tin Gods are pleased."

"Yes, sir, but they're all on side-issues, if you get me. It's the time-element which is worrying me. I ought to know so much more near the end of the job."

Sir Arthur looked at him closely. He was a lot thinner than when he had been drafted to S.O., and there were tell-tale smudges beneath his eyes. For a moment his senior wondered if he were cracking under the strain.

"What makes you think you are near the end of the job, Harry?"

"Several things. For one, Delegana hasn't made a single plan for any engagement after the Moon camp; hasn't even fixed a date for one public meeting in England or elsewhere. Usually he has a schedule worked out for months ahead. For another, no new 'messages' (supposed to have come from the Masters, but really composed by himself) have been prepared for the Beloved to mug up. I know that, because I always get the job of helping the kid to memorise them. Then there are his mysterious visitors; which brings me to the object of my visit. Anything on those men whose names I sent in last week, sir?"

"Not a thing. We traced them without the slightest difficulty. They are all three highly respected in their own countries; quiet, reputable citizens, with nothing to distinguish them except that they are members of the C.T."

"That's just it!" said Jim despairingly. "Everything is so quiet and reputable! Even the C.T. itself is as innocent as a Sunday School, and the Moon innocuous as a game of patience up to the eighteenth degree, and very few of the decent people get beyond that. Then the poor silly sheep are left sitting in their absurd ritual positions, medi-

tating on their progress towards World Brotherhood and Universal Love, while the really occult goats go off to graze the foul pastures of near-black magic."

"Harry," said Sir Arthur sharply, "is this business getting on your nerves?"

"No, sir. Not in the way you mean, though I don't suppose Topsy, Vic, or I are any the better for our enforced dabbling in what I might call 'dirty' occultism. Vic, thank goodness, isn't too far in; Topsy's pretty well sitting on my tail, while I—funny this—am an 'Accomplished King,' with a seat on the 'True Dais' where Delegana himself is enthroned, and am entitled to conduct any Lodge in the world, holding a warrant from the Grand Rulers of the Comparative Thought Association. As such I have full authority to condemn a member to death."

"I know now why Griggs cracked up, why Smoke jumped under a train; why mental hospitals are full of people who've realised too late that they're on the Road to Endor. I've seen countless examples of the grim results of dabbling in things which have been forbidden to the laity by every wise priesthood since the days of the Old Testament and yet even now, after almost ten months spent constantly in his company, I haven't enough genuine evidence against J.D. to get him three months in the Second Division!"

"There's that African business," suggested Arkwright. "And Midhampton, and the plot to wreck the Royal train—"

"I know, I know. But where's the proof that J.D. was behind those things? Remember, I got wind of them from men with whom he had been in contact, not from himself. We all know that they were acting under his orders, but what court of justice would convict on that? If a known member got himself into a mess, the C.T. would instantly disclaim any responsibility for his actions outside the organisation, though I have yet to meet the man or woman who failed Delegana—and lived. By the way, how is Myra Crawford?"

"Very bad, I'm afraid," said Sir Arthur. "She has four nurses with her now."

"Poor kid! Just another of the eggs we've had to break. Queer, isn't it, to think that, but for our getting a line back through her, there might be the dickens to pay in the Midlands at this moment? Still, it was necessary that one man—or woman—should suffer for the nation. I think I'd better be getting back now, sir. I have to pick up Aroon at a friend's flat, and leave her home before I go to Elm Park Gardens. She and I are supposed to be spending the evening together."

"Aren't you sleeping at number eleven now?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Not to-night, sir. I only get home about once a week now. Delegana likes to feel I'm on the premises. If it weren't for Joshua—"

"Who is Joshua?"

"The man I mentioned in my Bascombe report, sir. His name is White, but he's black. I'm afraid you'll see a good deal of him in the future, because nothing I can say will shake his conviction that he and I are destined to spend the future together in the respective positions of master and self-appointed slave. He's rather a noticeable appendage for a 'hush' man, but I've a feeling that no power on earth will shake him off when I come out of this job. If I do come out. Good night, sir, and good-

bye. I'm afraid I'll not be able to get round again before we leave for Holland."

"Don't try," advised Sir Arthur. "Things are going too well to risk anything. So long, Harry—good hunting!"

With the chief's words ringing in his ears Jim left the house. The sheer relief of having been able to confide some of his doubts was like water after a prolonged drought. He was too old a hand not to realise that he had been suffering from an attack of pre-action nerves, and getting things off his chest had helped tremendously.

Once in Holland, there would be no "leads home." Lines of communication would necessarily be curtailed, and urgent reports would have to depend on innocently worded telegrams which the camp post-office would probably mangle beyond recognition, and, more than ever, Delegana would be his sole responsibility. Still, the chief had wished him "good hunting," and he was determined it should be even to his own let and hindrance.

As always, the devoted Joshua was waiting for Jim at Elm Park Gardens, and had the hall door open before he even turned in at the gate.

"Listen, Bwana!" he whispered, when they were alone in the dim hall.

For a moment Jim could hear nothing save the distant sound of a guitar and two blended voices singing a Spanish love-song. Pablo and Penates, his tutor, were indulging in musical nostalgia for their island home. Then, through the closed doors of the lounge, he heard a continuous murmur, rising and falling with the uneven inflection of hysteria.

"That gink's been carrying on like that for 'most two hours," hissed Joshua, "and the Boss ain't said more'n five words."

"Who is he?"

"Some two-cent German refugee Jew sent in here by the brotherhood."

Privileged in Delegana's house, Jim entered without knocking, to find his employer leaning back in his chair, apparently deaf to the excited speech which was being delivered by the wild-looking young man who stood before the fire. At the sight of Jim he raised a hand to stem the rhetoric flow.

"Ah, Jaime! Just when I was needing you! Jaime, this is Herr Frederick Werner, who with his family has fled from persecution. Herr Werner—my friend and faithful servant, James Hogan."

Jim and the stranger exchanged Teutonic courtesies, and Delegana continued:

"Werner has been telling me a good deal about himself, Jaime. A tale which would, no doubt, have been of more interest had it not been delivered in a language with which I am but imperfectly acquainted. He will no doubt be pleased to meet someone on whom his impassioned oratory may make more impression."

As this was as near as Delegana ever got to humorous utterance, Jim gathered he had had more than enough of Werner's grievances. And so, during the next few days, had Jim.

Had the young man stated his case and left it at that, Jim might have been sorry for him, but that Frederick Werner could not do. Soon Jim could have passed, with distinction, any examination on the Werner family history, from the moment the first stone smashed through their shop window to their internment as "enemies of the State" and their final escape to England. By the end of the week he found himself

dwelling fondly on justifiable homicide.

Werner was just the kind of tool Delegana loved to handle, being so near to insanity that he was entirely at the mercy of another's will. When he was added to Elm Park Gardens establishment, Delegana announcing that he intended taking him to Staaht, Jim knew that the charity had not been without ulterior motive.

"He will travel with us," said Delegana, "and I shall keep him at the Pavilion where the Beloved and I are to stay. There will be plenty of room for him, because you, Chiquito, will, of course, wish to be in camp with your wife."

"And also be out of the way," reflected Jim, "should any secret meetings be held in the Pavilion at night."

The party left England at the end of the week, taking both cars across to the Hook. Jim was somewhat surprised to find he had been allotted Pablo as his passenger, while Delegana, Payton, and young Werner were driven by Joshua. Penates went by train, leaving England two days later in company with Goldamid, who was to act as Aroon's escort.

They slept the first night at Utrecht, where Delegana vanished by himself on some secret visit, while Payton and Jim were instructed to show the boys the sights of the beautiful old town. As usual, Pablo's good looks attracted attention, even in a country where his dazzling fairness was less noticeable than in London, and his roving glance met with almost universal feminine response.

Jim wished that he himself could have talked to the boy in his own language, for the Pablo of to-day was very different from the sulky youngster of his first acquaintance. From "Jeem"—as he now called him—he had learned more than the English he pronounced so well, including certain rules of conduct which appeared to him incomprehensible, but perhaps necessary in a land where *manana* really meant to-morrow.

Next morning Delegana told Jim to take his car to Zwolle, where he and Pablo were to await the other party. He gave no reason for his change of plans, and Jim was furious at what he thought was a deliberate ruse to get him out of the way. For the second time he knew that he was suffering from an attack of what Goldamid called the "jitters."

Leaving Utrecht by a road so straight and smooth that little driving concentration was necessary, Jim's thoughts ran round in circles, ever returning to the unsatisfactory point where there was a blank in his knowledge of Delegana's movements. What, he asked himself, had taken place during those interviews from which he had been so rigorously excluded? Why had Delegana gone off on his own this morning when it would have been so much better if both cars had kept together? Doggedly he cast his thoughts back over the months he had been in Delegana's service, reviewing every scrap of significant evidence to see if the fragments could be made to fit into a definite whole.

At his side Pablo sighed plaintively. "Ay de mi," he said, expressing his thoughts aloud. "If I were to ask him for one out of that packet he would undoubtedly give it—"

Automatically Jim took one hand from the wheel, and, extracting a packet of cigarettes from his coat pocket, handed it to the boy. And with the action came

realisation of what he had done. Absorbed in mental revision, one section of his brain had heard Pablo's hinted request for a cigarette, and had concerned itself only with the meaning of the words, not the language in which they were spoken!

He had acted promptly on a suggestion thrown out in very colloquial Spanish, a slip of which the rawest incubator grub might be well ashamed, and this after months of patient and unblemished work.

"Jeem!" cried Pablo unexpectedly. "Ah, Jeem, forgive me! I did not think—I was not trying to trap you this time—"

"I'm afraid it was I who failed to think," said Jim, in the boy's own tongue. "What do you mean by 'this time,' Pablo?"

At the sound of the affectionate diminutive, unheard since he left his home, the boy threw out his hands in an expressive gesture.

"When you first came to the house, the Senor Payton told me to try and trap you, lest you should have a greater knowledge of Spanish than you admitted. Often I tried, but without success. Do you remember the time I told you your pocket was on fire?"

"Do I not! I could almost feel it smouldering, and I knew I'd put my pipe in it a few minutes before. Yet even that wasn't half as hard as keeping my face when you used to make insulting remarks to non-Spanish-speaking members as though you were paying them compliments, you young devil!"

Pablo laughed happily. "But this is wonderful! There has always been so much I have wished to say to you, but in English it was too much trouble—I just put it off."

"Manana," said Jim. "Typical of your race, Pablo. Not a word of this to anyone else, my son."

"Beware of the man of few words, and the dog which does not bark," Pablo quoted the Spanish proverb. "I am not a dog who barks to betray my friends, Jeem. Tell me, do you also hate J.D.?"

For a second time Jim considered his answer. As with Joshua, he decided he must trust this boy.

"Yes."

"Then we will conspire together. I have long hoped you would help me to get away, back to Gran Canaria, where my brother has a job waiting for me with the bus company for whom he is a driver. That One"—he meant Delegana—"does not allow me letters from my brother any more—and my parents cannot write. He fears Enrique may send money for my journey home; fears, too, that, were I to get free, I might tell what happened to Parco, or why the Portuguese never returned after our night out together—and other things which happen under his accursed roof. Jeem, you will help me—yes?"

"If I live," promised Jim, "you shall go home as soon as the camp is over. Now listen—"

He drew the car to a standstill by the roadside, and the sun streaming down on the now-open coupe shone on two burnished heads, drawn together in conference. Jim had added another name to his list of "outside aid."

"But remember," he said finally, as they were approaching Zwolle, "no trying to escape on your own, my son, or you will be caught and taken somewhere I can't reach you. Trust Joshua, and be ready to act at once on any message from me. Also, be careful what you say to Penates; he may be kind, but, after all, he's in J.D.'s pay and aren't go against him."

"I chose gin," he explained, "because one can drink it in grape-fruit juice without anyone's spotting it. Hope you don't dislike the stuff."

"Don't dislike any drink," confessed Jim. "Some people say gin makes them melancholy, and I know a fellow who always has a row with his girl after it." He was playing for time; there was something he must find out in regard to Payton. "Not that anything has any effect on me—or hasn't up to now."

"For pity's sake, Hogan, go before it does. You don't belong to this push—get out of it while you can, and take your wife with you. Go before you're rotten through and through. I'm a much older man than you are, and I'm not talking for effect. Go now, while the door to life is still open, and you are not reduced to escaping by the only way which is left to me."

"That way being now in your suitcase?" suggested Jim.

But Payton did not answer. He was staring past Jim, his eyes wide open, incredulous.

"Great heaven!" he muttered. "Griggs."

Jim turned his head, and saw what he now knew to be the thought-form of Gregory standing just inside the hut door. Somehow he seemed to Jim to be farther away than usual, and the thought crossed his mind that he must have moved higher in that other world he had entered with such unexpected suddenness. Even the words he conveyed to Jim's mental ear seemed to come from a long way off.

"He's gone," said Payton hoarsely. "He spoke to you, Hogan—I saw you answer. Tell me what he said."

"He said," returned Jim quietly, "Trust Steggle, there is such a thing as atonement."

If Payton had broken down and cried, Jim would have found it easier, but seeing another man's naked soul in his face is an uncomfortable sight. He felt something must be done to break the tension.

"Steady on, old man," he cautioned. "You're not going to be asked to turn King's evidence on J.D. or anything like that."

"As if I cared! I was going to kill him to-night, anyway. How long have you suspected me, Hogan?"

"To be perfectly honest, I didn't at all. Only that remark about Holtsminnen rang a bell, and I've been groping after the facts ever since. I must say I used to wonder where you'd learned to trail—your organising powers were too good for an amateur, but it was only that one thing set me thinking. Did you know Griggs was in this show till the day before he died?"

"No. I didn't even know he was dead. I hadn't been in England for years, not since—since—"

"Las Palmas, 1927," finished Jim. "Sorry to mention it, but that's an old story now, told as an example of what not to do. It was your case which made them take the most sensible step in the whole history of 'hush'—the capacity test. Even the Incubator kids have to do it now, and can't pass out till they know to a trifle how much they can take without losing efficiency. You've asked me if I suspected you; I might put that question back to you."

"Never. And I had you watched carefully enough."

Jim laughed. Normality was returning to Payton, and must at all costs be preserved.

"You had! I cursed you heartily when you sent me chasing off to Coventry in

the middle of the night. Look here, Payton—I'm not asking anything from you except that you hold your hand till after this camp and don't spoil my job. Not that I need ask you that—you may have messed up your job by getting tight at the wrong moment and then running away instead of staying to face the consequences, but a deliberate let-down doesn't occur to any of us. Do you feel that J.D. is up to something big and beastly?"

"Yes. Something which he's afraid that even I, who have done his dirty work without question for the past five years, will stick at. Hogan, if I can do anything to help—"

"I'm afraid you're too near him. Taking it by and large, I think the notice 'Keep out—This Means You' is the best in your case, though I'll feel more comfortable knowing that there's one of us—even if not exactly on the active list—standing by in case of emergencies. Look here, what are we going to do about Pablo? He'll have to be got away somehow."

"I'm glad you said that. The kid has been on my conscience for some time. I never minded what happened to the other fools—anyone who plays about with the O.T. deserves anything they get—but that boy is a different matter, and J.D. is going to scrap him directly the camp is over. He knows too much to be left free, Hogan."

"He must take his chance till near the end," said Jim, thinking, as always, of the first job, "then he'd better be your pigeon, Steggle."

At Jim's use of his nickname the secretary looked at him curiously.

"Aren't you afraid I'll betray you?—I've done it once, you know."

"No," said Jim, "you didn't—not when you were sober. I've acted on Griggs' advice ever since he came to me just after his death and told me I'd get J.D. in the end. If he tells me to trust a man, I do so without hesitation. Fill up, Steggle, and don't go playing with that revolver of yours—we may yet find it very useful."

"Right. If only we knew what is hanging over us—"

"I know what will be hanging over me," said Jim, "and that's the Camp Organizer, if I step on his face going into the officials' tent to-night. They must have bedded down ages ago. Good-night, Steggle, old man... By the way, they call me 'Harry,' the Chief could never pronounce my name." ... And don't brood over the past. As Kipling puts it, 'There's nothing irredeemable on either side the grave'—even a bad mistake."

"Good night—er—Harry," said Payton. "G—good hunting!"

For a long time after Jim had gone, treading softly over the pine-needles on his way to the officials' tent, Payton, ex-John Curish, once "Steggles" of Craddock's Own, sat very still. Before him the past trailed its pictures of that moment of realisation when he knew that his own carelessness had sent his working partner to death; of that mad flight to the hills, pursued, not by personal fear, but the greater dread of having to face the Chief with the terrible story of failure; of Delegana's discovery of his secret, and the five weary years in his evil power.

Many times he had seen and avoided older members of Craddock's Own, trusting that his altered appearance would save him in a chance meeting, but Jim was the first he had met face to face—Jim, with whom he had been in constant and unsuspecting

contact for the best part of a year. And with the thought came an overpowering pride in the service to which he had once belonged, and even greater admiration for Jim, whose hand he now detected in the frustration of several of Delegana's minor schemes. Both Jim and the spirit of Gregory had conveyed the same message, though one had used "atonement" and the other "nothing irredeemable."

So he it thought Payton, climbing into his narrow bed, to sleep dreamlessly for the first time for many months; till the end of the camp he would do as Jim had said—keep out unless he were wanted. Afterwards—but somehow he knew that, for him, there would be no "afterwards."

EARLY next afternoon Jim went to the station to meet the first contingent of arrivals for the camp. Waiting on the low platform beside the Camp Organizer—a large, bearded man named Van der Leede—he wondered what would have transpired before the same platform was filled with home-bound Comparatives. The little station looked very cheerful with the bright sunlight touching passengers for the Zwolle train, who were seated by their baggage on the opposite platform.

After the custom of that district, they had arrived at least half an hour before the scheduled hour, accompanied by such relatives who could spare time to indulge in the orgy of seeing them off.

In the background blue-bloused countrymen waited to act as supplementary porters; in the shade by the water-tank the milkman's dog slept after his morning's round with the cart; Van der Leede's cheerful voice boomed out prophecy of fine weather. Peace seemed to reign supreme, and yet... Far away, in the direction of Hardenburg, the stillness was shattered by a series of heavy detonations.

"Hallo!" said Jim. "Gunt!"

The Matron of the Women's Camp, a freckled pacifist, shook her head angrily.

"No, no! It's thunder—"

Van der Leede smiled into his beard. He felt his colleague's reproach to be absurd—one could not banish guns by calling them thunder.

"It is the German Army manoeuvres, Mr. Hogan," he said; "the frontier is not many miles from here. Ah—der poog!"

On the line puffed the little local train, fitting its Dutch name "zoog" to perfection. The engine, with its cow-catcher spread like a skirt before it, a bell clanging continuously as it went, matched so exactly the toy-town station, and the painted-looking black-and-white cows which grazed so near the track. The carriages, with their little iron-railed platforms fore and after, reminded Jim of the clockwork trains of his youth, especially when a horde of queerly-dressed passengers spilled from the train to the platform.

He found Aaron without difficulty, and guided her clear of the crowd, who now stood huddled together like sheep, while Van der Leede bawled directions through a megaphone, running through seven different languages without, apparently, pausing to think.

"Some linguist, that," said Jim admiringly. "What sort of a trip have you had, Aaron?"

"Grim—as far as Zwolle. There we shook off most of our travelling companions. They're coming by the next camp special."

"Where's Topsy?"

"Helping Winnie and Karma Clara with their luggage. Those two have stuck to us like glue for the whole journey. Penates

got left behind at Zwolle; he would insist on having an ice, and these Moon camp trains just go off when they're full up."

"Please vacate the platform as soon as you can," requested Van der Leede through his megaphone. "The second train is nearly due. The guides will direct you to the camp."

"Bullo, Jim!" Goldsmid clove his way through the crowd. "Let's get out of this, quick. I've managed to shake off those women at last."

"Come on, then. If we nip across the line we can dodge 'em."

An official shouted at them, but Jim waved a jaunty arm and kept steadily on, leading the others past some neat back gardens to the sandy foot-track which led to the camp.

They were well ahead of the campers who had left the station in the ordinary way, and Jim told his fellow-agents of the lapse with Pablo on the previous day.

The effect on his hearers was indicative of the respective outlooks. Aroon, after her first shock, "Oh, Jim!" relapsed into silence, horrified that he should be capable of making a mistake, but Goldsmid's reaction was very different.

"One of those lucky slips," he said, "for which we may thank whatever gods there be. That boy may turn out to be the best card in the pack."

"Why?" asked Aroon.

"Because he's actuated by personal motives. Have you encouraged the escape of a felon sufficiently for him to feel his ultimate freedom depends on you, Jim?"

"Put less Comparatively," said Jim. "I've jolly well rubbed it in."

They were approaching the main gates now, from which a broad road led to the centre of the camp, and Jim turned aside to get for the others the large envelopes containing the rules, list of campers, and other papers of instructions.

"Pin these on in a conspicuous position," he said, handing them each a blue label stamped with their name and nationality, and the number of their camp location in silver letters, "and try not to lose them, because without your labels you can't get either in or out of the camp—the lord knows why, but it's the rule. All right," he added to the unpleasant-looking Russian on the gate, "these members are with me."

The fact that he wore the crescent-shaped badge which proclaimed him one of the President's entourage gave Jim the authority to pass Aroon and Goldsmid through the gates without their being subjected to close scrutiny by the officials on guard, a privilege they learned to appreciate when they saw the offensive handling of some other arrivals just behind them.

At the centre of the camp Jim hailed his Belgian friend.

"Hi, you! I have to go to the Pavilion now, and leave my friends, m'sieu. Perhaps you would be so kind as to escort my wife to the married camp? Meisen! Larat—Madame Hogan and M'sieu Goldsmid."

"Enchanté," said Larat, bending over Aroon's hand, and bowing with less enthusiasm to Goldsmid.

"I forsee," said Jim to Goldsmid, as they strolled off, "that Aroon will have a permanent order. Poor Larat doesn't realise, when she gazes soulfully into his eyes, that she's only trying to follow his extraordinary rapid speech! By the way, I had a wire from home this morning, in answer to one I sent yesterday. Von Ritter is at Koesvorden now, and proposes to cross the frontier tomorrow to meet one of us at Hardenburg. Better be Aroon; no self-respecting German

male could possibly fail to do what she asks, and I want her to persuade Rolf to park himself in Staadt village, where he may possibly learn something to his advantage, and, incidentally, be of some use to us. Now I must get off to the Pavilion, or Delegana will have a brainstorm. Keep a seat for me at dinner to-night—number three tent is the best, I know the helpers there."

NEXT morning the camp opened officially. Delegana, accompanied by Jim and Payton, drove in state to the Great Tent, where he welcomed the members in a graceful speech made, much to Jim's amusement, in a slightly foreign accent. There was some disappointment felt at the Beloved's absence, but when it became known that he was "communicating with the Masters" in preparation for that evening's camp-fire "message," an ecstatic sigh went round the huge audience, who felt that here, at last, was one who was really an "inspired child."

Daylight was softening to evening when the members gathered for the first night's camp-fire meeting in a setting as near perfection as is possible in this imperfect world. Lying in a hollow, against a background of dark trees, the place was a natural amphitheatre, the dramatic possibilities of which could not have been bettered.

Around the huge bonfire of pine-wood and branches rose tier after tier of low wooden benches, backless, and desperately uncomfortable for a long sitting, the remaining quarter of the circle being filled with log chairs, rather like cathedral stalls, in the centre of which was situated the huge rough-hewn throne which would be occupied by the Beloved.

On either side of him two stalls, slightly more ornate than the others, awaited the occupation of Delegana and Ramero Fontana, Head of the Order in South America, and Vice-President of Comparative Thought itself. The other chairs were for Adepts of different nationalities, each of whom was an expert hypnotist.

The evening was mild after the heat of the day; overhead the sky was pink-flecked by the aftermath of a sunset gorgeous with that sense of nearness only possible in a flat country; and Aroon's voice, blended with that of a famous Italian tenor in a duet composed by a Comparative song-writer, held the waiting audience spell-bound.

In surrounding trees amplifiers had been placed to carry the Beloved's words to the outskirts of the circle; by the bonfire, Rumanian Boy Scouts stood ready with small tins of paraffin. Everything was ready for the Great Arrival.

And then he came. Not by car, as had been expected, but on foot through the woods, a slim, white-clad figure preceded by a gigantic Swede carrying the Sward of Knowledge, two-edged, the handle encrusted with gems. Behind him walked Delegana and Fontana, both in the robes of the Great Grey Brotherhood, and after them the Adepts, looking strangely unimpressive in their ordinary garments.

As one unit, the vast assembly rose to its feet, and hands were raised, palms outward, from flexed elbows, in the C.T. salute. Into the arena came the procession, the Presidents and Adepts going to stand before their allotted seats, while the Beloved advanced alone to the pyre, as a small string orchestra played the "Fire Motif" from "Die Walkure."

Then silence, and a scout came forward to hand the torch with which the Beloved was to ignite the pyre.

As the flames shot up, mysterious against the dark background, the camp choir led the musical chant.

"Agni is pleased! Agni is pleased! See, the fire burns!"

"The fire god would have been a bit unreasonable," thought Jim, "if he had failed to ignite anything so well prepared!"

Then, very slowly, the Beloved walked to his throne, there to sit motionless through the introductory lecture on "The Doctrine of Preparation" given in appalling French by the Ruling King Brother of the United States. Looking very youthful in his huge seat illumined now by flickering torches as the twilight deepened, Pablo's glance sought and found Jim, standing alone on the sloping ground behind the outermost row of benches.

Neither gave any sign, but when he rose from his throne and stepped forward to speak, he raised his right hand, each of the five fingers spread apart, as in some curious form of blessing.

PABLO had signalled that Delegana's mysterious visitors were expected in five nights' time, making the date the third of August, and the days which intervened brought Jim very near to owning defeat. Try as he would, he could get no nearer discovering the "it" which was to crown Delegana's hopes with success.

Most of his time was spent at the Pavilion, tied to Delegana's side, while in the camp Aroon and Goldsmid worked frantically to see if they could get any idea of what was about to happen. Aroon made contact with Von Ritter, who was now established in German-owned lodgings in Staadt village, where he haunted the hotel, listening to conversations between some well-known trouble-makers who seemed also to be connected with the C.T., but learning nothing of any value from an intelligence point of view.

On the afternoon of August the third, Pablo gave Jim the "washout" signal in the Pavilion garden. The visitors were not coming after all.

Jim woke next morning before dawn, though he had not come off night-guard till two a.m.—woke with a sense of urgency, and the certainty that he was wanted in the woods. Slipping his feet into tennis shoes, he stole out of the tent without waking Aroon, and passed like a shadow through the sleeping camp, almost invisible in the grey pyjamas he had chosen for their very unobtrusive coloring.

With a wary eye out for any second-shift nightguards, he cleared the main camp, and, skirting last night's bonfire, now represented by a heap of ashes, let himself through the gate into the woods. Hardly was he on the far side of the fence than he heard an agitated whisper.

"Jeem! Jeem! I was so afraid you would not come. I have been trying to make you feel I wanted you, calling you in my head. They are here now. They came but an hour ago, and are in the Temple of Meditation with That One. I saw them go, and climbed from my window."

"Good man. Any guards out?"

"One. Jason, the Swede. He watches at the only gate, and he has the eyes of a cat, Jeem."

"I'll risk it. Get back to bed now. Pablo, and be sound asleep should anyone come to your room. Be ready all to-day to do as I tell you, and, who knows, but to-night may see you a free man? We had better not go on together; one man may

pass unheard where two may not. "Con Dios, Pablito!"

He waited a moment till the boy had gone and then set out for the Temple of Meditation—a small building of white marble, set in a garden surrounded by a high brick wall. In this wall there was only one gateway, and that, he knew, was well guarded.

No trees grew near the outside of the barrier, and to scale it unaided would be impossible. In the woods he could feel a stir in the darkness, that hint of daily rebirth familiar to those who sleep out of doors; faint grey was beginning to tinge the east, and he could now see Jason outlined against the sky.

Now, he decided, was the time to see if the "magnetic influence" attributed to him by Delegana and his brother "Kings" was truth or flattery. Creeping closer to the watchful guard, he concentrated all his thoughts into one channel, that of creating so strong a picture of that empty pre-dawn that it would force itself on the Swede's mental vision.

For fully three minutes he waited, and then went boldly forward, ready with an excuse should his unexpected appearance be challenged. None came. Unhindered, he passed through the gate and shut it behind him, while the guard stood still, his attention fixed on the bush which had hidden Jim during his hypnotic concentration.

Once inside the garden, matters were easy for he had only to gain the shadow of the building, crouch below one of the unglazed windows, and everything said within could be clearly audible.

He could see two men with Delegana, their faces dim in the upthrown light of a shaded electric lamp on the table, round which they sat, and at first Jim wondered why they did not lower their voices. Then he remembered that beyond a few halting words of German, the Swede knew no language but his own, and at that hour it was unlikely there would be anyone abroad who would understand Portuguese.

"And so," Delegana was saying, "the arrangements are at last complete. You have made certain that none of the mines will be sprung until that first shot has rung across the world?"

"Certain, my lord."

"There is no chance of any mistake with Werner?"

"None." The man who answered him was undoubtedly Portuguese. "He has been under systematic control since yesterday. Already he is a willing tool, but to-morrow—"

"Look! It is growing light!" Jim recognised the next speaker as the renegade Englishman who had accompanied Kitty to the Duke's Hall meeting. "We had better be moving. If we wait till it is really day, someone may see us."

"Is it your will that we now withdraw, my lord?" asked the Portuguese deferentially.

"It is. I will remain here in meditation. Go your ways in peace, my brothers."

A switch clicked in the room, and an unshaded light threw its beam over the garden, attracting the notice of the Swede to a copper gleam in the shadow beneath the window.

"Who goes?"

"I do," thought Jim, and was round the house and swinging himself to the top of the wall by a conveniently placed branch before the Swede lumbered to the window, by now uncertain as to whether his eyes had played him false.

The light thud of Jim's landing came clearly to four pairs of ears, but before anyone could reach the gate he was off, running through the woods like a hunted animal, not pausing till he was once again within the encircling fence, where it was not unusual to meet pyjama-clad figures returning to their own tents at daybreak.

It was a sullen dawn, heavy with the threat of storm. Low in the east, one lurid streak promised a blood-red sunrise, and trails of the mist which rose nightly from the river still lingered among the trees.

Collecting an armful of clothes from the tent, Jim went to the washhouse and had a cold shower, occupying the cubicle for far longer than the ten minutes permitted by camp rules. He felt the need to clear his brain. At seven, he woke Aroon with a cup of tea begged from the friendly cooks, deaf to her sleepy protest that the bell had not yet rung for Meditation.

"You must wake up, Aroon. Pablo will have to be got out of this to-day, and you're going to take him."

"All right, Jim. Where to?"

"Rolf, for a start; but I'll have to think things out. I've found out something is due to happen, and I'm going to get what it is out of Juan if I have to throttle him. Meanwhile the kid's get-away must be fixed to coincide with J.D.'s broadcast, because I've an idea he isn't going to survive whatever this day is to bring forth. Buck up and dress, Aroon, it's absolutely essential we should both be seen at Meditation this morning."

"Why?" asked Aroon.

"Because I've been on the snoop and want an alibi."

MORNING Meditation, the attendance at which was voluntary, had ever been a trial to Jim and Aroon. Both being endowed with a strong sense of the ridiculous, the control they exercised over their risible faculties gave their faces an expression of being particularly earnest Comparatives.

That morning the meditators were, if possible, funnier than usual, but neither Aroon nor Jim noticed their antics, being too absorbed in their own thoughts.

At the end of Meditation, Van der Leede came into the tent, and, stepping on to the dais, spoke to the assembled members.

"From now till after Meditation to-morrow the camp will be closed, and members are expected to keep a spiritual retreat till the hour arranged for our Universal Peace meeting. All gates will be locked and no entrance or egress permitted. No letters will be distributed, nor will members be permitted to send telegrams or use the telephones. The President desires that there be no contact with the outside world to break the circle of love and harmony now surrounding our camp."

"Mr. Hogan, will you please render me your key of the woodland gate, and it will be returned to you to-morrow. Members will please acquaint themselves with the instructions which will be found on all notice boards, beside which the interpreters will be waiting to translate them to those who cannot read French or English."

Jim gave no sign of the consternation he felt. This order meant more than the

loss of telegraphic facilities. Of the four thousand-odd members in the Moon Camp, not more than one-third remained within the fence by day. There was a big crowd of what Aroon called the "unregenerate Dutch," cheerful young people who had evidently joined the C.T. for fun, and who were wont to flock through the back gates after every meal, and, once outside the camp, would sit in chattering rows enjoying the cigarettes forbidden within.

These, and others confined to camp, would be certain to seek that spot, remote from the tents where, screened by a small, conveniently placed fir, the three agents had hoped to cut the fence wire. He felt there was something sinister in this deliberate isolation—a suspicion confirmed by Goldamid, who had been absent from Meditation.

"They're patrolling the fence," he said. "Not too obviously, you know, but there is always an official somewhere near, and Van Rehmen's wood-men are very busy at various vantage-points outside. Nothing left to chance."

Then began for the three a day which, for sheer exasperation, could not be excelled. Together or separately, they made sorties to the appointed spot, only to find it under observation, the same restriction applying to any part of the boundary not under the direct eye of the regular gate patrols. Delegana was being thorough.

By lunch-time they had walked countless miles, had spent hours in futile prattle with other aimless strollers, and had acquired nothing but a terrific thirst and a sense of frustration.

After lunch they repaired to "the hill," which they had to themselves, as the heavy sultry afternoon had sent those not attending the camp concert to their tents to sleep.

"Useful agents, aren't we?" said Jim bitterly. "Cooped up here like a trio of caged squirrels, with no way of getting anything through, though we know that what we're paid to find out is probably going to take place to-night, without our having the faintest idea what it is. If we had any way, even of sending the 'standby' signal—"

"There's the broadcast—" suggested Aroon.

"With all due respect to your undoubted brain, partner, what use is that? I can hardly stand up before the mike and say to the world, 'Attention! I am a British Secret Agent, who, after ten months' intensive work on one trail, has discovered that somewhere someone is going to fire a shot which will start something carried out by some person or persons unknown in some place or places which I leave you to find out for yourselves.' Would that stir any 'T' headquarters in Europe, Asia, or Africa? I tell you if—"

His voice trailed away, and he caught Aroon's hand in his. Even at that moment, the contact sent a thrill through her every nerve.

"Look at Topsy!"

Goldamid, who had been crouching amid the scrub in the Semitic attitude he always assumed when depressed, now knelt erect, his face lifted to the grey sky.

"A cloud, no bigger than a man's hand," he murmured. "Harry, which way is it coming?"

"Against the wind," returned Jim, catching his meaning. "And the leaves are turning over, Topsy!"

With a swift movement, the Jew's sensitive hands were raised above his head.

"Pray," he commanded. "Pray with all the force that is in you that the God of Battles will speed His artillery so it may

reach this camp in time. Isn't there a Christian prayer which mentions the power of united thought?"

"When two or three are gathered together in My Name," said Aaron softly, "there am I in the midst of them. . . . Take my other hand, Topsy dear, so if anyone sees us, they will think we are working ritual by contact."

For some minutes they knelt hand in hand. Then, as if in answer, the first low mutter of thunder sounded from the direction of Zwolle.

With a Celtic and most un-Comparative yell, Jim bounded to his feet.

"It's coming!" he cried, "simply tearing up the river! Quick, you two, now's our chance to cut that wire while the storm's going strong."

Following him down the slope, Aaron found her eyes were full of tears. As is ever the case with real love, it was Jim's small absurdities which caught most poignantly at her heart.

On the road to the married camp, the first purple-blue fork of lightning split the sky, and the detonation overhead sounded like the crash of doom. All round them panic-stricken figures were flying for shelter. Comparative Thought did not fit its adherents to face Nature's wrath unafraid.

"Into the tent, Aaron," ordered Jim. "Here comes the rain. Now's our chance, Topsy, and if anyone interferes with us, he can take what's coming to him without witnesses."

Wise to the ways of electrical storms, the wood-men had fled from the vicinity of trees, the inside guards had long since sought shelter, so there were none to see Jim and Goldsmid battering their way through the now torrential rain. The din above them increased every minute, between the crashes they could hear the splintering of a tree tearing through the branches of its neighbors as it fell, and once a blue line ran flickering along the top of the fence.

"They say electrocution is a merciful death," said Jim in Goldsmid's ear. "No need to keep cave here, Topsy."

The dripping fir hid them, had there been any eye to see, and the wire pinged as the interlaced strands parted beneath the cutters.

"Reminds me of the war," gasped Goldsmid, as the fir drenched water down his neck. "Even to these accursed flashes. Here, Jim, twine this across the gap, so if anyone happens along it will look all right at a glance."

They had nearly finished the work when Jim grabbed his companion's arm.

"Someone coming! Lie low, Good lord, it's Aaron!"

A flash lit up the girl's face as she hurried towards them, a mackintosh flung shawl-wise about her head.

"Jim, Van der Leede's looking for you, Delegana wants you at the Pavilion—he's sent a car."

"Righto. Square that up, Topsy, and if by any chance you have to finish this job alone, rope in Payton."

"Payton! Why?"

"Because he used to be one of us. He's Steggle."

"What! That treacherous swine?"

"That unlucky fool," corrected Jim. "Better get him in anyhow, Topsy—he'll jump at the chance to make good and, he's been sick with fear that I was for it all to-day. He doesn't know about you or Aaron, so I leave it to you how to tackle him, but we

want more hands on this thing now—specially if I'm knocked out. Good hunting."

Hurrying back to the tent, Aaron took his arm.

"Jim, does this mean Delegana suspects you?"

"Looks rather like it, but don't let's cross our bridges too soon."

He halted suddenly, looking deep into her eyes. "Aaron! You too? Then, since this may be our only chance, my darling—"

Then Aaron felt both his arms about her, as he bent to kiss her willing lips. Around them the storm raged on, but for that second they walked in a sunlit garden.

It was Jim who noticed Payton standing behind them.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I told Van der Leede I'd find you for him. J.D. has sent for you."

"So I heard. Give us that mac, Aaron, and scoot on back to the tent."

As soon as they were alone, Payton laid his hand on Jim's sleeve.

"I suppose there's no good asking you to cut and run?"

"None. Look here, Steggle, Pablo's got to get away right now—are you on to help?"

"Yes. I told you so before."

"Right. Then liaison with Lewis, and tell him I said so. My wife's got to go, too, this camp isn't going to be healthy during the next few hours."

"I'll see she gets away. Not really your wife, I suppose?"

"No, but if I get out of this she will be."

"Best of luck. I swear I'll not let you down, Harry."

"I never thought you would, Steggle. . . . Hope we meet again, old man, but this may be my marching orders."

"Or mine," returned Payton prophetically. "And I shouldn't mind if it was—now."

The car sent for Jim was a strange one, driven by Van Rennen's chauffeur, and the fact that two of Delegana's Swedish guards accompanied him told him that he was virtually under arrest. In silence, these men seated themselves one on either side of him, in silence conducted him into the Pavilion, in silence presented him to Delegana, Fontana, and the Portuguese, and silently withdrew, shutting him in with the three equally silent figures.

At last Delegana spoke in English. "What do the words 'a shot has rung across the world' convey to you?"

"Nothing, sir," said Jim, "except—wait a minute! Didn't something like that happen in nineteen-fourteen—a shot started the Great War, didn't it? I'm not too certain of my history."

"You swear to that?"

"What, sir? The history part?"

Without warning Delegana began to speak Portuguese. And while he spoke he kept his eyes on Jim's face, as did the other men, so that they might observe his least change of expression. Only by superhuman effort did the Irishman retain his look of polite bewilderment, for the tale which Delegana told was no bedtime story. Crudely, and without any attempt at concealment, he gave details of a plot calculated to start a war, beside which the events of 1914-18 would pale into insignificance.

Not for nothing had he and his lieutenants watched European politics, noted every ill-judged speech made by self-satisfied politicians, kept a finger on the pulse of national

feeling—and turned it to their own advantage.

Only the previous day Werner had been taken to Utrecht, where, safely guarded and kept under hypnotic suggestion, he would remain at a house near the station at which the distinguished English visitors were to arrive. Then, from a point of vantage in the crowd, he would be induced to fire a shot—hit or miss.

And as the tale of that shot was flashed round the world, simultaneous outrages would occur in various European cities, committed in England and the ex-allied countries by supposed Germans; in others, by those purporting to be Englishmen. Easy enough to obtain fanatics whose grievances could be fanned to the point of martyrdom, and the outrages would be such that the people of the nations concerned would not permit their governments to ignore them.

War, prophesied Delegana, would spread over Europe like fire through dry stubble—a war watched from afar by himself and a chosen few, who would later emerge to triumph over the remnants of such nations as survived Armageddon. And he was just so near the truth of what might actually happen that Jim knew just why he had risked this recital. If by any sign he showed he understood, his knowledge would straightaway die with him; in which case he saw no hope of averting, if not the consummation for which Delegana hoped, at least a catastrophe which would certainly mean war.

"And so," said Delegana at the end, "that is the complete story of which you have already heard a part, my treacherous young friend."

Still standing where the guards had left him, Jim looked blankly from one face to the other. Never had a man appeared so completely mystified.

"Well," asked the Portuguese, "what 'ave you to say?"

Jim turned his amazing eyes, guileless as a summer sky, towards the speaker.

"About what, sir?"

"About so—what is President he tell?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I have no Italian."

The Portuguese turned to Fontana, and spoke rapidly in his own language. "It is as I thought! He knows no more than a babe unborn. Did he show any emotion during the tale? Surprise, yes; but what more natural, when one who is not only his President, but his friend, addresses him in a language unknown to him? My eyes never left his face, and no living man could have heard and shown no sign. We must look for your traitor elsewhere, Juan Delegana."

"Myself," said Fontana yawning. "I am of the opinion that this morning's intruder existed solely in Jason's imagination. After a night's vigil it is easy to see red-haired spies lurking outside windows, and the noise we heard was probably no more than the fall of a dead branch in the woods. Myself, I only suspect two people in this place—the negro, and your young prophet from Gran Canaria, Juan. Send them to the camp, I beg of you, where they will be safe till your broadcast is safely over." Then, with a quick change to English: "Why do you shake all over, Mr. Hogan?"

"Cold," said Jim. "I was helping with a flooded tent when the President sent for me, and didn't wait to change my clothes." He pulled back his mackintosh to show

the soaked garments underneath, and instantly Delegana was all solicitude.

"Jaime! Forgive me—I never saw— Go quickly to Joshua, who will provide you with dry clothing. Then wait in the Beloved's room till they tell you that the car which will convey you ahead of me to the camp is ready. Remember, I shall not be present during your introductory address at the microphone, but from where you stand you will have a view of the road. When you see me descend from my car and proceed towards the tent, led by the sword and followed by the Adepts, you will cry in a ringing voice, 'Delegana comes!' and leave the description of my arrival to the official commentator. You understand?"

"Yes, Honoured President."

"Then go, Chiquito—and to-night you shall enter into full knowledge of our council."

Jim had but a few minutes in which to give Joshua hurried instructions, and to impress upon Pablo that exuberance at the thought of immediate escape would defeat its own ends.

"Take him straight to my tent, Joshua—he and Mrs. Hogan must leave without delay."

"Yes, Swana—and you?"

"I will see you later. Go with God, Pablo!"

As soon as Joshua and the boy left the room in obedience to orders conveyed by the same guards who had brought Jim to the Pavilion, he calmly unlatched the window, stepped over the sill, and dodged across the garden, using the primly-cut bushes for cover, and gained the little stone balcony which, reached by an archway in the garden wall, was built out over the moat. From it, Van Rennen's guests were in the habit of feeding the carp.

As soon as he heard the car across the bridge he climbed over the balustrade, dropped into the water, and swam to the far side, his progress somewhat impeded by the weeds which wound themselves round his ankles. The storm had passed, but it was still raining steadily; so he emerged from the moat unharassed by the spectators who on fine days haunted the road past the Pavilion in the hope of catching glimpses of Van Rennen's strange visitors.

It was a long and trying run back to the camp, through a thicket, over numberless high wired gates with which Van Rennen loved to divide his property into sections, through ditches and over many obstacles, rendered almost invisible by the fading light. And while he ran he counted up the time which must elapse before the train drew into Utrecht station, and wondered would he be too late.

He reached the gap, to find Goldamid and Payton awaiting him with the news that Aaron and Pablo had that minute got away, and the fact that they were together told Jim that "Steggles" must have made himself known to the Jew. Without preliminary, he gave them a quick sketch of what had happened and the only steps left for him to take. "I've simply got to have that mike for as long as possible—we've no other hope of getting the warning through in time. Can it be done?"

"Yes," said Goldamid, "I think so. The engineer on the control panel is a Jew—he'll be in the tent. I'll go and square him now. He also is a Mason, as I am. Joshua and Steggles will have to watch for

the mike itself, and prevent interference with you while you're at it."

"Where is Joshua?"

"Tidying away two gentlemen who tried to interfere with us when we were getting Aaron and the boy away; he flattened one. Steggles accounted for the other—that's how we got together. Get back to your tent, Jim, and put on some dry togs—you can't appear in the tent like that. Come on, Steggles, we'll pick up that gun of yours on the way . . . Cheerio, Jim! We meet at Philippi."

"How like Topsy," thought Jim—"so despondent before a show, so lighthearted in action!" It was when he was making a sketchy toilet in the tent, which bore evidences of Aaron's hurried flight, that Jim found his wristwatch was missing. The strap must have been wrenched apart during his scramble through the woods.

"If there's anything in omens—" he mused, and left the married camp for the last time.

THE Great Tent, as it was called, seated three thousand, but there were far more than that number assembled when Jim arrived, sitting on each other's knees, on the ground between the benches, standing shoulder to shoulder round the canvas walls.

A good way from the platform, the engineer hovered nervously by his control panel, Goldamid in close attendance, Payton already seated on the platform; further back Joshua stood waiting.

As in a dream, Jim ascended the platform, heard the commentator announce "Mynheer Hogan," and automatically returned the bow with which he made him free of the microphone; knew that Payton had moved closer to his side, and turned his head for a second to meet his encouraging smile.

"Safe landing, Harry."

"Same to you, Steggles!"

Then he began to speak. At his first words a gasp ran round the tent, and he saw Payton's hand close like a vice on the commentator's wrist. The control engineer, his mouth slightly open, did not need Goldamid's restraining grasp.

In German, English, French, Jim gave his warning, preceding each announcement with the code word used on those rare occasions when the Intelligence Services of different countries worked in co-operation, and for each he varied the mode of telling so as to appeal most to the temperament of his hearers—only the quiet urgency of his tone was the same in each one.

Quickly he gave essential details—the number of the house and street to which Werner had been taken, his probable position in the crowd waiting at the station, while his word-picture of the young Jew himself was afterwards described by the Dutch police as "photographic."

In Dutch, he went more slowly, for the tongue was unfamiliar; and he was still at it when he saw the first of the cars from the Pavilion draw up on the road outside the tent.

Apparently his absence had caused no comment, for Delegana alighted without hurry, the Adepts going to their positions in a leisurely fashion. It was just as he changed from Dutch to Portuguese that the head of the procession checked.

Delegana and the guard who carried the sword had heard the words relayed by the amplifier at the entrance to the tent—words which winged their way to the Portuguese authorities, carrying extra weight in that Jim did not describe the Lisbon danger-spots by their official names but used the slang equivalents employed only by those who had a thorough personal knowledge of the less-desirable portions of that city. Had he been other than he was, he might even then have saved himself by a quick dive under the canvas and a rush to that unexpected gap; but traditions stick deep, and he was warning Britain's oldest ally.

"Take good note of these directions," he said in easy, idiomatic Portuguese, "because I shall not be able to repeat them. At this moment, Delegana, Fontana and Ricardi are entering the tent, and my time will be short—"

Up the passage between the benches came Delegana, pushing aside those who had overflowed from the ranks to gaze entranced at the speaker, an impressive figure with the ruby jewel of the Supreme Ruler gleaming on his black cloak. Beside him the sword-bearer broke into a run, uncertain what to do, but horrified, as were many others, by the evil in their President's face.

And as he approached, Jim continued, unfaltering, with his warning to the Lisbon authorities . . . Only as Delegana reached the platform did he give two words of his prepared broadcast:

"Delegana comes!"

"You!" cried Delegana, and before any knew what he was about to do, he snatched the heavy sword and swung it above his head.

"Look out, Harry!" shouted Payton, and fired—a second too late.

As he stepped back, Jim instinctively threw up an arm to shield his face, wondering stupidly why there was no response. Deafened by the explosion of Payton's second shot, he saw Delegana tip forward, and Payton crash from the platform as Fontana's automatic was emptied into his body. Then darkness shut down upon him, and he sank into the spreading pool fed by Payton's life-blood and his own spurting artery.

THEY heard him in the Outside Broadcast van, where two young Hollanders exchanged startled glances but took no action; their senior engineer was at the control panel, and since he had not closed down, they might take full advantage of this exciting news. They heard him in Utrecht, and acted without hesitation, so that few of those who saw the visitors take their seats in the lit interior of the Royal car, knew how near that hearty welcome had come to tragedy.

They heard him in the capitals of Europe, and his news sent the secret police tearing through the streets to the spots he had named, lest by chance they should arrive too late. And they heard him in his own Headquarters where Sir Arthur waited, with Lawther, Wycherly, and Arkwright, to hear Juan Delegana's well-advertised "Peace" broadcast; and since they knew that all the Europe which mattered officially was also listening, did not move till Jim's voice ceased, when that shot, other than the one planned by Delegana, "rang out across the world."

Then Sir Arthur turned off the set, and spoke quietly to Arkwright.

"Get me Utrecht on priority. I'm afraid Harry's finished."

"The listeners will have had a thrill," grated Lawther, and the sneer in his voice told the depth of his regret. "They don't often have the privilege of hearing a man die."

But Jim did not die in the lecture tent, though he knew nothing of the panic which followed the shots, nor saw Joshua snap Jason's cervical vertebrae like a dry stick after the Swede had brought a broken chair-leg down heavily on Jim's head.

Knew nothing of how he left the tent, when the panic-stricken crowd gave way to the negro, who forced a passage to the exit with his battered burden, sprinkling blood on all those whom he brushed in passing. Never knew how Von Ritter, tearing through the camp on a motor cycle with authority, represented by the Sergeant of the Staats police, clinging perilously behind him, found Joshua, his naked torso crimson, kneeling beneath an arched light, competently fixing a tourniquet made from his torn shirt on the stump of Jim's severed arm.

Nor was he conscious of his passing, strapped to a stretcher, between files of sympathetically silent officials, representing the kind and friendly people who would have hero-worshipped had they been permitted, to the specially chartered plane waiting to carry him to England.

Holland would have liked to have kept him, and their best hospital accommodation and surgical skill was willingly offered to the man whose voice had saved an international calamity. But Sir Arthur, who had flown to Zwolle directly after Jim's broadcast, was firm. By the rules of that service which receives neither public honor nor reward, any agent casualty must, when possible, be conveyed to his own country, even should the conveyance endanger his life.

"He will die before you have crossed the Channel," protested the surgeon who had operated on Jim's battered head. "It is too great a risk."

"In our service we are used to risks," returned Sir Arthur, "they are part of our undertaking. I thank you most sincerely for your offer, but rules are rules."

He left the kindly doctor with the impression that Englishmen had hearts of flint.

He had less success with Joshua, whom he tried to shake from his determination not to be sent from Jim's side.

"He is my master," declared the colored man. "My place is with him." And in this he had Jim's own backing, for Joshua's name was the one coherent word which passed his lips, and only the soft negro voice seemed able to reach him in the no-man's-land which lies between life and death.

In the sanatorium, Dr. Forsyth, finding Joshua to be competent, allowed him to remain, dressing him in a white coat and relegating to him such duties as would ordinarily fall to one of the nursing orderlies.

"When the night-nurse went to Harry's room last night that black man's face frightened her," complained the sister-in-charge next day. "I wish you would send him away, sir."

"Seeing that her face has frightened countless white men," returned the doctor, "I consider that a just retribution. Joshua stays."

Meanwhile, Jim dwelt in a dim half-world where pain and oblivion relieved each other like sentries, and voices came to him in varying degrees of volume like signals on a faulty transmission. When the thought-impending pain in his head lessened, he became aware that his right hand and wrist hurt abominably, not knowing that it was the nerve-endings of his upper arm mourning for the connections with the forearm, amputated above the elbow by that sharp, descending sword.

Gradually the voices became clearer, and once he opened his eyes on the sight of a large stranger.

Later, he sensed Aaron's presence, and often he heard her voice, describing some country house where "we would be so happy, Jim, and the boys do want you so." It sounded very attractive, but the effort to grasp her meaning was too great—it was so much easier to let himself drift with the tide which was bearing him further and further away from the life on which he had so slender a hold.

Pleasanter far to relax, listening to the uncomprehended Swahili chants, minor in key if slightly obscene when judged by western standards, with which Joshua so often sang him to sleep.

And so the drift went on, till there came a new day, when, in that cold hour when the soul so often slips its moorings, Wycherly's car rushed the Chief and Aaron to the sanatorium at a pace which rendered its driver liable to unnumbered penalties.

Hardly had the night orderly closed the door behind them than Goldsmid appeared beside the car.

"Been here since midnight," he explained. "I saw the light in his room. Bertie! Can't the fools save him?"

"Apparently not. The chief says it isn't his injuries—though they are bad enough—but he's just slipping away, and they can't find anything to anchor him... Here, Topsy! Where are you going?"

"Into this confounded nursing-home," shot Goldsmid over his shoulder. "If they're giving up Harry without a struggle, I'm not!"

The astonished Wycherly saw him push aside a protesting night orderly and disappear into the sanatorium.

While Goldsmid raced up the stairs, the essential Jim, freed from his imprisoning body, paused for a few seconds, slightly bewildered, and looked back.

Looked back, at a command he felt rather than heard, at the bed, with its lower end raised on blocks, and the still figure, one tuft of coppery hair thrust jauntily between two strands of the capeline bandage giving the only note of color to a desert of white. Looked with interest at the swathed stump resting in a nest of pillows; and the mind, still in touch with earthly interests, decided that the Sword of Knowledge must have been very sharp.

Noted, but was not touched by, the distress on the faces of Aaron, the Chief, and Joshua. Human emotions were beginning to seem remote and unreal. Time he was moving on, towards that Somewhere, desirable, and coming momentarily closer, wither he knew he was bound. Yet he lingered, while Dr. Forsyth said quietly, "He's gone!" And Aaron turned to hide her face on Joshua's white-coated shoulder.

It was then that the door flew open, and into that quiet room burst Goldsmid, dirty, dishevelled, the ragged muffler he had worn at that night's W.R.G. meeting still about

his neck, his black hair tumbling unbrushed across his forehead.

Disregarding the doctor's gesture and the sanatorium sister's horrified exclamation, he went over to the bed and pressed his dirty, sensitive finger-tips against the centre of the bandaged forehead.

In tones charged with a power which none in that room had heard before, he spoke the names by which Jim had been known in the only pure degree of the Eastern Kings, that of the "Brotherhood of Service," and then, turning his back upon the empty shell, raised his hands as he had raised them that day on the hill above the Staats Camp.

"Jim," he said quietly and in his ordinary voice, "you can't go. The Chief has appointed you to take charge of the incubator. The future of the show will be in your hands. You can't chuck up the job—you must come back."

Unerringly he had touched the one chord which still vibrated in Jim's fast-fading memory. That ruling passion of twenty-seven earthly years—the work which must not be laid aside without a struggle. Stronger and stronger grew the pull exercised by the ego within the unattractive exterior of the little middle-aged Jew, and with its aid the soul of Jim Haugh fought its way back; back to a life no longer empty—back to the job he had always wanted and the teaching he had always longed to put into practice.

Desperately, as the weight of his reassumed material habitation closed round him, he strove to assure Goldsmid that he had heard his call, and though it seemed to him he was shouting aloud, only Dr. Forsyth heard a faint sighing.

"Great heaven!" he exclaimed. "Oxygen, Sister!"

Jim's pale lips quivered into a half-smile. Let the doctor give credit to his cylinders, but he and Topsy knew better.

Already the memory of his recent experience was fading, as recollection of its pre-birth existence fades from the mind of a new-born child. Life was flowing back; warm, solid, friendly. It was becoming easier to breathe, even when they stopped helping him, and the sister removed the oxygen cylinder away from his bed.

Opening his eyes and moving his head carefully on the pillow, he looked round the faces about him, meeting Goldsmid's anxious glance with a look of complete understanding. Then he located Aaron and the Chief, standing close together, and though speech was still a desperate effort, his words were clearly articulate.

"At the—Incubator, sir—could I—have Aaron with me?"

"Certainly, Harry; it would be definitely a married job."

"Good," said Jim more faintly. "I'm glad I came back—"

The long eyelashes fluttered as they came to rest on his cheeks, but this time only as witness that he slept.

"Well!" said the sister, "I've seen my first miracle!"

Beneath Dr. Forsyth's finger-tips the pulse in Jim's left wrist continued its steady, regular beat...

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.